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THE COAST OF BRITTANY. BY H. PASTELOT.

The National Magazine.

[It is found impossible to reply to the number of letters received; nor can unaccepted Mss. be returned, except in very special cases.]

THE COAST OF BRITTANY

BY H. PASTELOT.

LIKE most coasts where the larger harbours are few and far between, that of Brittany is studded with little fishing-ports—mere dents, if we may say so, in the otherwise iron-bound and inhospitable sea-frontier. A small pier, often but a few piles of wood, or a narrow line of stones, serves but ineffectively to break the rolling waves which in westerly winds beat with desperate force upon the rocks or shelving shores. At times not even this protection for the craft exists; and they are anchored in deep water or drawn up on the beach, taking their chance of storm and wreck.

This seems to be the case in the little *portel* before us. A narrow and perilous staircase or ladder does duty for a landing-place, close at the foot of which one of the smacks is lying, and a sailor, part of her crew, is seen ascending it. The weather looks threatening, the clouds in dark and broken masses flying fast and creeping low before the strengthening wind. The waves are half borne down by the breeze, leaping in short impatient snatches, pettishly and with irregular force. The boats roll in short jerks, head and stern on, their vanes whirling round in circles backwards and forwards; the cutter, which is running in for the land, has struck her topmast, and bends before the breeze. The waves will come in more heavily soon, when the deep water is sufficiently moved by the storm to gather itself into the deep and ever-shifting furrows that, growing larger and larger as they advance, shall finally precipitate

themselves upon the shore and into the little unguarded refuge here. The houses on the shore will then close their storm-windows, and their inmates not be without apprehensions lest they be washed away as the waves run up and beat against the walls.

These French fishermen have an odd habit, which to an English eye seems sadly indolent, of leaving the sails hanging half-high on the masts when in harbour, as in one case we see here. In an enclosed basin, craft will drift from side to side as the wind changes.

L. L.

PROSPECTS OF THE DRAMA.

THE performance of an English tragedy and an English comedy to inaugurate a royal marriage implies that the drama still exists amongst us as an art. A tragedy of the world's greatest dramatist, a comedy universally admitted as standard, have been represented. We may lament in the latter case that a work by a living author, or one from that brilliant pen which has but lately ceased to enlighten while it sparkled, was not preferred; but, as exemplifying British genius in a dramatic form, the choice made was doubtless judicious. Foremost amongst the performers employed were Miss Helen Faucit and Mr. Phelps; the one an actress whose reputation, had she lived in the drama's better days, would have been not only, as now, classic with the few, but a household theme with the many; the other an actor to whose rare analytical power and general accomplishments we need only allude. Nor will we here detail the services of the manager who has bravely headed the forlorn-hope of "legitimacy" in its severest struggle, and who, while investing Shakspeare with due pictorial aids, has known how to distinguish between the scenic embellishments that illustrate his author and those which supersede him.

Great Britain, then, according to her queen and court, has still a national drama. Not a few amongst us had begun



of late years to doubt the fact; but this formal recognition of it—even if it should be a mere courtesy to a great tradition—cannot but recall what the British drama has been,—cannot but suggest thoughts as to its present condition and prospects.

We are not of those who are inclined to view these matters despairingly. For nearly fifteen years Mr. Phelps has found it profitable to open his suburban theatre for the exclusive performance of legitimate works. The Haymarket, under Mr. Buckstone, has successfully recurred to the production of pure comedy, the last example of the kind being Mr. Tom Taylor's *Unequal Match*; a work which, though scarcely novel in theme, was admirably treated, and gave an original part to the new actress, Miss Sedgwick, whose earnestness and vigour, in spite of her deficiency in delicacy and grace, attracted considerable audiences. The two original plays produced last season by Mr. Dillon at the Lyceum—the one by Mr. Westland Marston, the other by a new writer—proved, we believe, remunerative to the manager. The simple but powerful *Lighthouse* of Mr. Wilkie Collins—a piece relying exclusively upon its truth to character and emotion—was a vehicle for many weeks for the intense individuality of Mr. Robson; and although Mr. Webster is too often absent from the Adelphi, and his choice of pieces is not always judicious, his masterly acting in such works as *Janet Pride*, and the recent drama of *Poor Strollers*, proves the response that the public makes to him when he selects parts worthy of his powers. Nor must we omit to mention the growing taste evinced for the best class of drama by the frequenters of the Standard Theatre in Shore-ditch. That in such a locality works of pure imagination should have superseded the melo-dramatic trash once in vogue, speaks volumes for the power of dramatic poetry to civilise and refine. In this theatre the vigorous and picturesque, though not very suggestive, acting of Mr. James Anderson commands a long succession of audiences; and the more profound acting of Miss Glyn has been equally appreciated. Her noble impersonation of the Egyptian Queen, which she has made her specialty, and her Duchess of Malfi, in which she fathoms the depths of tragic terror, have been presented here, perhaps, more frequently than at any other establishment. May we ask why we have so long lost sight of this accomplished actress, and why, by the discontinuance of her Shaksperian readings, London is deprived of one of its most intellectual delights?

To the signs of reviving dramatic life already noticed, we would willingly add, if we could, the continuous run of Shaksperian plays, as revived by Mr. Kean at the Princess's. But it must be remembered, in the first place, that the lavish outlay bestowed upon these revivals requires a very unusual number of repetitions to repay the bare cost of their production; secondly, it is undeniable that their attraction is spectacular rather than dramatic.

A taste for spectacle is thus encouraged which in time becomes exacting. A manager who can produce Shakspeare tastefully and carefully, and with satisfactory though not surprising talent in his actors, has at present little chance unless he have a large capital, and be willing to risk it upon scenery and decoration. An actor of great genius will of course attract, even though he wear rags and have a background of blank canvas. And this fact, dramatically speaking, supplies no slight argument against Mr. Kean's system. Costly decorations are unnecessary where great acting exists; while, if it be absent, they furnish a different and inferior attraction for a dramatic one. Let it be fully admitted that pictorial art and grouping are desirable on the stage, when they are subordinate to its true purpose, and not the substitutes for it. Of this better class of production, *Hamlet*, *Macbeth*, and *Richard III.*, as presented by Mr. Kean, are excellent illustrations. But the intrusion into Shakspeare of corporeal spirits, depriving of all poetic meaning those appearances which the soul creates out of its own emotion; the arrest of dramatic interest for the sake of Pyrrhic dances; the mechanical effect of a ship

which fills the stage; the pantomimic device of converting a desert into fairy-land,—are all at variance with the true objects of theatrical representation. If these appliances—the chief features of the play-bill—do not distract the mind from the intellectual pleasure derived from the unfolding of character and passion, they are unimportant and superfluous; if they do so distract it, the result is mischievous. The revival of the *Tempest* is a signal instance of this truth. The play was adequately acted, and, with a poetical and suggestive background, would have afforded the same mental delight at the Princess's that it has given in other theatres; but owing to the predominance of scenic effect, the audience became impatient of the dialogue, and regarded it as something to be endured with a good grace till a new display of the scene-painter or mechanist should reward their forbearance. Mr. Kean may rely upon it that excessive pageantry and fine acting cannot hold an equal place upon the stage. One must be subservient. And as show appeals to the senses, which are more directly impressible than the mind, it happens almost of necessity that pageantry beats acting out of the field.

Let us repeat what we have said on a former occasion, that, viewed as an ocular resuscitation of a period in English history, such a revival as that of *Richard II.* at the Princess's deserves high praise. It was not more distinguished for splendour than for accuracy and taste; and the fine and impressive acting of Mr. and Mrs. Kean were duly recognised when the novelty of the picture was sufficiently worn off to permit of attention to the performance. Nay, had the manager drawn his boundary-line at a revival like this (in which a large amount of scenic attraction may be necessary to compensate for the lack of action), we do not think that the sternest stickler for legitimacy would have been induced to protest. We have already noticed those cases in which Mr. Kean has exceeded the due limit; and we may add to our former objections this important one, that plays are selected, not for their dramatic qualities, but for their spectacular capabilities. Neither *Henry VIII.*, *Richard II.*, nor even *The Winter's Tale*, can be cited among the greater works of Shakspeare; and yet at the Princess's each of them has been represented for half a season. How comes it that on these boards *Othello* is never given, and *Hamlet* seldom? Mr. Kean takes his stand upon his personation of the latter character, which is undoubtedly a fine specimen of executive force and variety. Moreover, there clings to it a poetry of feeling which Mr. Kean has too often sacrificed in his growing attachment to the real or matter-of-fact school. Why, then, is this tragedy so rarely exhibited, except when supported by the attraction of a pantomime? Is it not because the manager's instinct tells him that excessive spectacle would jar with the tone of colossal works, which nevertheless an audience accustomed to splendour will not long tolerate without it?

We desire, as our readers will have seen already, to allow due weight to Mr. Kean's claims as an actor. Give him a character in which the motives are broad and salient rather than deep, and his handling of it will be excellent. Thus his Louis XI., as a piece of reality, was perfection; and the monarch's death-scene was rendered with an ideality of which Mr. Kean has given us few instances. The colloquialism to which he is so prone, though out of place in imaginative conceptions, is as effective as natural in a more flesh-and-blood class of character. Thus while Mr. Kean's over-reality lowered Wolsey from the grand type of ecclesiastical domination into a mere individual priest, we have seen few things more felicitous than the same actor's assumptions of Master Ford or Benedick; while, in the twin brothers of Corsica and the brigand-hero of *Pauline*, the quietness with which he denotes firm and intense will is a gift peculiar to himself. Nor can we turn from the Princess's without recalling the many displays of pure unstrained nature, alike captivating in humour and irresistible in pathos, for which we are indebted to Mrs. Kean. Their approaching retirement from the Princess's may possibly

take Mr. and Mrs. Kean into the provinces; and we shall in that case feel a regret for their absence as performers which we cannot extend to the cessation of their management.

Beyond question, the Lyceum Theatre, under the management of Mr. Charles Dillon, is the great centre of dramatic hope at present. We say this without any disparagement to Sadler's Wells, the influence of which is unavoidably restricted by its locality. The career of Mr. Dillon is a sufficient answer to those who suppose that the public is slow to appreciate histrionic excellence. That a performer, previously unknown, should have appeared for a few weeks at a suburban theatre, and by force of simple nature in his acting should find himself the next season at the head of such a theatre as the Lyceum; that, without any undue attraction of spectacle in his plays, he should have conducted his experiment successfully, and renewed it this year with increased popularity,—is an indication of the most cheering kind. The triumph is solely a dramatic one, and proves not only the interest but the judgment of the public. Mr. Dillon's power over his audience is due far less to his knowledge of stage-effect than to that fresh and spontaneous feeling which, while it most rivets the spectator, least discloses the means by which it works. The anguish by which he penetrates the heart in *Belphegor*; the subduing pathos of his Othello; the touching surrender, as it were, of his own youth in *Hamlet*, when he turns away from Ophelia,—are rendered with a quietness which belongs to genuine nature, and which no artifice can counterfeit. Nor is his acting less genuine in the excitement of the passions. We know nothing more strikingly true than the serpentine way in which, during the play-scene of *Hamlet*, he winds towards the king; now with glistening eye and head erect, then prostrate on the ground, till at last he coils round his victim, and darts upward in his avenging terror. Again, as a whole, we have rarely witnessed a more subdued Virginius than Mr. Dillon's; but his burst when he fancies his daughter coiled in the arms of her ravisher was an inspiration more electrifying than any thing we have listened to since the first great impersonator of this character retired. The same may be said of the new actor's Richelieu,—a performance showing the most varied qualities, and an easy felicity in all. Amongst many excellent points, perhaps none was truer than one already noticed by a judicious critic,—the reliance of the cardinal on his mental resources combined with the consciousness of declining bodily powers. We see the stronghold of his will laid siege to by mortality. At times disease and hostile fortune environ him; and the caution, even the misgivings, of the defender show how desperate is the struggle. Again the energy of purpose returns. Another day, he seems to say, and the rescue that I have summoned must arrive. But can he await that day? The problem is decided in his favour; and his final triumph has that sort of exultation which a brave garrison might feel when its allies burst the foes that belt it, and march conquering through the gates.

No doubt Mr. Dillon has at his disposal the ordinary expedients of stage-craft; and it is precisely when they are most employed that we like him least. When he resorts to them it is a pretty clear sign that the character-portrayed has for the time lost his sympathy. The weak point of the actor is a certain reluctance to translate himself out of his personal likings—to work against the grain, as it is called. Where love, grief, manly spirit, passion aroused by wrong,—in a word, where the generous emotions are indicated,—the highest qualities of this actor shine forth; and they are correspondingly veiled when the darker aspects of feeling are to be interpreted. Mr. Dillon paints the errors of his characters, not as if he were identified with them, but as if he knew them to be errors;—hence his rage and jealousy in Othello flow from a source far less deep, and with a gush far less vital, than the remorse and tenderness which he exhibits in the same part. In expressing the former cha-

acteristics much more of the theatrical tactician is apparent, and the performer escapes back to genuine nature at the first opportunity by converting the passion into pathos. Time will show whether he can attain the power of merging his individuality in the fiercer passions as thoroughly as he does in those which are more grateful to himself. Meanwhile we have in Mr. Dillon an actor keenly alive to the noblest impulses of humanity; ideal, therefore, in the conception and groundwork of his characters, and most real and familiar in his mode of presenting them;—an actor who reflects no predecessor and no school, and with whom, in his own line, no new candidate can for a moment be compared since the secession of Mr. Macready. As a manager he has shown himself desirous to promote the national drama by producing the works of living authors; Mr. Leigh Hunt's new comedy being a late and signal example. We have only space to say here of this fresh and genial comedy that, while by no means deficient in stage situations, it abounds in graces of sentiment and language; and that its chief character was sustained by Mr. Dillon with an elastic and refined humour that comes no less naturally to him than pathos or indignation. The company at the Lyceum is able to interpret original works with something like completeness. Besides the manager, we have Mrs. Dillon, who made so great an advance in public favour last season; Miss Woolgar, whose name carries its own commendation; that sterling comedian Mr. Barrett; the thoroughly original humorist Mr. Toole, Mr. Stuart, and Mr. Shore.

From the review we have taken of theatrical statistics, some hope for the maintenance of a national drama may fairly be inferred. Still it must not be disguised that the struggle is an arduous one. While there is doubtless an audience to respond to talent and judicious enterprise, it must be admitted that the frequenters of our theatres are neither so numerous nor so critical, in the best sense, as was once the case. As a public, we feel that we have less at stake than formerly in our acted drama. Disappointed by the preference long shown for French importations, some of our best writers have neglected the discipline required by the stage, and preferred addressing themselves to the student in private. Thus, where the higher qualities of dramatic literature have been present, the practical element has often been found wanting, and the frequent consequence is either a successful work that has no mind, or an intellectual work that has no success. Surely a union of these two conditions may be effected. Again, it cannot be denied that we want in our more ambitious drama something of that moral life and purpose which belongs to our own times. Our estimates of nature and character have been largely developed since the requisite for a model hero was a keen sense of his personal dignity, and the highest feminine virtue a blind self-devotion. The growing light which Christianity and civilisation throw upon human character must be embodied in our acted drama. It is because it so seldom nowadays comes home to our deepest truths that it risks existence as an art. Quitting human nature for mere effects of story, it ceases in the end to interest on its own shallow grounds; and by abjuring purpose for the sake of amusement, ceases even to amuse.

ASHBURN RECTORY.

BY HOLME LEE, AUTHOR OF "GILBERT MASSENGER," ETC.
IN FIFTEEN CHAPTERS.

VII.—(continued).

"I WANT to know, Mr. Joshua, how you have settled that poaching affair; has the man got off, as he ought to have done?" asked Mrs. Foxcroft.

Here Miss Popsy jerked up her head, and cried in an acrid voice, "No, ma'am, he has not; and all I can say about it is, that I wish the constable who caught him, and the magistrate who tried him, and Mr. Hardman who brought the charge, may never get married. It is one of

the most shameful cases in all the long annals of injustice. It is cruel! it is atrocious! words cannot express the vehemence of the indignation in my bosom! It might be put into poetry!"

Nobody could exactly tell at any time whether Miss Popsy Parker was in jest or earnest, for her eyes would twinkle with anger whilst her lips were quivering with fun or sarcasm. Anna expressed some curiosity that this exciting affair should be explained to them, and Nora seconded her; so, with some hesitation, Miss Popsy resumed,

"It will give you a painful idea of the inhuman cold-blooded people you are come to live amongst; but, as the rector's family, you ought to be acquainted with all that goes on in the parish—Hold your peace, Joshua. I know it happened before Mr. Brooke came; but they have got the man in prison *now*, and they must see him when he comes out, and somebody is sure to tell them if I don't."

"Popsy, Miss Brooke may not like to hear you depreciate her father's noble friend and patron Lord de Plessy, whose sentence it was."

"Lord de Plessy is a stilted old fool! I am a woman of independent opinions, and I choose to express them without circumlocution. I repeat it, Joshua, Lord de Plessy is a *stilted old fool*! Miss Brooke, listen to me, and you shall judge. There was a young man of this parish about to form a matrimonial connection with a girl, also of this parish; and being poor—every body is poor here—but yet anxious to give his friends a little feast on the occasion, he caught one of the thousands of hares that run wild in the woods and fields—it was a very little one too; but for that innocent transaction he has been taken up and sentenced to two months' imprisonment with hard labour by that stilted old noodle Lord de Plessy;—if he were fifty times a lord, Joshua, he is an ass! It is of no use to frown at me, I will say it; and if you are thinking about the agency, the more fool you; it is weary work waiting for dead men's shoes."

"The man's interesting position makes no difference, Popsy," retorted Mr. Joshua sarcastically; "neither is the size of the poached animal of any importance; the fact remains the same,—the law was broken."

"I have studied the law as long as you, Joshua, and know its trap-doors and its loopholes well enough: trap-doors for poor folks to fall down and break their necks, and loopholes for rich folks to creep out of."

"It seems a very hard decision: I always look on poaching and school-boys robbing orchards as very venial sins," said Anna.

"But that is not the case here; it is scarcely worse to kill a peasant than a pheasant. Country gentlemen who preserve game ought not to try poachers; they are at once prosecutors, judge, jury, and witness; they have a personal animosity against the prisoner, and a fellow-feeling for each other. It is of no use shaking your toppin at me, Joshua; I *know* they have. This poor fellow that they have laid hands on has been made a scapegoat to bear, not only his own offences, but those of all the other poachers whom they have *not* caught. I know Lord de Plessy's vicious way; he made up his mind before he heard a word of evidence what he would do with him, and he did it."

Miss Popsy was so excited that she beat on the floor with her umbrella to emphasize her speech, until Anna thought she would beat a hole in the carpet.

"Popsy, you will break the stick; let me take it," said her brother mildly.

Instead, she hit him a smart rap over the knuckles with the big horn handle, and bade him mind his own business. There seemed for a minute or two a chance of the rectory drawing-room becoming the scene of a pitched battle; but Nora, by the judicious introduction of another topic, succeeded in diverting Miss Popsy's irate attentions from her brother. She remarked that Ashburn was a quiet pretty place, she thought.

"As for beauty, it is well enough," returned Miss Popsy, jerking her head significantly; "but wait until you have

quarrelled with every body in it before you say it is quiet. People are always by the ears; there is not more spite in all London than there is in Ashburn."

"But I shall hope to keep the peace, and not quarrel with every body."

"You will not be able unless you padlock your lips. Whom have you seen besides Mrs. Foxcroft and Ellen and Joshua and me?"

"Miss Mavis and Miss Scruple."

"Then you have seen the best of us. I am thoroughly acidulated with living all my life amongst law bothers. I used to have the temper of a cherub, but now I am quite a wasp. Whatever you girls do, never marry a lawyer. Do you hear me, Miss Ellen, never marry a lawyer."

The Foxcrofts were supposed to look with an eye of favour upon Mr. Joshua Parker for their daughter, who blushed a sweet confession at this advice from Miss Popsy.

"Joshua is the most tiresome man in creation, with his perpetual why and because and his proving every thing. He would ask you to define plum-pudding while the sauce was growing cold; but as for gratifying any of my little innocent curiosity, *that* he will never do, *never*. Is your father a magistrate, Miss Brooke?"

"No, he is not; and I hope he will not be made one."

"That is very sensible of you. What business have clergymen on the bench,—preaching forgiveness on Sunday and sending a man to the treadmill on Monday? And then they don't know the law, and make such ineffable donkeys of themselves. I have long been occupied in getting up a series of curious cases, which I propose to publish as the *Vagaries of Justice Shallow*, some day."

Mrs. and Miss Foxcroft now rose simultaneously, and said good morning; and at the same moment an elderly gentleman and his daughter came through the gate and up the garden. Miss Popsy had her eye on them.

"They will not come in; they will only leave cards," said she. "You won't have any more visitors to-day; it is just dinner-time for the Worksops and Hardmans. Joshua and I dine at two; is that your hour?"

Anna replied that it was, as Jane handed in two cards inscribed, "Captain Clayton" and "Mrs. Westford." Miss Popsy explained that Mrs. Westford was a widow, living with her father, Captain Clayton, at Ashburn Lodge.

"And have you had Miss Charley Wilde yet?" she continued with vivacity; "she told me she was going to call, for she had fallen in love with one of you—I am not sure which, but most likely the young one. Nora is your name, is it? Well, it is the name of the prettiest girl in Kent."

Miss Popsy's frank way of complimenting was not offensive. Nora laughed, and asked who was Miss Charley Wilde.

"She is a young lady of large independent property at Riverscroft, about two miles from Ashburn," said Mr. Joshua.

"What has the large independent property to do with it? Cannot people be any thing without money? Don't go to my brother Joshua for information; come to me. I can tell you all about Charley Wilde, for she is my especial crony. She rides, drives, hunts, shoots, sings, plays on the piano, reads clever books, mends her own gloves, and has no non-sense about her. Miss Scruple will tell you she is not quite proper, and Tilly Mavis says she is like a man; but I tell you she is one of the salt of society, and I wish there were a few more like her." And again Miss Popsy became very emphatic with the umbrella, and looked threateningly at her brother.

"Don't be long before you return my call, mind," she added after a short pause. "I shall expect you on Monday; and as soon as the preliminaries are accomplished, I'll give a party, and have Charley Wilde to meet you. You will not have seen Sidney Wilfred yet either. I hope you girls are not susceptible."

"Not at all susceptible, Miss Parker," said Nora laughing. "Who is Sidney Wilfred?"

"A misunderstood and unappreciated poet. I shall ask him and Miss Mavis to my party; and you will think you

have fallen into the midst of the mutual-admiration society. But don't, *don't* fall in love with him; for he is a blighted being for all mundane purposes."

"Popsy, Popsy," said Mr. Joshua in a warning tone, "whose fault is it that Ashburn is always by the ears?"

"*Yours*, sir. Now, girls, don't make recluses of yourselves; but come out into our world, and enjoy life as young people should. Joshua, what are you mooning about? Are we to stop here all day?" And Miss Popsy rose in haste, gave a single energetic thump with her umbrella, and stalked off.

Her brother took her to task for her wonderful demeanour as they went down the garden-walk together.

"I wish, Popsy, you would not behave in such a strange way. What will Miss Brooke think of us?" said he reproachfully.

"If you are not pleased with my manners, you had better buy me an etiquette-book," replied she. "I will read out the appropriate passages to the company, and say, 'Thus and thus we *ought* to behave, but I prefer to be my own natural self, Popsy Parker; *you* do as you like.' Stop, Joshua, I have not told those girls where we live." And Miss Popsy hastily retraced her steps, went to the drawing-room window, and looked in.

"Miss Brooke, our house is the third beyond Miss Scruple's, on the high-road," cried she, with her face close to the glass. "You cannot mistake it; it looks like a private asylum."

Then she returned, mincing her steps towards her brother, who waited at the gate, with her poke-bonnet gently inclined towards her left shoulder, her shawl drawn very tight, and her umbrella held as if it were a tiny parasol; but when she came within a few paces of him, she thumped it down on the gravel, and jerked her bonnet straight.

"Am I to look like *that*, niminy niminy *knock*?" cried she, with a snort of contempt and a charge at his hand resting on the gate. "Get out of my way, Joshua; I have not common patience with you!"

"Don't, Popsy, don't; that pretty Miss Brooke is watching you out of the window," supplicated her brother, rubbing his knuckles.

"Turn your eyes the other way, sir. What right have you to see that she is pretty? I am not going to let *you* marry either of them, that is quite sure. What do I care if she is watching? I will tell her the next time I see her why I rapped you, and she will say I did right. Those girls have sense in them, good-looking as they are; but don't you think to meddle with either of them."

When all the visitors had been gone some ten minutes, uncle Ambrose cautiously descended to the drawing-room once more.

"Who was that hammering a short while since?" was his first inquiry.

"The most comical single gentlewoman you ever saw in your life, with a face like this," cried Nora, endeavouring unsuccessfully to give an imitation of Miss Popsy's peaked nose and twinkling eyes. "But she is very nice too. I like her; and if you are to marry any of the four spinsters we have seen this morning, I hope it will be her. I would not object to an aunt Popsy; would you, Anna?"

"I am afraid she would be very destructive to furniture; she has really frayed the carpet by working in the brass end of her umbrella. And there is rather too much emphasis about her for any body who likes a quiet life, as uncle Ambrose does."

"Did any lady propose for me, Nora?"

"Miss Mavis opened the preliminaries—(Don't call me to order, Anna; what else could her allusions be called?)—but I mentioned the charming person in Scotland, and she immediately withdrew them. She is a very interesting person to look at, pensive and pale."

"I am safe, then; for she will spread the news, and I shall have freedom of movement. I am going to take a walk; who will go out?"

"Both of us. Let us go up the fields towards Plessy-Regis," said Anna. "We shall be ready in five minutes."

VIII.

Uncle Ambrose and Anna walked along side by side in a composed and orderly manner, admiring the early autumn tints on the leaves and the beautiful clearness of the sky; while Nora and Cyril scampered about like two mad things. There was a brisk wind when they reached the high grounds towards Plessy Regis, and it excited their spirits as if they were two little children let out to play after long confinement in school. Nora pulled off her straw-hat, and carried it dangling by the strings, while the breeze made fine havoc of her long loose hair. She shut her eyes, and turned her face skywards, to breathe the airs fresh from heaven, as she said. She ran races with Cyril; she sang snatches of song that rang over the country, making the reapers in distant fields lift up their heads to listen whence came the wild elfish melody.

"O, uncle Ambrose, it is a happy thing to be young!" cried she, coming up to him, and hanging on his arm to rest herself, panting and out of breath. "I never felt it like this before; it is so beautiful!"

The face looking up into his was instinct with youth and happiness. Nora had no need to proclaim it; the carmine of her cheek and limpid brightness of her eyes were witness enough that there was no canker in the heart of that rose.

"Come and run, Anna. It seems as if the wind caught my feet and made me long to rush about. O, you are so tame! Cyril, come you." And she was off again, racing up a green hill, so steep that uncle Ambrose was glad to make the fine prospect serve as an excuse for stopping several times to take breath during the ascent. When he and Anna got to the top, they found that chance had guided them to Larkhill; for on the edge of the opposite slope was the mausoleum of the Plessy-Regis family; it faced the park, of which this hill seemed to form one limit. Anna proposed to sit here to rest, and enjoy the magnificent outstretch of scenery with the dim blue sea-line on the horizon.

"Doesn't it make you feel all glorious, Anna?" exclaimed Nora, throwing herself on the grass. "It seems to lift me up and make my soul grow. I think one might be always good and pleasant in a place like this."

The spot where they had chosen to rest lay under the shadow of a cloud; but below was a sea of hazy light, with the sun shining through like showers of golden rain. It was a time to be still and think, and its influence crept insensibly over them all; even Cyril subsided on the turf near uncle Ambrose, plucking idly at the blades of grass, and then dropping them through his fingers. For many miles away stretched an expanse of richly-cultivated lands, well wooded, and showing the windings of the Darrent and of a greater river amongst trees and fields. Plessy-Regis Park was perhaps the wildest and most picturesque part of the view; the ground was more broken and undulating, the single trees and groups were of magnificent growth, and the dark belts of wood which bounded it full of a mysterious shadow. A little brook issued from one of these plantations, and winding below the base of Larkhill, flowed into the Darrent, after half circling the rectory-garden and Ashburn Green.

Nora was the first to break the silence.

"Another race, Cyril; we did not come here to fall asleep," cried she. "Now for a rush down-hill!" And throwing her hat for the wind to carry along, away she flew, her hair streaming out, her white skirt floating wide, and her feet seeming as if they skimmed the ground rather than trod it. In her crazy race, she did not perceive that she had other watchers beside uncle Ambrose and Anna, until, seeing her straw-hat about to bound into the brook, she cried out, "O, it will be in the water! Stop it, do stop it!" as two men, with guns over their shoulders, and several dogs following, came out of a small plantation close at hand. One of them made a hasty step forward to arrest the unlucky

hat; but before he could reach it, it was whirling down the current. Nora stood still, rather dismayed at the termination of her chase; while the second of the two men, who had the appearance of a gamekeeper, ran forward, set one foot in the water, and as the stream floated it towards him, caught it by one string, and pulled it out. Nora took it blushing, and thanked him quietly; while his master slightly raised his cap, and passed forward to another plantation at a short distance.

"What a singular-looking man!" was Nora's internal comment as she shook the wet from her hat and held it in the sun to dry. "I shall have to go all the way home without; and the ribbon is spoilt." She turned round and waved to those on the hill-top to come down, signing that she was too much out of breath to go back to them; and they began to descend at a sober pace. She was two fields off, making her way homewards as fast as she could before Cyril overtook her; for the adventure of the hat had a little quietened her.

"Did that man speak to you, Nora?" cried her brother as he came up with her. "He looked preciously grim."

"Not a word. Have you ever met him before when you were out? He has a peaked beard, and such a brown face, like uncle Ambrose. There he is again, coming from the wood on this side: we shall be obliged to meet him."

"You might as well put on your hat, Nora; the sun is enough to stare one out of countenance," said Cyril.

"I don't mind the sun; and besides, my hat is so wet I cannot put it on." Nora looked a very stately young nymph indeed, the over-bright rose on her cheek and her tangled hair notwithstanding. The stranger glanced at her from under his brows as they met, and turned twice to watch her go over the fields. She and Cyril stopped at the last stile, and waited until the others came up.

"Who was that man, uncle Ambrose, do you know?" asked Nora, swinging her hat to and fro.

"That man was the Honourable Arthur de Plessy, niece; and a charming specimen of wild girl you introduced to him for a rector's daughter," was the reply.

Nora laughed, yet blushed shyly. "Anna will support the character of the family for all manner of things good and *proper*, as Miss Scruple says," she returned, willing to excuse herself, though half ashamed of her hoydenish escapade. "But I must be allowed some young time, uncle Ambrose; I never quite felt what it was to be young before; it seems just as if I had broken loose from somewhere, and must dash about and sing and be crazy. Don't you feel any thing like that?"

"I dare not begin to analyse my sensations, Nora; for the process compels me to feel that I am not so young as I have been."

"But you will never be old, uncle Ambrose, never while you live. There are some people who are never thoroughly young, like Anna, who seems fifty to me; and some people who are never old, like you. I should not like to grow stiff and cranky; should you?"

"Perhaps not; but since the Fountain of Jouvence is not attainable in this century, one might as well grow old with decent resignation,—don't you think so, pretty Nora?"

"That decent resignation is not an easy thing, uncle Ambrose: you must read Miss Mavis a lecture on it to strengthen her nerves. Here is papa in the garden looking out for us. Well, papa, whom have you seen?"

"A great many people, Nora: Mr. Hardman, about the glebe; and a Miss Popsy Parker, who flattered my paternal feelings by the news that I have two of the most charming girls in Kent for daughters. She had been calling upon you, she said."

"Yes, papa; we have had half Ashburn already; and there is plenty of choice for uncle Ambrose amongst the single ladies. I incline to your Miss Popsy; there is such an honest vivacity about her and her umbrella."

"I should desire to lay an embargo on the umbrella, or else always to carry my hands in my pockets for safety, if I were he then."

"When we return the call, he shall go with us. No rebellion, uncle Ambrose; you must; and if you are very agreeable, she will invite you to her party. Yes, papa; she said when the preliminaries were got over, she would give a party."

"Miss Popsy Parker is a very liberal woman, then: yes, *she* is quite endurable."

"That sounds as if you had met somebody who was not, papa; tell us who it was? You shake your head, but I guess. It was —," and she stood on tip-toe and whispered in his ear. He laughed. "I knew it. And did she propose for you herself? She almost did to us for uncle Ambrose, and we declined the honour. No, Anna, I am not romancing; it was perfectly understood between us. Papa, are there not a great many things that people know about each other without a word of explanation?"

"Run away and make that wild hair neat; Jane's niece is in the dining-room."

"That is a put-off, papa; but I know there are. We met somebody too: Mr. Arthur de Plessy,—a very black man."

"Whose servant had the civility to fish a straw-hat out of a brook, which a certain crazy girl had given to the winds for a plaything," added uncle Ambrose.

"That is one of the things that can be understood without explanation, Nora,—don't you think it is?"

"By a very acute person, papa, no other. It was an old-fashioned thing, the hat; and now I shall have a new one, for it is quite spoilt. Look at it;" and she danced it round on her hand.

"I never found out, when it was on your head, that it was not a very handsome hat, extravagant girl."

"I must have a gipsy-hat with a blue ribbon, like the ballad-maidens, papa."

"Nora thinks Ashburn is a gold-mine," said uncle Ambrose.

"But she did want a new hat, papa," interposed Anna, who would have gone in hodden gray to let her sister be beautifully dressed; "that hat had been cleaned and turned, and cleaned again and again."

"I believe you let it be spoilt on purpose, Nora," cried Cyril mischievously; "or else why did you roll it down to the brook? You never cried out to those men to stop it until you saw it was certain to go in. If you dry it at the kitchen-fire, and iron out the ribbons, it will wear over the winter very well."

Nora gave him a flick with the straw-hat for his penurious suggestion, and bade him mind his own affairs.

"It can be turned into a summer hat for you, Cyr, if you want to practise economy; and you shall have the bows too, if you like," said she.

The appearance of old Jane's face at the dining-room window warned them to go in.

IX.

"Arthur has had a long day out shooting, but here he comes across the park, mother," said Lady Frances Egerton, who was standing by the great window of the Plessy-Regis schoolroom, still in her hat and habit, as she had returned from riding.

Lady de Plessy gathered her knitting in her hand, and went to look out also: she thought more about Arthur than any of her children. He was walking slowly, carrying his own gun, with a keeper and the dogs following, all of them tired, from the weary way they dragged their feet over the ground.

"My son is as restless as ever, Frances; I wish we could see him at peace again," observed she regretfully.

"That you never will, unless some new love should push the old one out of his memory, which is not likely," replied Lady Frances.

"If I could have believed it would change him so completely, he should have married the girl rather than be as he is."

"It would have been far better. She was a lady born; what did her poverty matter? There was never a De Plessy to equal her."

"She was very beautiful. But it did seem such an unlikely thing; and he was so young, we thought he would change soon."

"Her death ends all that. If they had both lived to alter their minds, it would have passed; but he being sent off to India, and she dying faithful to him in spite of all, makes her sacred to him. And his feelings were always so strong, even when a boy."

"Yes. Arthur was not like the others; he did love me, Frances, better than any of my children; but now he is like ice to his father and me. He even talks of going back to India. I would do any thing to keep him here."

"I think he would be happier away, mother; I would let him go; there would be more chance of his coming home settled after a few years. It must have been a terrible shock when he came back and found her gone."

"He has told you more than any of us, Frances,—you were his confidante. Has he said any thing since?"

"No, he never alludes to it; but I know he was away at Riverscroft last week,—and she is buried there."

There was a short silence; Lady de Plessy stood nervously tapping the floor with her foot, and Lady Frances gazed out of the window at the gray twilight shadows stealing over the wide expanse of park, which the old school-room-window commanded. There were some beech-logs burning on the wide open hearth; and on the table opposite was spread a cloth, cups and saucers, and a Swiss carved trencher with a loaf of bread.

Ever since her children were little, Lady de Plessy had been in the habit of coming to this room at six o'clock, when their tea was ready, to hear their small gossip and chat, for half an hour before the dressing-bell rang. The children were grown up, married, and dispersed into homes of their own; but the old ceremony was kept up still. When there were guests at Plessy-Regis, they soon found their way to the schoolroom; and when she was alone, Lady de Plessy used to go by herself, and think about her children.

It was a large apartment, grotesquely furnished with the rejected furniture of some drawing-room of long ago: rigid high-backed chairs; tables that defied any body to stir them; a faded Persian carpet, worn bare in many a place by dancing feet that time had sobered, or perhaps death stilled; pictures of pet dogs and horses done in wonderful colours, faded landscapes, and crayon-portraits, which Lady de Plessy valued more than all the old masters in her lord's noble collection.

This old school-room was the room where the Plessy-Regis skeletons were kept: in it many a family crisis, many a passage of human suffering, had been transacted, as mother and daughter knew full well; and from its window had the women of the family watched the end-all of trouble wending with much pomp up the wild northern slope of the park to Larkhill, where the great mausoleum closed the prospect. It was on the second story, at the end of a long corridor, distant from any other inhabited room; no contending voices, no weeping or loud entreaty, that took place within its closed door could be heard beyond. To cross its threshold and come within sight of some of its skeletons, must have thrilled painfully through Lady de Plessy's nerves, often, often.

"And so she is buried at Riverscroft? I never liked to inquire," said she, beating with her foot continually.

"They brought her there at her own request; it was,—if you remember, mother,—the place where they first met each other, and the last."

"Yes, I remember; she was a beautiful creature. You liked her, Frances?"

"She was not selfish or vain, she was so purely good and true; she was so different to ourselves, mother, and Arthur felt it."

The door was opened gently, and some one entered: it

was Arthur himself. He would have gone back, when he saw that the room was occupied; but Lady de Plessy bade him come in.

"We keep up the old customs, you see, my son," said she.

He walked to the fireside and threw himself down wearily upon the stiff settee that stood by the hearth, glancing round the walls growing indistinct in the twilight, with an expression of shrinking hesitation, which Lady Frances Egerton understood but too well. He had not set foot in that room for twelve years, and the last time was to take down from the wall a certain sketch, lest other hands should do it; and they two had had an open-heart talk by the fire about Arthur's girl-love, from whom he was about to be banished—whose sweet face in the flesh he was never to behold again. That time haunted the room visibly to both of them, and to the mother too.

"Have you had good sport, Arthur?" asked Lady Frances.

"Not very; the birds were rather wild."

As if either of them had come there to talk of partridge-shooting. Lady de Plessy asked, would they have some tea,—it was made. No; neither wished for any. She poured out a cup for herself, and sat playing with the spoon, till Arthur rose up with a jerk, and lighting one of the candles, took it and walked round the room to examine the drawings on the walls.

"They are all there, my son," said she; "you must see many old friends."

"Yes, mother. And do you come here every evening, as you used to do?"

"Every evening; I never miss when I am at home. I love to think of my children here; it seems to bring them around me again."

Arthur shivered. "It must be like visiting graves," said he in an under-tone. He came back to the fireside, and stood with his hands behind him looking away through the uncurtained window towards Larkhill. Since he left home, the grand mausoleum had opened its doors for his two elder brothers and a sister;—how could his mother bear to come there, he thought.

Lady Frances still stood by the window; and, as if some sudden recollection struck her, sought a particular pane, and began to rub off the weather stains. She discovered what she sought; a name scratched with a diamond upon the glass,—a name which had sent her brother into exile, and which had made shipwreck of all his happiness.

He came up beside her as she was looking at it; and drawing a long painful breath through his teeth, said, "You are raising ghosts, Frances." He struck his hand against the glass sharply, the pane broke and crashed down on the gravel underneath. "We will not speak of her any more,—she is a saint in heaven, and we are mortals waiting to forget," he added bitterly.

Lady de Plessy turned round quickly, and asked what was that sound.

"Only a death-knell, mother," replied her son. That was the last allusion he ever made in her presence, the only words conveying a shadow of reproach that he addressed to her, touching his first love. He came back to her by the fire, and plunged suddenly into a conversation about their country neighbours,—Charley Wilde and the rest.

"I met Charley Wilde to-day, looking as eccentric as ever, and also some people whom I took to belong to the new rector's family," he said: "two young ladies, a lad, and an old soldierly man."

"We must call there next week. What are the girls like?" asked Lady Frances.

"I cannot tell. One was flying down Larkhill after her hat, which went into the beck: she was a pretty young creature, but as wild as a March hare." From the beginning of his reply, it seemed as if Arthur had not been very observant; but in reality Nora had left a distinct likeness of herself on his imagination: he thought she had a slight look of his old love who lay buried in Riverscroft churchyard.

TWENTY-FIFTH NOVEMBER 1857.

Ay, England, mournful vigils keep!
 One more heroic life is fled,
 One more high gallant heart is dead!
 'Tis fitting, England, thou shouldst weep!

Through all thy length and breadth of land
 For husbands, brothers, sons, arise
 Sad wails, and bitter yearning cries,
 From many a broken household band.

But grief's bond round *one* solemn grave
 Unites all English hearts for *him*
 Whose glory never shall grow dim
 While men can reverence the brave,—

While men can prize contempt of gain,
 And earnest aim, and courage rare
 That can *endure* as well as *dare*,
 And win to victory through pain.

England, thrice three times fled thy foe
 Before thy Havelock's dauntless front;
 When, saved from battle's deadliest brunt,
 He sank, by fell disease laid low.

Low in strange earth! he ne'er can feel
 The tardy honours paid to one,
 Than whom no braver, truer son
 E'er fought and died for England's weal.

All past for him!—the noisy breath
 Of fickle crowds, the blame, the praise,
 The busy conflicts of his days,—
 All hushed in the calm sleep of death.

Ay, England!—mourning that too late
 Thy honours came,—a lesson learn,
 And lay to heart that teaching stern
 Taught thee by thy lost hero's fate.

Bind laurel on the *living* head,
 To merit generous guerdon give,
 Honour thy heroes while they live,
 To mourn them fittingly when dead.

Thou can'st not bring him back to fame.
 England, be husband, father—all
 To those he loved, who vainly call
 On him who left them but his name!

Be this grace to his memory lent,
 And in the future strive to show
 How swift thy gratitude can flow,
 To Heaven who sends, to heroes sent.

A. P.

THE BUILDING OF THE ROMAN WALL.

BY W. B. SCOTT.

FROM one side of this island to the other,—from *Wallsend* on the Tyne (a name pretty widely known for its good "sea-coal," now nearly exhausted) to somewhere near Whitehaven on the western coast,—stood at one time a straight and strong wall of hammered stone. This wall was close upon seventy miles in length, had twelve fortified garrison-stations at different convenient positions, and at every mile a strong guard-room with passage through the wall,—places which the historians of the wall have chosen to call "castles." This amazing undertaking, accomplished by the industry of the legionaries, assisted by the natives, was the latest and most perfect of at least two attempts, by fortification, to protect the Romanised South from the savage incursions of the northern Celts.

Our present engraving is from another of the series of pictures illustrating Northumbrian history with which Mr. W. B. Scott is embellishing Wallington Hall, as mentioned a few weeks ago (see No. 68) in the notice which accompanied the engraving of "St. Cuthbert and the King of Northumbria." In the foreground lie two of our degenerate ancestors,—one with a spoon, and intent on his steaming kettle; the other hiding the dice under his hand,—a hand powerful enough for work, and that would have been apt enough to do it, had not the foreign master deprived its possessor of all noble motive in making him a slave. And here is the master, in the shape of a Roman centurion with the long peeled stick, his badge of office, coming down upon the lazy serfs, and pointing ominously to the hammered stone, from which one of them seems to have disencumbered himself to play out his game at his ease. Behind them the wall dips, and rising again on higher ground, shows the busy scene of daily work, which must have tried the discipline of the Tungrian, Spanish, and Moorish cohorts; while from behind the mounds of *débris* from the fosse the untamed Caledonians torment them with arrows. The background is Craig Lough, a wild and moorland scene, with a high basaltic fell dipping sheer into a breadth of cold gray water. Over this fell travels the wall, and along the top of the precipice,—a singular waste of labour; indeed, the whole construction shows the childhood of engineering, however vast the work accomplished. With this, however, the artist had little to do; nor had he to decide the knotty question of who built the wall, Severus or Hadrian, which agitates the minds and tongues of certain northern controversialists so mightily at present. He had to deal with the nobler elements of the subject,—its humanities and social aspect,—and he has filled his canvas well.

PADDY AND I.

BY WALTER THORNBURY, AUTHOR OF "ART AND NATURE."

NO. II. THE DUBLIN CAR-DRIVER.

A LIMP hat, decidedly not new, with a slight crevice in the bruised bulgy lid, through which a few sharp bristles of hair thrust themselves inquiringly up, as if to see if the greasy outside of the "caubeen" has any thing to boast of over the greasier inside; a large shuffly blue great-coat, patched with inappropriate colours; beneath it the inevitable skimp Irish dress-coat and dingy brass-buttons; knee-breeches, untied; gray stockings, and lumpy brogues,—put these together, and you see Patrick O'Toole, driver of a Dublin jaunting-car, to whom, with a stomach somewhat qualmish from recent vicissitudes in the *Brian Boru*, Holyhead steamer, I have intrusted my life for a drive to the *Fay-nix*, at the reasonable cost of one-and-fourpence the first hour, according to the municipal act thereunto specified.

With short Cossack whip, looped usually round his breast when at the stand, but now in active requisition, Paddy and I rattle off from his station at Carlisle Bridge; I with that uneasy sense of insecurity that the jaunting-car usually engenders in Saxon minds, as sitting back to back with Paddy, who plies his lash like the misguided Phaeton himself, I try to assume the careless devil-may-care air that distinguishes the real Hibernian; occasionally making nervous snatches at the empty seat of the driver, and now and then shifting my position as if I was playing a sort of back-piano, to escape the shakes and jolts which I experience when the headlong car tumbles over a dreadful hollow in the road of Macadam.

To vulgar sense Paddy appears stupid; his cheek-bones are knobby, his mouth weak, his eyes purposeless and wandering: but on trial I find him a poet and a wit, full of deep impulsive feelings, and with a rare eccentric individuality of his own. In a moment he can entangle you in a net of fine flatteries and blarney, long before you can knock him down with a flourishing blow of the club of your logic.

ADRIANVS MVRVM DVXIT QVI BARBAROS ROMANOSQVE DIVIDERET



HENRY LINTON - Sc.

SPECIMENS OF THE ENGLISH SCHOOL: NO. XVIII.

PAINTED BY W. B. SCOTT.

THE BUILDING OF THE ROMAN WALL.

5 MR 58

That weak mouth can clench and curve, twist into all sorts of drolleries, and gnash with the thoughts of anger or revenge. Those eyes too can sparkle with a Will-o'-the-wisp fire; flame out with the memory of a sudden wrong, and then pale away into the dreamy melancholy and doomed regret which is the only sad expression that is habitual to an Irishman's face.

My jaunting-car was not a triumphal car; quite the reverse. I sat on one side, my legs swinging on the hanging tray; Paddy on the other, with his queer back to me, whipping sideways at the vivacious skeleton of a Kerry horse in that playful, abstracted, meditative way peculiar to Dublin car-drivers who are meditating a deep scheme against some green visitor to the green isle, who, with a head full of shamrocks, shillalahs, whisky, black eyes, pigs, landlord-shooting, snipes, bogs, and Brian Boru, jolts gaping through the streets of the city of Dublin.

Whish, whish went the whip as we careered over the Liffey bridge,—the black sewer with its bobbing nets, empty boats, and dark water spotted with white sea-gulls,—Sackville Street and the Nelson column far behind us. To imagine Sackville Street, suppose a short straight Regent Street ending in Waterloo Bridge. Whish, whish, chits, with spasmodic jerks of tail and head, drew us along the quays towards the Phoenix. Ormond Quay and Bachelor's Walk farewell.

A little securer in my seat, though still afflicted by a strange feeling of having it drawn from under me, and a fear of being shaken off by a sudden turn,—the driving being fitful and capricious, now a crawl and now a race,—I ventured a remark.

I. A stranger can see a good deal of the city in an hour-or-two's drive.

Paddy (Laughs flatteringly, yet I fear sarcastically, giving me a strange quick glance over his shoulder, as much as to say, "Bad luck to ye, you Saxon omadhaun, with the big head of your own!"). Bedad he can. Och, *there* you're right, your honour, good luck to ye.

I (amused but distrustful, with an air of manly inquiry and patronage). What bridge is this we're coming to? It seems stopped up; it has no parapet, and a crack runs through it from crown to basement.

Paddy (very quick, with the intense enthusiasm of a *cicerone* who has got at last on sure ground). That's the Bloody Bridge, your honour. Chits (a favourite mode of cheering the Kerry Champion), hould up, you beggar. (Whenever I got troublesome, I noticed Paddy licked his horse, or pulled viciously at the greasy reins.) It's the Bloody Bridge (pointing with the butt-end of his short whip importantly). There was a power of blood spilt there in the ould times.

I. What, in the rebellion of '90?

Paddy (not liking the word "rebellion," shifts his seat, and gives the Kerry Champion a pelt, looking intensely uncertain, and staring hard at a chimney-pot). Well, begorra, and *that's* more than I know; but it was in the ould times, with the sogers and the boys. (Had he resolved to try the screw a little tighter? My credulity will be a test of my future compliance to a demand for high fare.) And the ould people down in the Liberties say that the Liffey that day was dyed as red as this hankercher.

I looked back at the old bridge of 1670, where the butchers and the weavers had once fought with cleavers and pikes, in a yelling, goring, trampling mass; and thought, beneath that gray October twilight, I never saw any thing so doomed and sad as that old bridge looked, with its flat top and its mud-encrusted ghastly-looking stones, with the black crack running through it, like the bar-sinister across a shield.

Paddy (cheerily). But it's doomed now, your honour, for it isn't safe; it's only the foot-passengers goes over it. There is the Royal Barracks, your honour (whish, chits); the biggest in the world: they'll hold five rigiments.

My guide-book said "three;" but let it pass; I thought

of the "ould ancient" national motto that had shook in so many fields,—*"ERIN GO BRAG."*

Paddy. Five rigiments, your honour, and all their materials (audaciously, and with the air of a challenge).

I. Halloa! what are you getting off for?

Paddy (Leaps off, picks up a small bar of iron lying in the road, slips it under the faded cushion of his seat, and drives on, all in two seconds). Sure it's as well picked up as left there; it'll be just a *lafeen* (half-penny) or so. (Now encouraged, he drives faster.) Whish, chits.

We had now passed through the neat iron gates of the Phoenix, and its seventeen hundred statute acres of turf, woodland, and deer-park, lay before us.

Paddy. Do you see that monyment to the left, your honour? (Always a question, however obvious a thing is: I think it is a trick to get time for invention.)

I. To be sure I do, Patrick.

Paddy. Well, that is the testimonial to Willington, the man who disowned his counthry, bad luck to him. King George the Fourth called it an overgrown milestone,—and faix, it's not unlike that same. Look at the ancient ould thorn-trees, your honour; highly beautiful in May, with the fresh bloom all alight on the craturs, and the scent like the breath of my Kathleen, God rest her sowl.—Where are you going to, Annie, with the brown eyes like my own? (This was addressed to a pretty black-eyed bare-legged girl who was passing, with her shawl drawn modestly over her little head.) Sixty thousand trees, your honour, more nor less, as Teddy O'Rourke said to the land-agent; and deer galore, you see, fading about as nateral, the craturs,—they'll fade out of your hand.

I. What's that road to the right?

Paddy. O that's the old road past the oulder and ancienter trees; but the lord-liftinint althered it, saying as how it ran too convanient to his house.

I. Too convenient?

Paddy. Sure, your honour, too convanient to the big lodge, and the under and upper seethretary's, with the noise and the rowling.

A pretty spot the Phoenix is, opening from busy quays, dirty river, and crowded streets, humming with the brogue of sailors, bucks, squireens, priests, agents, tradesmen, and emigrants,—from the dark alleys of the Liberties, with their faded grandeur and traditions of the great silk-weaving days, and the wars of the spinners and the butchers, of the pikemen, and of many a Larry who was not unjustly stretched,—from office-doors, where sad-looking emigrants lie brooding over their chests, waking with grief or singing in the sheer madness of despair, while the big unfeeling "tay-kettle" of a steamer shrieks and boils and screams for his prey,—from Grafton Street, alive with black eyes (not artificially black), and from suburban canals, avenued with fading trees, where the silent barge trails and glides. O pleasant Phoenix, called after a bird unknown to the "poultherer,"—as Paddy observed, "there not being a brace of thim fowl ever seen together,"—with thy broad range of turf and purty trees, adolescent and suckling compared with sooty Kensington and down-trodden prospectless Hyde; happy with thy blue mountains of Wicklow, hemming in with fairy-land the Fogherties, O'Tooles, and the flaming O'Flannigans, who, in buggy, jaunting-car, and dog-car rule thy dry level roads with parallel lines that run close to each other, yet never meet!

I. I like the Phoenix, Paddy, much better than our London parks: it is larger and more fresh from the country; its review-fields and zoological garden supply us with amusement; and the Lord-Lieutenant's lodge and the Wellington monument furnish with spots to be proud and patriotic in, enabling us to associate ourselves for a moment with history.

Paddy. More power to your honour, but your tongue's well hung.

I. You have, too, those glorious mountains to relieve the eye and feed it with beauty.

Paddy. And thim no skim-milk either, your honour.

I. And no skim-milk, as you observe, Paddy.

Paddy. Thim to the left, your honour, 's the *Fifteen Acres*. (Suspense of a second, to allow me to recover the intense force of this announcement, entirely assumed for my benefit, to give me a good idea of the capital.) There are reviews there every Tuesday and Friday; and the devil's own noise they make going there, with the thrums, and the bassooning, and the colours, and the bagonets, and the— But you should have seen it when the Queen, that's Victoria, was here. (Here the reins were dropped and appropriate action introduced.) There was firing, and charging, and lying down on their bellies, and up again, and sham battlings, and cavalry gallops, and the riflemen behind bushes,—bedad it was a fine sight! Perhaps the Queen niver saw such a sight before as thim tin thousand men in the *Fifteen Acres*; and the line drawn across to keep the people off the ground, so that devil a thing any of 'em saw; and double fares, your honour, and the cars going like madmen to Bethlem.

We draw up at the square rails surrounding the Phoenix pillar in the centre of the park.

I. Here I get out. The hour is up, and there's your one-and-fourpence.

Paddy. Bad luck to me now, if I didn't take your honour for a rale gintleman, and none of those beggarly rowlers (tourists), with their one-and-fourpennies. Say two shillings, your honour, and I'll drive you round the world, barring the turnpikes. Say two shillings, and may the sun never frown on your iligant figure (wheedling, and hand on my shoulder): two shillings, your honour,—and it's all we get for the wife and childer,—and I'll drive you round by the front of the lodge and back to the Imparial, not refusing a glass of whisky, if your honour offers that same refreshment.

I. Drive on.

Paddy. Very well, then, captain; and it's not half-a-crown that'll stand between us.

I. Mind, no cheating; two shillings. I know it's too much, but just because you're civil.

Paddy. All right, your honour; but it isn't three shillings I shall be refusing. It's a gentleman all over ye are. Whish, chits!

The conversation, after a meditative lull, in which car-fares were mutually reflected on, and future attack and resistance planned, fell upon sea-sickness.

Paddy. In my opinion, your honour, the say-sickness turns all the rubbish and muck out of a man, and cleanses the bitter gall.

I. Are you dyspeptic?

Paddy. The devil I know what dyspeptic is, but I've a wake stomach, and am obliged to take a trifle of whisky every morning before breakfast.

I. Before breakfast (with horror).

Paddy (gravely). Yes; it washes the filth off the liver. Tay's bad, the physician tells me; not tay, but cocoa. "Take a little whisky, Paddy," says he, "with cold biled wather; not spring-wather, but cold biled wather: it thrives the scurvy out of the blood, and cleanses the vessels." Whish, chits!

Roll, tumble, splash, jolt we went, back to back, all through the Phoenix.

I. And why do they call it the Phoenix? Is it any thing of an allegory?

Paddy. I think it's more of an agle, your honour: some ould fable, I suppose. Sure, they just call it the Faynix: there's an inscription all about it,—perhaps you can read it,—but it's quite invisible, bad luck to the cutther.

I. Hallo! what are you stopping for? here's the rain coming.

We were stopping at a turn-wicket in the outer side-wall of the park, just by the under-secretary's lodge.

Paddy. Sure it's Doolan's, your honour, where the gintlemen and ladies gets refreshment. It's a long way to the

Imparial, your honour; and may be you're dry after all your iloquent talking. (Flattering rascal, how grave he kept!)

I went in the shebeen, where the landlord, with a wink, asked me to excuse the potheen being "unchristened." Paddy had a glass, which he sipped critically. Pleasant was its smoky scent and its yellow dimness. I saw in the little cottage no one but a fat colossal old woman, sitting immovably, like a priestess waiting to be consulted; a fat silent man, who spit and coughed as if he were inventing a language; and two men who chattered Irish. We mounted, and Paddy grew suggestive.

Paddy. Sure now, your honour, if you'd take me for a day, I might maybe show you something: Clontarf, where the Danes got the bating, and Brian Boru, rest his sowl, drove thim into the say,—and he couldn't do more nor that, I'm thinking; or Glasnevin (electrically quick). Has your honour seen the grand cimitary, and the grave of the great Dan, rest his sowl?

I. No. I haven't much opinion of Dan. What did he do, after all, for Ireland, with his bellowing and brag? and why did he take the pence from the poor?

Paddy (with deep feeling). And sure the poor gave it with all their hearts. Didn't he give up every thing for them? and hadn't he secretharies, and bookmen, and clerks, and what not to keep for them? It wasn't for himself,—and didn't he die poor? You should have me to-morrow, and let me thrive you to see his house in Merrion Square, with the balcony where he used to address the people day and night.

I. But he had great enemies.

Paddy. By St. Patrick, in coorse he had! and didn't they call him the "Big Beggarman," even at Tara, though he loved ould Ireland with the big heart of him? He was too slippery for them; they couldn't hould him, the nagurs, though they had him once between the stones.

I. But did he procure you one real benefit?

Paddy. Sure and he did, for he made them let the chapel-bells ring; and before his time sorra was the chapel-bell ever heard in Ireland.

I. What did he die of?

Paddy (in a low whisper). Of the worst of all diseases, bad luck to it,—of the broken heart, your honour; and sure I ought to know, for didn't I drive Dan's own housekeeper, who knew all about it. He came home the night of the split in Conciliation Hall, and says he to his secthretary and friends as drew round him, drooping the brave head of him, "They've put the first nail in my coffin this very night;" and so they had, the thaves of the world! Whish, chits! God have mercy on his sowl!

The gray lights were fading round the yellow bushes of the Phoenix,—round its broad ranges of smooth turf,—round its level roads, spotted here and there with scarlet coats returning from a hard day's run,—round white glimpses of the vice-regal lodges,—round the *Fifteen Acres*, wonderful scene of the "plattooning and sham battling!" round the overgrown milestone of the duke with the millstone-heart, who disowned his country, and trampled the poor, and flirted with Miss Burdett Coutts, and won Waterloo, and wrote droll Spartan notes to Moses and to Rowland and Dr. Kahn and Mr. Holloway,—and round the allegorical pillar. Purple and orange spread in horizontal flakes, and kindled the ashen gray, and fired long veins of evanescent gold, and smouldered out into thin blue ghostly vapours, such as visit the Black Water on autumn evenings. The city was spotted with stars; all the planets in heaven seemed met in the streets of Dublin, to celebrate the anniversary of Newton, who was always finding them out: an avenue of them ran along the Liffey, with its Four Courts, and the green bronzed dome of the Custom-House, and its chapel and barracks. There they dance and twinkle and slope and run and mount and sink round the college up to Stephen's Green,—round the gilt statue of King William in Dame Street,—up the ascent to the quiet Mullingar canal far away in the suburbs, with its splashing locks and still

dead brimming waters. Right away from the lonely sand-beach at Sandymount, looking towards the sentinel hill of Howth, that beckons to its fellow of Killiney,—from the meeting of the dead in classic Glasnevin to the old round tower that watches the road at Clandalkin,—from Donnybrook, the place of skulls, to Rathmines,—from Roundwood to Irish Town, spread the terrestrial stars, starting to life under the lamp-lighter's hand, in long processional lines, veining the chart of Dublin with starry cross-threads.

A renewed conversation on digestion led to Paddy's denunciation of "luscious mates that were too great a distress to the stomach." I found he was rather an amateur of dietetics, and had a pet dyspepsia that the most tottery old nobleman at Cheltenham might have been proud of. I humoured him on this point, and found him, like most invalids, very communicative on the subject of his health. "Not tay, but cocoa," was his cry; "for luncheon a stale seed-cake, and for dinner a well-done beef-steak, which is what Napoleon took." Napoleon was another of Paddy's weaknesses; he knew his deeds by heart: one would think he had seen all his battles, for he threw them all into dialogue, accompanying them with gesticulations, as with flashing dreamy eyes he leaned round over the seat that divided us, exclaiming perpetually with a voice of real excitement at the end of every sentence, "*Do I lie, your honour? Is it thue?*"

Paddy. He was the greatest man that ever lived, divil another. "For'ard!" was his cry, your honour; and he had the boys that would follow him. Have you read, your honour, how he rode to the pyramids in Afriky,—all the way over the terrible burning sands, to the river where Pharaoh was lost, that burned the very heels off their brogues; and the sogers, says they, "There goes the ginerall on the top of his thromedary;" and the ginerall hears that, and gets off his thromedary and walks on foot with the best of 'em. There's a ginerall for you (taking my wrist, and stopping the Kerry Champion for a moment). Is it thue? Do I lie?

I (much amused, and with great solemnity). No, indeed; quite correct. He was indeed a great man.

Paddy. And have you read how he offered himself, when he was quite a "gorsoon" no bigger than this whip, to the English, and they wouldn't have him, bad luck to them? Is it thue? Do I lie?

I. Well, I really never heard of that fact; but I know once in Paris he became so poor and desponding that he had half resolved on suicide, and stood leaning against a bridge looking at the water, when a friend passed, from whom he borrowed money.

Paddy. Long life to him! And have you read, your honour, how he put down the rising of the Frenchmen? There was a divil of a stir about the liberties, and the statute-laws, and the charters, and the like of that; and not a ha'porth of courage is left in them to put down the risings, till up starts one of them,—Calesan, that's a French name,—and says he to Carnot, "Your excellency, I know a little Corsican who'd settle this business. He was at Toolong," says Calesan, "but he left because he never would stand conthrole,—'because,' says he, 'I know better than the whole biling of the bloody Gracians;—he's the man.'" So they sent for him; and says Calesan,—"Talleyrand?"—ah, that's the name,— "will you undertake this affair?" and says he, "I will, though it cost me my head." And says Calesan, "You'll lose your head if this thing isn't quietly settled." Then Napoleon goes off, and puts his arthillery on the bridges; and when the mob came up, "Fire!" says he, and gives them such a volley that all the gutthers in Paris ran blood, and the dead men lay like leaves at Michaelmas. Is it thue, your honour? Do I lie?

I. You've a wonderful memory for history.

Paddy. I takes great delight in it, your honour (stops with an air of great deliberation at a suburban cross-road, turns round, and touches his hat). Which road will you take, your honour? they both lade to the same destination.

I. Well, take the shortest; it's getting late.

Paddy. It looks soft, your honour. They're the same length, your honour. But wait awhile; here it is,—one of 'em has a turnpike and the other hasn't. Now some people prefers one, and some another.

I. Well, I prefer the no-turnpike; so drive to the left.

Paddy. Surely, your honour. Whish, chits. (Returns with utter indifference to the hour or fare to his hobby,—Napoleon.) Do you mind, your honour, how Napoleon crossed through the Alps, when the big lumps of snow rolled down whole rigiments, from the colonel to the drum-boy; and says he, "Whatever you do, men, let the vanguard keep moving"? Is it thue? Do I lie?

I. O, right enough, Paddy; go on.

Paddy (much encouraged, in a loud quarrelling voice not to be put down). Very well, then. Says he, "For'ard!" 'cause don't you see, your honour, if the vanguard had fallen back on the snow-mountains there'd have been the deuce's own game; so "For'ard!" says he. Is it thue? Do I lie?

I. True enough.

Paddy. And when they got to the top, didn't every man receive a cut of bread and cheese and a glass of wine? Is it thue?

I. Yes, yes. (I had to repeat incessantly, "Great man!" with an air of deep conviction, or he was down upon me.)

Paddy. Do you mind, your honour, how he stood up to his knees in snow-broth? Och (standing up and flourishing his whip), there was a ginerall for ye, you Saxon thaves, to stand up to his knees in snow-broth! Well, your honour, do you mind when he got down from those awful big mountainous regions,—all snow-broth and heavy-launches,—how the troops couldn't get through an alley in the rocks all for a little fort and battery, that the divil himself couldn't get at. The major of the engineers comes up, and says he, "Your excellency, we must go back." Then Napoleon calls for a map of Italy, lays down on his chin, and sticks it all over with red and blue pins. "Now," says he, "let the red pins stand for the French, and the blue-headed for the Austrians." And bedad, if he didn't move them about, and show that he knew every hedge and corner of the counthry better than even the major of engineers himself. "Impossible to get by," says the major. "I don't know the word," says Napoleon; and faix, the thafe of the world, if that very night he didn't wrap ould dress-coats round the wheels of the gun-carriages, and unshoe the horses, and strew the road with dung, so that they passed snug in the night, and so silent it wouldn't have woke a two-year-old babby. Is it thue, your honour?

The last part of this story had been told to the great amusement of half a dozen white-throated waiters opposite the door of the *Impayrial*, Paddy having laid his hand on mine, and continued his historical reminiscences.

I. I shall be late for dinner, Paddy; the soup smokes for me. There's your fare, and sixpence over. Don't forget me.

Paddy (before the fare is quite out of my purse). Forget your honour (look of disgust); bad luck to the day I forget your honour! But what's this? The very laste I take is a crown; and the last jiulement I drove the same distance hoped I would be satisfied with six-and-six. (As I disappear) May the soup choke in his ugly throat. Och! (Yells.)

SEVEN YEARS IN SIBERIA.*

SIBERIA to Europeans is almost *terra incognita*; and with its natural features we are totally unacquainted. Mr. T. W. Atkinson, the author of a magnificent book describing the region, and richly illustrated with coloured engravings, undertook some years since a journey for the sole purpose of

* *Oriental and Western Siberia: a Narrative of Seven Years' Explorations and Adventures in Siberia, Mongolia, the Kirghis Steppes, Chinese Tartary, and part of Central Asia.* By Thomas William Atkinson. With a Map and numerous Illustrations. London: Hurst and Blackett.

sketching the neglected scenery of Siberia, and was for this purpose provided with an especial passport by the emperor Nicholas I., which enabled him to carry his object into effect. He "brought back representations of the scenery, without taking any artistic liberties; preferring Nature in her own attractions to snatching a grace within the reach of Art." The book before us is the result of these opportunities; it is dedicated "to his Imperial Majesty Alexander II., Emperor of all the Russias."

The field traversed by Mr. Atkinson extended from Kokhan on the west to the eastern end of the Baikal, and as far south as the Chinese town of Tchín-si; including that immense chain Syan-shan, never before seen by any European, as well as a large portion of the western part of the Gobi, over which Genghiz Khan marched his wild hordes towards the west,—scenes on which no pencil had previously been employed,—comprising a distance of about 32,000 versts in carriages, 7100 in boats, and 20,300 on horseback; in all, 59,400 versts (about 39,500 miles), in the course of seven years.

We shall commence our narrative with Mr. Atkinson's arrival at Ekaterineburg, across the boundary into Asia, and thence to Outkinskoi Pristan; the place where most of the barks are built to convey the produce of the Oural mines and iron-works belonging to the crown to Nijne-Novgorod, Moscow, and St. Petersburg. It was then a scene of great activity, there being four thousand men in this small village, brought from various places, all diligently engaged in loading the vessels with guns of large dimensions made in Kamenskoi Zavod, also with shot, shell, and other munitions of war, from the different works in the South Oural, destined for Sebastopol and the forts on the Black Sea. It is to be regretted that Mr. Atkinson has not stated the year in which his observations were made. On the 15th of April, however, in that year, there was an earthquake at forty minutes past twelve o'clock at noon, which caused a great sensation throughout the Oural. What can be the reason for the general omission of dates throughout the work?

Mr. Atkinson's first experience of Siberia was that of exceeding hospitality. His earliest descriptions of any moment relate to his excursions on the Tchoussowaia, during which he sketched much of the scenery. In some parts of his road he saw magnificent pine-trees that might be called giants of the forest. There they stood in all their vigour and strength, bidding defiance to the storm. Others were observed which, like these, had once equally defied the tempest, but now showed the marks of lightning in their shattered limbs, which trembled with every blast. Hundreds lay around in all stages of decay,—convincing proofs of the ravages of time,—whilst young plants and saplings were growing of every age, from a seedling to a tree.

On arriving at the village of Ilmskoi, our travellers applied for hospitality to the house of the first man in the village, much to the astonishment of the great man and his family. But the production of his papers, bearing the imperial warrant, soon commanded respect. The great man of the house was also a large man, with a wife to match. "Such a pair," he exclaims, "he had never seen before." They sat sipping Ouralian wine, and trying to talk, until twelve o'clock, and then separated, mutually satisfied. Having sketched the most interesting and picturesque scenes around Ilmskoi, Mr. Atkinson wanted to depart; but his host and hostess would not consent. His coloured sketches were examined by them; and as they recognised the views on the river they were greatly interested. These, and others throughout his journey (amounting to five hundred and sixty sketches of scenery), were executed with the moist colours made by Winsor and Newton,—invaluable to an artist employed under such circumstances. Mr. Atkinson used them on the sandy plains of Central Asia, in a temperature of 50° Réaumur (144° Fahrenheit); and in Siberia had had them frozen as solid as a mass of iron, when the temperature was 43° Réaumur of frost, 11° below the point

where the mercury became solid, when he could make it into balls in his bullet-moulds. Some of his largest works were painted with colours that had stood these severe tests, and for depth and purity of tone had not been surpassed by those he had had fresh from the manufactory. With cake-colours all his efforts would have been useless.

Mr. Atkinson explored some curious rocks and caverns on the Tchoussowaia. One of these, by the aid of pine-torches, he found had an entrance about fifteen feet high and eight feet wide. At about thirty feet from the external opening, the cavern extended into a circular room twenty-eight feet in diameter, and apparently forty-five to fifty feet to the top of the dome. He could not perceive any stalactites. A narrow opening led the way further into the rocks. He followed this about one hundred feet, which brought him to an aperture that rose nearly perpendicular from where he stood till lost in gloom, which their feeble lights failed to penetrate. About twenty feet above him there were two apertures, leading in different directions; but these he could not enter without other aid.

A domestic scene at Kageka is characteristic. We quote *in extenso*:

"My steersman and the boy went with me to a large house about one hundred paces from the river, into which, after a little delay, we gained admittance. I was taken into a spacious room by my chief man, who left me to seek the owner of the apartment I had thus taken possession of. The room contained four or five chairs, a long bench placed against the wooden wall, a large table covered with papers, and a strong arm-chair on one side of the table, across which lay a pipe long enough for the Grand Turk. The room was very dirty, heated to 25° R., and redolent of any thing but roses. After sitting a few minutes, three women of Amazonian proportions passed through the room. I had just time to notice that their garments were what might be called scant, scarcely reaching to the knees; in fact, the dress of each consisted of one *catty sark*, as Tam O'Shanter would have called it, with a blue body over; add to this a red handkerchief tied on the head, and the costume was complete. The door into the adjoining room was left open, so that I could see the movements of these very stately persons, and have them within call. But as I had no particular desire to follow their motions or claim their assistance, I remained quiet. In about half an hour my man returned with the master of the house, to whom I handed my papers, which he examined. I requested permission to pass the night under his roof, to which he consented; and seating himself beside me, called to the women to bring in tea. This was instantly done, leading me to think that it had been prepared immediately after my arrival. A friend of my host's, who had just dropped in, joined our tea-party, and between us three glass after glass disappeared from the board. The tea-drinking continued a long time, which gave my two companions the opportunity of putting a series of questions, few of which I could understand. They talked very fast, however, and listened attentively, saying, *Dah, Neate* ('Yes' or 'No'), in Russian, as the case appeared to require. At length I got tired of this, and began an oration in English, speaking as fast as I could, by which I got the advantage, for they ceased immediately. But the moment I left off addressing the chair, one or other began to catechise me again. As a last resort, I was driven to try some snatches of poetry, which fairly silenced them. About ten o'clock, supper was announced as ready for us in another room. I was taken through a bedroom to the supper-table; and in passing beheld one of the bare-legged females stretched full length on the floor, covered up for the night. On coming to the table, one of these damsels placed before us a large basin of soup and three spoons, intimating that I must try my luck in the same dish. I could endure hunger for a long time, could eat black bread and salt without difficulty, but take broth with my two friends from the same soup-bowl I could not. The next course—a great number of boiled eggs—suited me better; from these I managed to make a good supper. My companions drank a large quantity of *vodky*, and tried to induce me to follow the example; but I declined. Leaving them, I went to my room, where I found nothing better to sleep on than a wooden bench. I, however, was now used both to hard fare and hard beds, and content with whatever turned up."

Continuing his journey toward the crest of the Oural, Mr. Atkinson descended into Asia by an abrupt transit, suffering from fever. At the Zavod, the director sent for a physician, and prescribed a Russian bath, to which he was carried by two sturdy Cossacks, and there roughly doctored. After eight days' confinement, he was able to resume his

journeys. His description of the valley of the Touza merits notice :

"All was calm and still in the town, which stands on the south side of the lake; while below, and near the rock named Shailan, to the north, there were continuous clouds of black smoke, through which tongues of flame and a long line of sparks shot up high into the pure air; these, and the heavy rolling of the forge-hammers that now broke on our ears, are truly characteristic of this igneous region. After crossing the head of the lake, we were in a short time snugly seated in the director's house. . . . Although tired, I could not rest without taking a look at the upper part of the mountain. Seizing my rifle, I began to ascend the rocks; and in about half an hour stood on their summit. When there a most rugged scene burst upon my view; the jagged top of the Katchkanar was towering far above into the deep blue vault of heaven, the rocks and snow were tinged by the setting sun; while lower down stood crags overtopping pine and cedar-trees, and lower still a thick forest sloped along till lost in gloom and vapour. I now turned towards the west, and walked to a high crag overlooking the valley: here I seated myself to watch the great and fiery orb descend below the horizon,—and a glorious sight it was! Pavda, with its snowy cap, was lighted up, and sparkled like a ruby; the other mountains were tinged with red, while in the deep valleys all was gloom and mist. For a few minutes the whole atmosphere appeared filled with powdered carmine, giving a deep crimson tint to every thing around. So splendid was this effect, and so firm a hold had it taken of my imagination, that I became insensible to the hundreds of mosquitos that were feasting on my blood. Excepting their painfully disagreeable hum, no sound, not even that of the chirping of a bird, was to be heard: it was truly solitude. Soon after the sun went down a white vapour began to rise in the valleys to a considerable height, giving to the scene an appearance of innumerable lakes studded with islands, as all the mountain-tops looked dark and black. I was so riveted to the spot by the scene before me, that I remained watching the changes until near eleven o'clock, when that peculiar twilight seen in these regions stole gently over mountain and forest. The effect I cannot well describe; it appeared to partake largely of the spiritual."

So much may be cited as an example of the author's descriptive style, which it will be seen is elegant, but rather too generalised. More minute and detailed description were desirable. A similar description follows of the day as it rapidly dawned over the boundless forests of Siberia, for which we have not space. Suffice it that we are now in the midst of the sublime scenery that he was so anxious to depict. The high crags of the Katchkanar first attract his attention, standing up like crystals, one hundred feet high, composed of regular courses, with pure magnetic iron-ore between their beds, varying from one inch to four inches thick. One of the highest of the crags our traveller climbed, and sat on the pinnacle with his feet dangling over it, in which position he began writing a note to a friend. No trace of human habitation—not a wreath of smoke—marked the interminable prospect.

Mr. Atkinson was present at a festival in the Zavod Tourinsk, and thus witnessed how the workmen of the iron-works, and their families, passed their holidays. The account reads like a scene of classic games from an epic poem. Not far from the iron-works several large swings with boxes were erected, and many females and children were riding in them. At a little distance the men were wrestling; some got very ugly falls. Each man stripped off his coat, and tied his long sash tight round his waist; this was grasped fast in the right hand of his antagonist, while the left hand was placed on his shoulder; then the struggle began. The feet, however, were not employed for tripping. One strong man seemed to be the champion, and laid every one low who entered the lists against him. Some time passed, and no one would accept his repeated invitations to take a tumble, or try his prowess. He was in the act of picking up his coat when a man stepped into the circle, and said if no one else accepted the challenge he would try one fall. The speaker was much slighter built, but exceedingly active, and was evidently a stranger. He was heartily laughed at for his daring, but appeared to enjoy the mirth he created, and very coolly prepared himself for the combat. The champion looked at him rather contemptuously; indeed,

from the manner in which he tied on his sash and eyed his supposed victim, there seemed a determination on his part to give him a terrible fling. Presently they went at it. The struggle was a long one, to the great surprise of the spectators. The wrestler tried every artifice of the craft on his supple opponent, but without effect. He now made a desperate effort to throw him by his superior strength—this failed; in another moment he was laid prostrate on the ground, when a great shout of joy greeted him from those he had lately defeated. Springing hastily to his feet, he challenged the victor to another trial; it was instantly accepted, and the two men clenched each other again. This second struggle was soon over; and the late champion received a second defeat and a most fearful fall.

But all the games were not of this heroic cast. Elsewhere young girls, in groups, attired in brightly-coloured holiday costume, walked about with their hands linked together, singing plaintive songs. Several had a small plank, about seven feet long, placed on a block in the centre six inches high. Two girls played at this game, one at each end, standing upright. One springs up and alights again on the board; the force of her descent causes her companion to spring higher every time. They will continue this game for twenty minutes, bounding three feet six inches. This game is called Skakiet.

The following account of a storm which our author experienced on the summit of the Great Blagodot is vividly sketched:

"The lightning leapt forth in wrathful flashes. I watched its onward course with intense anxiety, feeling certain that Blagodot would soon be enveloped in this fearful vapour. For a few moments a great dread came over me, knowing that I was standing alone on a large mass of magnetic iron, far above the surrounding country. The thunder echoed among the distant hills, until at length it became one continued roll, every minute bringing the storm nearer. The Zavod was obscured by these dark and dreadful clouds, completely isolating me from the human race. In the valley beneath, where I had left my friends, the vapour appeared billowing, and swelling up in huge surges, and in great commotion. I could also hear the wind roaring over the forest. Then came a blast which forced me to cling fast to the monument of Tchumpin, and made the little chapel tremble to its base. The cold gust of wind was instantly followed by a terrific flash of lightning, which struck the rock below me, and tinged every thing with red; at the same moment a crash of thunder, at first like the discharge of a brigade, burst into a tremendous roar, which shook the rocks beneath my feet. The rain now rushed down in torrents, from which even the little chapel did not afford me protection; for through its roof the water poured in streams."

Mr. Atkinson visited Tagilsk, which teems with masses of malachite. Men were engaged in extracting this mighty metallic stalagmite, the deposit of ages. A large quantity had been taken away from this mass, and the miners were engaged in breaking up the remainder. Could this (says Mr. Atkinson) have been removed in its perfect state, it would have been one of the greatest natural curiosities ever exhibited. He was told that the whole mass was likely, when extracted, to produce about twenty thousand poods, or seven hundred and twenty thousand pounds, of beautiful and solid malachite, worth at least 170,000*l*.

The capital of the Oural is Ekaterineburg. Here the merchants and owners of mines have built themselves mansions equal to any found in European towns, and as expensively furnished. Their mode of living is splendid. The ground on which it is built is thrown up into hills; these, again, being overtopped by a rocky mount clothed with dark-green foliage, on the summit of which stands the observatory.

Passing to the South Oural, down the valley of the Issetz, to Nijne Issetzkoi Zavod, our traveller visited the iron-works belonging to the crown. On both sides of the valley he describes low hills rising up, covered to the top with pine and larch trees, among which were seen the silvery birch waving its delicate foliage. In the valley a large lake was formed by carrying a high embankment across the Issetz; and there stood the blast-furnaces, belching forth their

smoke and flame. Seen from the lake on a dark night, with their reflections cast on the water, and black figures dimly lighted by the red glare flitting past, —sometimes in groups, at others singly, but soon lost in gloom,—the scene, in the author's opinion, had a touch of the infernal about it, as well as being highly picturesque and grand. After passing the Zavod, the valley extends in width, and in parts is very pretty,—clumps of trees with grassy meadows, with the river winding along; sometimes lost in woods, then again breaking forth, shining like frosted silver as it rolls over its rocky bed. Evidently a pleasant scene; and scarcely less pleasant the valley of the river Sysert, where the iron-works belonging

to the family of Salemerskoï were situate. Mr. Salemerskoï, a man of good taste, possessed some valuable works of art. He was a good musician as well as a horticulturist; and his garden, greenhouses, and hothouses were on an extensive scale. He had a large orangery, well stocked with lemon and orange trees, some in full fruit, others in blossom, giving out a delicious perfume. There was also a very large house, in which cherries, plums, and peaches are grown in great perfection. It was only under glass that the fruit could be produced. His flowers and tropical plants were splendid, and well arranged in several different houses to suit their proper temperature; in one there was a collection of more than two hundred sorts of calceolarias, and almost every plant in flower. Never was any thing more gorgeous; the colours were perfectly dazzling, and in all shades, from the deepest purple, crimson, scarlet, and orange, to a pale yellow; these, with the beautiful green of their foliage, produced an enchanting effect. Mr. Salemerskoï devoted some attention also to the breeding of English horses, and possessed some fine animals.

To read of such amenities in connection with Siberia is equally startling and pleasing. As we read on we meet with extensive tracts of rye, growing luxuriantly; fine pastures for cattle, extending far among the trees; fair woodland country; park-like scenery; churches and large buildings, with green domes and golden crosses sparkling in the sun. The country also abounds in lakes. A miner's dwelling, called the Castle,—a noble mansion,—is also described. It would (exclaims Mr. Atkinson) make some of our best baronial mansions look insignificant if placed in contrast with it. He describes it as an enormous edifice, forming three sides of a quadrangle with its outbuildings, and enclosed on the fourth with a wall and iron railing; in the centre are massive brick gate-piers and iron gates. The building was of brick, then become black from the smoke of the iron-works, which stood at a short distance to the west. On the ground-floor there was a large entrance-hall in the centre, with a beautiful groined ceiling in brick-work; beyond was a large room, also groined and made fire-proof, the ceiling well finished with ribs and tracery. The centre window opened to the floor, leading to a large circular portico, from which two circular flights of stone steps descended into the garden. At each end two magnificent stone staircases led to the upper story, which contained the principal rooms—most spacious and lofty. The place had been built by the famous Demidoff.

The situation of this splendid mansion was nearly as



MORTIMER'S HOLE.

fine as itself. Built near the head of the lake, the views from the rooms just mentioned took in the finest points in that part of the Oural,—many of them being particularly beautiful. Mount Sugomac, for instance, was seen rising high above the lake, forming the last watch-tower looking over Siberia. In the presence of such scenery, our traveller almost forgot that he was on the border of that much-dreaded and often-abused country.

From thence he proceeded to the gold-mines of Soimanofsky, where the scenery became more wild. Masses of rock were now visible among the pine and birch trees; and not far to the eastward was Lake Uvaldi, with its small

islands, which are numerous; more than one hundred can be seen from the summit of Mount Sugomac. Every family in the vicinity possessed horses, cows, pigs, and often poultry; good milk and cream they always had, but few of them understood how to make good butter. Their gardens produced almost every kind of vegetable. Wild fruit abounded on the hill, with strawberries, red and black currants, bilberries, a wild cherry growing on a small plant not more than two feet high, and raspberries of delicious flavour. In the mountains there was plenty of game—not protected by game-laws. In most of the mountain-streams grayling were found in great numbers, and very large pike caught in the lakes.

[To be concluded in our next.]

MORTIMER'S HOLE.

THE subterranean passage leading to Nottingham Castle, the entrance of which is known by the name of Mortimer's Hole, has an interest to all students of history, from its connection with a very eventful portion of our annals. After the death of Edward II., in 1327, his widow Isabella, who had gathered a strong party during the lifetime of her husband, maintained it in the minority of her son, Edward III., to the great discontent of many of the most powerful of the nobility. At the head of these was Lord Montacute, who with personal hatred opposed Earl Mortimer, the chief of the queen's party. Montacute having gained over the young Prince Edward, in conjunction with him fixed upon a plan to surprise Isabella and Mortimer in the Castle of Nottingham; the governor of which, not daring to admit the plotters openly, gave them information of this secret passage, whose entry was at the foot of the Castle Hill, in a cave screened by shrubs and bushes. When the night was darkest, Montacute and several followers entered the cavern, ascended the pathway cut in the solid rock, and gaining the inhabited part of the fortress, were joined by the prince, with whom they proceeded to the queen's private apartments, in which the voices of Mortimer and the Bishop of Lincoln were audible in discussion with her. Bursting into the room, the assailants seized the earl, and in spite of the frantic supplications of the queen, dragged him out of the Castle, and conveyed him to London; where he was brought and tried before the Peers, who pronounced a sentence of death, which was carried into effect by hanging at Tyburn, November 29, 1330.

L. L.



THE CASTLE OF TANCARVILLE. BY H. PASTELOT.

The National Magazine.

[It is found impossible to reply to the number of letters received; nor can unaccepted Mss. be returned, except in very special cases.]

THE CASTLE OF TANCARVILLE.

BY H. PASTELOT.

THE venerable castle of Tancarville was the baronial seat of the ancient Chamberlains of the duchy of Normandy. It stands six miles from Lillebonne, upon a promontory on the Seine called the *Nez de Tancarville*. It was the high place of pride of the renowned families of Tancarville, Montmorency, Harcourt, and La Tour d'Auvergne, who successively held it from century to century. But time brought innumerable mutations; the most astounding, perhaps, of which was, that it became at one period the property of Law of Lauriston, the great Mississippi schemer. At the time of the French Revolution, it, having reverted to the Montmorencys, was attacked and plundered, and the estate was given by the Directory to a hospital at Havre; but after a lapse of twenty years, the Montmorencys obtained possession again, and now, we believe, hold it.

The castle itself is a vast ruin; some of the walls are nine feet thick, and hollowed within them are the infamous *cachots*. There are many legends told of the place, some of which connect themselves with a *chambre de question*, or torture-chamber, which still exists, and has doubtless often echoed dismally to the groans of wretched sufferers, both innocent and guilty. The Chapel and the Knights' Hall, which last exhibits the remains of three fireplaces, are still pointed out. Upon the walls of one of the towers, denominated *La Tour d'Aigle*, are some curious pieces of iron ordnance, adapted for loading at the breach.

The various towers are connected by curtain-walls, which altogether form an enclosure to the donjon, a huge castle in itself; within this last is a well, reported to be three hundred feet in depth. The encircling towers are of unusual forms; *La Tour de Lion* being built in the segment of a circle, and *La Tour Coquisart* in a triangle with curved sides. *La Tour d'Aigle* is that overhanging the Seine cliff. The gateway-tower, which is in best preservation, was erected in the latter half of the sixteenth century; the windows are yet grimly barred, and the deep grooves of the ponderous double portcullis still exist. A modern mansion which was erected close adjoining is in a lamentable state of decay, and will doubtless be long outlived by the ancient castle.

The huts of the Seine fishermen, which cluster at the foot of the cliff, are inhabited by the descendants of the vassals of the ancient lords. They retain but a few legends of all the pride, the pomp, the cruelty, and often, it may be, generosity, piety, and true chivalry of those for whom their ancestors have died, generation after generation; the defender and the oppressor lie in the same dust with he who was succoured and he who groaned beneath the tyranny. All are gone, lord and serf; and the keen sea-wind is the only mourner about the ancient towers, while the restless river runs for ever beneath the cliff with the same monotonous murmur as of old.

L. L.

INCIDENTS OF AMERICAN TRAVEL.

IV. THE TOUR OF THE LAKES.

NEW YORK in June is not the most agreeable place of sojourn in the world; and few who are not detained there by necessity are to be found in the Empire-city during this and the three succeeding months. Built on a narrow tongue of land, thirteen and a half miles long from north to south, and from half a mile to two miles in width, there is no pos-

sibility of escaping from the heat and turmoil of the city but by one of the numerous ferries to Staten or Long Island, New Jersey or Brooklyn. Busy, bustling, thriving, and pretentious, New York has little charm for the European visitor, especially if his tastes be those of the student or artist. The "almighty dollar" reigns here triumphant, and the money-makers and money-spenders are the heads and rulers of society. It was a blazing June day; the atmosphere of the rooms in the hotel, though large and lofty, was heavy and suffocating; and when we stepped into the carriage that was to take us to the Hudson-River boat, early as it was in the morning, it was like getting into a heated oven, and the planks on the wharf, lying full in the sun's rays, scorched through our shoes as we made our way to the steamer.

A beautiful boat was the *Reindeer*,—the crack boat of the season; and gallantly she steamed up stream, answering to her helm with the readiness of a well-trained horse to his bit, as she glided among the numerous craft in the bay to the mouth of the Hudson, or North River, whose beauties have been so often related in prose and poetry that we need not detain our readers with any elaborate description. The steamer's deck was thronged with passengers; some inhabitants of the towns and villages on either side the river, but the bulk New-Yorkers, who, like ourselves, were escaping the heat and dust of the city. Here and there sat a group of young girls, chatting and working, out for a couple of days, going and returning with the boat for the sake of the fresh breezes, passing the night on board, and finding ample accommodation in the handsome cabins and state-rooms below.

Gay in white and gold, velvet carpets and muslin hangings, was the *Reindeer*; and the bridal chamber was a gem in its way,—a small square room, with an ample bed, snowy festooning muslin curtains, and lavishly-ornamented doors and panels of white, and gold. An American steamboat without the bridal chamber would be like the play of *Hamlet* with Hamlet omitted, or an apple-dumpling minus the apple; though in our long wanderings of three years by river and sea it was never our luck to encounter the bridal pair for whose accommodation such universal and lavish provision is made. Jenny Lind and Miss Bremer, and celebrities of all kinds, we did find promoted to the honours and comforts of this sanctum, and not unfrequently partook of them ourselves; but the bridal pair, always expected and never arriving, for whom every steamboat in the Union, from the waters of the Hudson to those of Lake Ponchartrain, carries such ample and luxurious provision—where are they? Echo answers, Where? and expectation still lives on.

Past the Palisades, those perpendicular and fantastic cliffs, which, to be justly appreciated, should be seen in all the glory of their gorgeous autumn verdure; past Tarrytown, where Major André was arrested on his way to the British lines, returning from his visit to General Arnold; past Sing Sing, with its state prison and marble quarries, worked by the convicts, till we come in view of the Highlands, and all further progress seems impossible in face of the mountains, two thousand feet high, that lie before and around us. But on the *Reindeer* rushes; and an abrupt angle in the bed of the river, contracted to a narrow space by its passage through the mountain-pass, frees us once more, and we steam on for West Point, racing for the landing with another boat, which started an hour before us, and now bids fair to be left in our wake.

There is no place like the pilot-house, as it is called, on board these river-steamers. Situated in the centre of the vessel, high above deck and hurricane-deck, glazed all round, the pilot-house is the place for a view, the pilot the man from whom to get information and anecdote without stint or dole. Here were we snugly ensconced, enjoying the breeze of this "high latitude," the gallant vessel already shaking and vibrating with the pressure of steam upon her. The crack boat of the season, every voyage was expected to

better the last. In rushed the captain: "Sam, we must make that landing first." "Ay, ay, captain." "Will she bear more steam?" A moment's hesitation, and eager watching for the chances of the race, in which pilot, captain, and ourselves joined, "Can't do it, sir, without more steam," muttered rather than said in the intensity of interest, keen as though the lives of all on board depended upon success. The captain looked at us; we looked from him to the pilot. "We mustn't lose it," burst simultaneously from all. The captain vanished like a shot; a few seconds and the boat thrilled from stem to stern, and bounded on; a few seconds more and we had distanced our rival, and gained the landing! The *Reindeer* blew up next season; *telle est la vie*, in a country where success or death are the goals,—such the infection of strong excitement, that we were ourselves carried away by the spirit of the moment.

West Point, as every body knows, was one of the most important fortresses during the Revolutionary War, and is now the seat of the National Military School. Soon after leaving West Point, the boat takes a sharp turn, and the river unfolds like a lake at the foot of a lofty mountain called the Crow's Nest, from a depression on the top bearing a fancied resemblance to that object. The view here is very beautiful; and the numerous and picturesque boats, with their snowy sails, give charm and life to the scene. From West Point, the scenery on the Hudson gradually becomes tamer, and, with the exception of the Catskill Mountains, a favourite place of resort during the summer, presents few features of picturesque interest. The Catskill Falls are formed by two lakes, two thousand feet above the Hudson, with whose waters they mingle after a succession of steep plunges over a series of precipices, and subsequent tortuous windings in the valley beneath. It was evening when we reached Albany, the capital of the State of New York, and named in honour of James Duke of York and Albany, afterwards James II. It is a fine city, built on a hill rising gently from the banks of the river; and the State-house, with its dome, crowns the height. Very provincial is Albany, being to the state of New York what Greenwich is to the county of Middlesex; yet it is nevertheless the capital of one of the largest and richest states in the Union.

From Albany to Buffalo is a long and wearisome journey. Hour after hour, smothered with dust and burning ashes from the wood-fed engine,—against which compound nuisance over-coats of calico, or some other light material, are worn by men and women, the riddled appearance of which garments at the end of a summer-day's journey bears ample testimony to the necessity of such protection,—we fly past towns whose names, as we suddenly wake out of a light doze, startle us for the moment as to where we are, and how we came there,—Troy, Amsterdam, Utica, Rome, Syracuse, Waterloo, Geneva, Batavia, Attica, Darien! Is the wishing-cap of Fortunatus on our heads; and are we transported hither and thither at the command of our dreaming thoughts and wishes?

It was the season when Bloomers budded and blossomed throughout the States; and many a Bloomer, young and old, came under our notice during this particular journey. For the most part the dresses were ugly, the materials ill chosen, the style obtrusive and objectionable, though here and there the effect was charming. But even under the most unfavourable circumstances, "the Bloomer" in the United States carries its own vindication with it as a travelling and walking costume; the floors of railway-cars and steamboats, the pavements of every city, saturated with tobacco-chewing saliva, justifying the adoption of any mode of dress which can save a woman from the pollution of such a disgusting habit. A great deal has been said and written about the respect shown to women in America; but the sickening sights and noises attending the filthy and universal habit of tobacco-chewing,—sights and noises excluded neither from the Senate nor the drawing-room,—show, on the surface, an absence of genuine delicacy and respect which a close observer will perceive to run through

the whole social relation of the sexes. In the matter of manners, as of politics, liberty here often degenerates into license; and we question if that be a legitimate respect for the sex which makes a man surrender his seat to the first ill-bred woman who demands it. The evil works two ways: I have seen again and again men crowding round the stove of a waiting-room or steamboat-cabin, and moving for nothing short of the sharp request to cede in favour of a lady urged by the lady herself. If, as the weaker vessel, woman be entitled to these small considerations and courtesies, which argues genuine respect and the most favourable condition of manners, their tacit concession, as with us in England, or their forced surrender to a peremptory summons?

The western part of the state of New York is justly celebrated for its beauty, combining as it does cultivation in high perfection with the wilder attributes of natural scenery—wood, water, and rock. It would perhaps be difficult to find elsewhere a line of railroad running through three hundred and twenty-three miles of country so uninterruptedly beautiful and so fertile as that from Albany to Buffalo. Our first day's journey was brought to a close at Utica, a city of considerable size, built by the side of the Mohawk river, rendered so famous in story by Fennimore Cooper. Many of his scenes are laid in the state of New York, and in this district in particular. Utica is the point whence Trenton Falls are reached; and thither we were bound. A thunder-shower had fallen in the afternoon, and the air was sweet and fresh as we drove in the still hours of evening some fourteen miles through a rich well-timbered country to Trenton. A long ascent brought us to the summit of a hill, whence an extensive view of the valley towards Utica, with the Mohawk winding through the bottom, lay beneath our eyes. Descending on the other side, the road lay through a wood, a romantic stream brawling and gurgling by its side, here and there opening into a channel with sufficient space and force to turn a wheel. Hitherto we had been travelling on an excellent plank road,—that boon to travellers in America; but shortly turned up a country-lane, and, ankle-deep in loose soil, ploughed our slow way to the hotel at Trenton Falls, a house of much resort in the summer season.

Perhaps nowhere in the world is there a more beautiful and perfect combination of wood, rock, and water than at these falls; nowhere a more magical union of the grand, the beautiful, and the picturesque. The waters of the West-Canada Creek have here worn a stupendous chasm through a rocky range, the high falls having a perpendicular pitch of 109 feet, and being divided into three magnificent cascades. A steep flight of steps, or rather a succession of wooden ladders, leads to the bed of the falls, where a narrow and slippery ledge of rock—in some places thirty or forty feet above the boiling waters, in others almost level with it—is the only path by which the bed of the torrent can be threaded, except after the heats of summer, when the waters shrink into a narrower channel. A sure foot and steady head are needed by all who venture here; though, since the loss of two sisters in the foaming torrent, a stout iron chain has been stapled into the river-side of the rock, affording some slight assistance to the dizzy and timid. Well worth the risk it is, though, to see, as we saw that day, the vast body of water creaming and foaming,—now green as grass and clear as emerald, now like liquid amber; the majestic hills, pine-clad to the summit, throwing their massive shadows on the restless waters,—shadows broken up by the sunbeams into streaks and patches of brilliant light. Nowhere are wood and water to be seen in more perfect combination than at Trenton; nowhere is the contrast between the roar and rush and life of the torrent and the profound repose and peacefulness of the mighty hills more striking and marked:

“Like Time the restless waters rush along,
And chafe and fret from mountain source to sea;
While hill and mountain stand supremely calm,
And shadow forth eternity.”

The state of New York is rich in river, lake, cataract, and waterfall, from the Hudson and Niagara downwards.

Leaving Utica by railroad, after many hours of travel through a rich country, beautifully irrigated and presenting a succession of fine landscapes, past the picturesque lakes of Cayuga, Seneca, and Geneva, to Canandaigua, with its pretty lake and fine open tract of country beyond, we brought the day's journey to a close at Rochester, and paid a moonlight visit to the Falls of Genesee. To give some idea of the colossal scale on which things are in the New World, it may be well to state that the lakes of Cayuga and Seneca, so passingly alluded to, are fine sheets of water, respectively forty miles long and from two to three broad, surrounded by well-cultivated farms and thriving villages, and filled with the most delicious fresh-water fish,—salmon-trout, pickerel, perch, white-fish, &c. In the vicinity of Canandaigua is a burning spring, thus described in a local handbook:

“The gas rises, through fissures of slate-rock, from the margin and bed of a brook: where it passes through the water it is in bubbles, and flashes only when a flame is applied; but where it flows directly from the rock, it burns with a steady and beautiful flame. In winter it forms openings in the snow, and, being set on fire, presents the novel spectacle of a flame rising out of the snow. In very cold weather tubes of ice are formed around these currents of gas to the height of two or three feet, the gas issuing from their tops. When burning in a still evening, these natural gaslights present a beautiful appearance.”

The moon was rising as we reached the Upper Falls of Genesee, and, as we lingered, poured its broad silver light over the roaring waters, the mist and spray sparkling like crystals as they flashed and danced in the pure steady light. The gorge through which the Genesee River here runs is of solid rock, and the Upper Fall is not unlike in shape to the Horseshoe Fall of Niagara. The Lower Falls, two miles distant from Rochester, which we did not visit till the next morning, are inferior in height, but more picturesque; Nature still reigning supreme there, while flour-mills, &c., encumber and disfigure every available spot on the Upper Fall. At the foot of the Lower Falls was a small steamer, waiting for passengers for Canada; the Genesee River being navigable from Lake Ontario to within two miles and a half of the city of Rochester. Having now visited the principal waterfalls *en route* for Niagara, we hastened on to Buffalo, and thence to the Falls.

M. M. H.

SEVEN YEARS IN SIBERIA.

[Concluded from p. 304.]

BUT enough of this minute painting. We find our traveller in due course at Zlataoust,—the Birmingham and Sheffield of the Oural,—which stands on the banks of the river Aï. A high embankment carried across formed a lake six or seven versts long and about two broad. There were erected all the different works required for the great manufactory of arms, to which the body of water gave the moving power. Up to the year 1847 the works were under the direction of General Anossoff, one of the most skilful and ingenious metallurgists of the age. The workshops were built under his direction; and Mr. Atkinson has not seen either in Birmingham or Sheffield any establishment capable of competing with them. An excellent museum, built by order of the Emperor Alexander I., contained a fine collection of arms, cuirasses, and similar curiosities; with specimens of every variety of sabre, sword, or other arms manufactured in those works since their commencement, beautifully disposed in columns and pyramids. Several of the rooms were splendidly decorated with arms and implements of war. Such are the æsthetics of military taste. In the same spirit the colonel laboured successfully to restore the ancient art of damascening arms. Being placed on the confines of Asia, where damask blades are still held in high estimation, he had opportunities of seeing sabres, ataghans, and daggers of great value; also of procuring specimens through the aid of the caravans from Khiva, Bokhara, and even India.

The peaks of the Oural-tou, on the line dividing Asia and Europe, presented their rugged and picturesque aspects to our traveller. They are 2500 feet above the level of the sea. From this point we find much of his journeying to be in the neighbourhood of the Issetz. On the steppes of Ischim he came up to a large party of convicts marching into Eastern Siberia, bound for Nertchinsk, which place it would take them eight months to reach. When he arrived at Kidush he had an example of a convict-village, and was not a little disgusted with the experience; but at Altai, another town, he found traces of high civilisation. Ascending the valley, which is closed in by rounded hills of no great elevation, destitute of wood, he passed Oubinskoi, and found the river Ouba, a broad and deep stream, dotted with islands, most of them covered with willows. The following narrative is interesting:

"While at my work I often looked towards the summit of the Cholsoun, hoping to see the fog clear off. At last I perceived it slowly rising, which gave me hopes of a fine day. We immediately mounted, and rode on; but had not ascended far when the sun broke through the rolling vapour, and cheered us with his genial warmth. In an hour we were at the top of the pass, riding in splendid sunshine, the fog, however, still hanging on the summits. Although the huge rocky pillars were enveloped in mist, I knew the direction in which to find them, and turned that way. Presently we came up to some fallen rocks, and threaded our way among them. The fog was now rolling over us, still we rode on slowly; but after somewhat less than an hour it became so thick that we were obliged to stop at the foot of some precipices. Here we dismounted, and sat with a full conviction that we must remain so long as the fog continued. One hour passed without any change for the better; the second was fleeting fast, which gave us great anxiety. If the fog did not clear off soon, we should undoubtedly be detained here for the night, when hunger would be added to cold. At length the clouds began to drive past us from the westward, with a very gentle breeze. Suddenly one of the men, after listening very attentively, exclaimed in Russian, 'There is a waterfall!' I took out my compass, and found the sound came from the southwest. This induced me to think we had been riding straight towards some frightful precipices which I had seen the day before; if so, we must be very near the brink to hear the rushing of the water in the valley below, and any attempt to move now would be madness. The second hour was nearly gone, when, to our infinite joy, we began to see indistinctly forms in front of us: in a few minutes we beheld more clearly a colossal mass rising up, its summits lost in driving clouds; farther on were the dim outlines of broken crags below us. At last the mass of vapour passed off, and a deep gulf, with the rocks and mountains beyond it, was laid before us, as if by enchantment. It was evident that we had ridden along for four or five hundred paces parallel with these precipices, and not more than twenty yards from their fearful brink. The clouds now rolled up, like some vast curtain uncovering these mighty mountain-chains; and after sitting so long wet, cold, and shivering, it is impossible to express the delight with which I watched the sun burst forth, lighting up peak and valley with his radiance."

It is beyond our power, of course, to give every grand or beautiful scene described in this gorgeous volume. Descriptions of sunrise and sunset, of storm and fog and returning daylight, must necessarily be more similar in the author's pages than they were in his experience; a condition of which he does not appear to have been sensible. It is imperative on us to select, not to accumulate, and to gather from the book, not all, but some of the best of its contents.

We have now got into the company of the snows and the Cossacks, and in presence of the Chinese frontier. Our traveller found it "utterly impossible to go to Nor-Zaisan by the route he proposed across the Kourt-Chume chain, as the snow was so deep on the mountains that they would undoubtedly be lost or frozen to death." New sources of interest, therefore, may now be expected to open. A moonlight descent on the Irtisch is depicted in obvious terms; a dangerous adventure on it is more stirring. But we must hasten on. Take the following view of a Cossack interior:

"After stumbling about among blocks of stone, we at length found the door, and entered a room about fifteen feet square, where a large fire was blazing in the stove, throwing a strong light on the inmates and the dirt. In a few minutes my eye

got accustomed to the light, and then I began to examine the group standing before me. This consisted of four women, three children, and eight men, fifteen persons in all—much too many for the space; but when my party of nine entered, the chamber was literally filled. To remain the night in such a room was out of the question. . . . While my evening meal was preparing I had time to examine each individual, and the room in which we were located. The stove stood in one corner, with a bright blazing fire, to which, since we entered, logs of wood had been added to give warmth and ventilation. . . . The floor was thickly covered with wet grass that had been trodden for weeks, and from which came an effluvium mixed up with various noxious exhalations, rendering the place almost unbearable, even with such a wind as was now blowing. To make me more comfortable, and the floor clean about me, one of the women brought in a large armful of wet grass, and spread it under my feet. A bench ran round the room, on which the inmates sat and slept: some had their beds on the top of the stove; and the berth was offered to me, being dry and warm; but I was obliged to decline this act of kindness. The walls and ceiling were black from the smoke of the stove, that was constantly sending a puff into the room whenever a gust of wind rushed down the chimney. Two of the women were strong sturdy jades, who had just reached this miserable abode; the other two were poor emaciated creatures, sallow and sickly, and looking old, although in reality quite young. One of the children, a little girl of about five years of age, was almost a skeleton,—her countenance bore the marks of both pain and sorrow; the other two were younger, with scarcely a rag to cover their squalidness. Two of the men appeared ill, half-starved, and borne down with sickness and care. The others were boatmen in ruddy health, whose stay here was only temporary. They had not yet suffered from the foul air of the room; and their occupation, and the fresh breezes on the Irtisch, kept them in health."

Our traveller preferred sleeping in his boat to such a room. A little while after we find him careering on a steppe, which proved to be on fire. The flames ran along the ground, licking up the long grass with their forked tongues with great rapidity, and making a tremendous glare. Other perils awaited him,—banditti, bitter winds, want of shelter, and similar discomforts,—from which he fortunately escaped. Take now the portrait of a Cossack chief:

"He was upwards of sixty years old, stout and square-built, with broad features, a fine flowing gray beard, a pair of small piercing eyes, and a countenance not disagreeable. He wore on his head a closely-fitting silk-cap, beautifully embroidered in silver; his dress being a long robe, or kalat, of pink and yellow striped silk, tied round the waist with a white shawl; his boots were of reddish-brown leather, small, with very high heels, causing him, I thought, some difficulty in walking. His wife was much younger,—I supposed not more than thirty, or at most thirty-five, years of age. She wore a black *kanfa* (Chinese silk) kalat, with a red shawl tied round the waist; boots of the same colour and make as her husband's; a white muslin cap, rather pointed, with lappets hanging down at the sides nearly as low as her waist, beautifully worked on the edge with red silk. Her face was broad, with high cheek-bones, little black twinkling eyes, a small nose, and a wide mouth; nor was there any thing either prepossessing or pretty in her appearance. While examining her features, I could not help thinking how much a Russian bath would improve the tints of her yellow skin and complexion. There were three young children: one boy about five years old, dressed in yellow and red-striped kalat, his only garment; the other two little sturdy urchins were younger,—they were rolling about on the *voilocks* perfectly naked, and playing with a young goat, who every now and then stepped back, made a spring forward, and sent one of them sprawling. Near the door a fine hawk was chained to a perch stuck into the ground. The *yourt* was formed of willow trellis-work, put together with untanned strips of skin, made into compartments which fold up. It was a circle of thirty-four feet in diameter, five feet high to the springing of the dome, and twelve feet in the centre. This dome is formed of bent rods of willow, one and a quarter inch diameter, put into the mortice-holes of a ring about four feet across, which secures the top of the dome, admits light, and lets out the smoke. The lower ends of the willow-rods are tied with leathern thongs to the top of the trellis-work at the sides, which renders it quite strong and secure. The whole is then covered with large sheets of *voilock*, made of wool and camel's hair, fitting close, making it water-tight and warm. A small aperture in the trellis-work forms a doorway, over which a piece of *voilock* hangs down and closes it; but in the daytime this is rolled up, and secured on the top of the *yourt*. Such is the dwelling of a great and wealthy chief in the steppe."

He found the old chief hospitable; and when he rose in

the morning was surprised with his riches in flocks and herds. The whole had been brought to the *aoul* at night, where they were most carefully guarded by watchmen and dogs placed in every direction, rendering it almost impossible to enter any *aoul* without detection. Mr. Atkinson, acquainted with horses and cattle from childhood, thought a flock of five or six hundred sheep a large one, and was astonished at the numbers. The noise, he declares, was at first almost intolerable. There was the sharp cry of the camels, the neighing of the horses, the bellowing of the bulls, the bleating of the sheep and goats, the barking of the dogs, and the shouting of the men,—a very Babel. He counted one hundred and six camels, including their young; there were more than two thousand horses, one thousand oxen and cows, and six thousand sheep and goats. The chief had besides two other *aouls*; at each one thousand horses and other cattle. Women were busy milking the cows, and the men were preparing to drive these vast herds to their pastures. The horses and camels were driven to the greatest distance, as much as ten and fifteen versts: the oxen came next, and the sheep remained near the *aoul*; but these rambled five or six versts away. "It was indeed," exclaims our traveller, "a wonderful sight when they were marched off in different directions, spreading themselves out in living streams as they moved slowly along the steppe."

This is truly a Siberian picture. Plenty of opportunity for sketching in this mountain-region; marvellous the freaks of nature described by the sketcher! Robbers, too, invaded the *aoul*, and gave still more opportunity for describing and sketching. We find him in danger from a whirlwind, but escaping the vortex; and also of wolves out on a foraging excursion. We next find him down in a fever, and then up in a dance. Wind and snow now involve him in new vexations; and we learn that it is the first of November in Siberia, and winter without any mistake. He was at Barnaoul, the centre for the administration of the mines of the Altai. In no town did he find the society so agreeable as in Barnaoul. He found good sport there too, up by the valley and river of Ob. Combats with bears, men becoming lunatic when defeated by them, and restored to sanity when revenged upon them,—are among the feats recorded.

With a stride we dash among the Kalmucks. In the spring they offer up sacrifices to their deity. The rich give horses; the poor sacrifice sheep or goats. Mr. Atkinson was present at one of their ceremonies. A ram was led up by the owner, and handed to an assistant of the priest, who killed it, while his superior stood near, looking to the east, chanting a prayer, and beating on his large tambourine. When the ram was flayed, the skin was put on a pole, raised above the framework, and placed with its head to the east. The tambourine thundered, the performer still chanted, the flesh was cooked in the large caldron, and the tribe held a great festival.

Again storms and fogs, eternal snow, solid ice. But, bad as the road is, the traveller must on. Up, and away! Where are we now? On the Gobi, in the midst of vast steppes, sandy deserts, and high mountain-chains; scenes, perhaps, never before looked upon by European eye, or sketched by artist-pencil.

"He," adds Mr. Atkinson, "who follows on my track, will find that his rifle will be required for more purposes than obtaining a dinner. His courage and determination will be tested by men who seldom show fear, and are ever on the alert. It is only by a steady hand, a quick eye, and skill with his weapon, that he can remain safe from acts of violence. Plunder is the common trade; and what is still worse, the traveller, if not murdered, is carried off into certain slavery."

Here our traveller hunted the antelope, and describes the ecstasies of the Kalmucks at his success. We must not delay, however, but push on; and now find ourselves in Chinese Tartary. Here they hunted the deer by aid of the bearcoote, an eagle which they used as a hawk. The bird soared up in circles, then made the fatal swoop, and

the animal was dead. "The bearcoote is unerring in his flight; unless his prey can escape into holes in the rocks, as the fox does sometimes, death is his certain doom."

Exciting as now Mr. Atkinson's narrative becomes, our space will not permit that we should do more than, Camilla-like, skim the surface of the sandy deserts, in which he encountered perils only to surmount them. Our acquaintance with the Sultans of the Steppe must be cursory where his was intimate. The Sultan Ishonac Khan gave him a friendly reception. This chief was stout, with strongly-marked Kalmuck features; and as he claimed his descent from Genghiz Khan, the owl's feather hung from the top of his cap,—his costume being of Chinese silk richly embroidered. In the valley of the Tarbogatai, on the top of a mountain, Mr. Atkinson found the tomb of a Kirghis Sultan, with many of those of his followers round him. The tumulus had been thrown up by a people of whom we have no trace; and in that part of Asia such ancient works are numerous.

Mr. Atkinson corrects an error into which Baron Humboldt has fallen, namely, that a volcano exists on an island in the Ala-kool. The Baron had been informed that such was the fact by Tatar merchants who cross the Steppe with the caravans. But no volcano, our traveller asserts, has ever been in action in this region. The volcano nearest to that place is one in the Gobi desert, and Peshan in the Syanshan.

The largest man and most wealthy Kirghis in the Steppes was Sultan Beck. He had ten thousand horses and camels, and oxen and sheep in proportion to this vast herd. He was, however, not very civil or generous, and was only decently hospitable through fear. The Sultan Boulania, whom our traveller next visited, was reputed to be the most enlightened of the race. To him Mr. Atkinson had credentials, and from him received a passport which would carry him safely "in the middle horde," and "aid him with two of the sultans in the great horde." But notwithstanding he was not sorry to leave a people among whom robbery, murder, and dissipation are carried on with impunity. The sketches made by our author at this part of the journey are numerous, and some of them remarkably grand. Among the Alatau and Mustou Mountains he wandered for one hundred and twenty-three days, visiting scenery of the most striking character.

The oriental capital Irkoutsh was his next and final goal. Before reaching there he discovered some mountains of white marble, equal to any obtainable at Carrara; many picturesque waterfalls, and other curious accidents of wild scenery. Much to the terror of his Cossack attendants, he ventured on a visit to the Mountains of Satan, where it was expected he would meet the fiend himself. The cone on which he slept was about 800 feet high, exceedingly abrupt and deep in the interior, and formed of lava and red ashes. Near it was an extinct volcano. The crater was crossed by a small stream, and bounded on the eastern side by rocks more than 2000 feet high; not perpendicular, but overhanging their base, their faces bearing marks of intense heat. A few were gray, others purple, and some of a deep red. To the north-east these high precipices had been rent asunder into a tremendous chasm, through which the lava had flowed into the valley.

On his southward journey, towards the higher part of the mountain-chain which extends far into Mongolia, he met with torrents that had bridges of ice, under which the water rushed with a great roar. Sometimes these bridges fall with a tremendous crash. On Nouk-a-daban also he found a natural arch. Here he was startled by a rushing sound far above, and which continued for two minutes' space, when it suddenly ceased, followed some minutes after by a terrible crash. It was an avalanche which had swept down the side of Monko-seran-Xardick ("Eternal Snow and Ice"), and leaped into one of the gorges. At length he reached the Augara, where he had again Russian peasants for his boatmen. On the 3d of October, he reached Irkoutsk, and spent the winter in the capital of Eastern Siberia.

So far have we been able to indicate the contents of this admirable work. Our readers will do well to cultivate an intimate acquaintance with the full details of adventure and scenery which it contains.

THE BROMPTON MUSEUM.

II.

Four-and-twenty pictures by such an artist as Leslie would be at any time a noble and interesting field for study; but when, as in the gallery at Brompton, these include several of his most notable works, there is almost an *embarras de richesse*. This is a difficulty increased by the fact, that while the works vary considerably in quality and interest, they are nevertheless not progressive in excellence of execution,—as we found the case with those by Mulready,—nor divergent in style of treatment, as some of those by other artists here exhibited.

As a most perfect delineator of humour, Leslie will take a place in the estimation of posterity comparable with Thackeray and Hogarth. With the first a resemblance will easily be recognised; with the last the analogy is even stronger, for the very shortcomings of both are identical, and, but that Leslie is devoid of the tragic intensity which characterises Hogarth, they might be placed side by side for judgment. We have used the word "shortcomings," not to imply wilful or weak insufficiency of technical execution, but to signify a certain un-perfectness which is clearly intentional. Thus, while both are masterly draughtsmen and admirable colourists, neither develops form into minuteness, or colour into a leading beauty; but, content with achieving a general excellence, maintains an admirable level and equalisation in all the qualities of a good picture.

Of Leslie's works in this gallery, we shall notice first those from Shakspeare, of which there are six; the most notable "The Taming of the Shrew," No. 109. This is the scene where Petruchio dismisses the tailor with such direful threats,—

"Away, thou rag, thou quantity, thou remnant!"

Tossing the "slashed" gown towards him from his arm, he turns to the trembling handicraftsman, clenching his fist; while the latter's bewilderment is not a little increased by the angry argument of Grumio, who also menaces him. Petruchio, a stalwart handsome man, with appropriate swagger, turns his back upon Kate and us, and his long straight rapier swings behind him in the most truculent manner. Kate herself, burning with sullen ire, is seated in front, her frame convulsed with fierce anger; she gnaws and pulls spitefully at her necklace with her teeth; her forehead is knit, and her eyes wide-looking and cat-like; one hand clutches the arm of the chair; and one foot, swinging over the other, is impetuously thrust from beneath the dress, and nervously waved in the air. The whole attitude admirably expresses her wish to bound fiercely from the chair in a mood of mad destructiveness, restrained only by the stronger will of the "tamer." The food she might not eat lies on the table, the cap that is not for her head lies on the floor, and her very hair seems to bristle with anger as Petruchio sends away the quaint and "commendable" gown. There is a large fine style of womanliness about her, which promises a handsome wife for the valiant Petruchio when the taming be complete. The cap "that was moulded on a porringer" lies by Petruchio's heels, and the hapless maker thereof—the haberdasher—stoops to pick it up. The reflection of part of his dress—some scarlet slashing in the trunk-hose—cast upon the lustrous surface of the silk of the condemned garment, displayed flag-like behind him by Petruchio, will afford us an opportunity of pointing out the peculiarly thoughtful manner of working of the artist. Little incidents like this are always valuable, as showing the wholeness of the painter's view. "Autolycus selling his Wares (*Winter's Tale*, act iv. scene 3)," No. 115:—the wonderful knave of a

pedlar enters to the scene chanting the virtues and merits of his wares, and the impressed audience gather round. Never was there such a personation of a rascal as this portrait of Autolycus, who, in a marvellous hat, scarlet and plumed with a ragged feather,—a hat inexpressibly roguish in look of itself,—with underneath it the brazen face, sharp villanous eye, and wisps of lank black hair,—form altogether so admirable a reading of the character, that surely the poet might shake hands with the artist for it. The girls, Mopsa and Dorcas, are extremely pretty and characteristic; the whole picture full of brilliancy and light; and, as an outdoor effect, equally truthful with the darkened interior of the last-named work. No. 114, "Florizel and Perdita (*Winter's Tale*, act iv. scene 3)," is from a point in the drama just preceding the pedlar's entrance. Perdita is distributing the flowers; her face is so fair with purity and grace, her attitude so Greek in its elegance and repose, that she appears a personation of Spring,—a daughter of Flora, if not Proserpine herself. The prince looks with eager love, wrapt by her words, and with his earnest eyes does homage to her beauty. Mopsa stands beside, Polixenes and Camillo are seated half in shadow. The fault of these last, as probably with the clown in the "Autolycus," is that they are rather of the stage type of walking-gentlemen—a little artificial, and not individualised as are the other figures. Nevertheless both pictures are admirable, and an honour to the English school. The painting of "The principal Characters in the *Merry Wives of Windsor*" is not actually from the comedy, but a gathering of them in Page's house. In act i. sc. 2, after Master Slender has, with infinite difficulty, been got into Page's house, Sir Hugh Evans converses with Simple, sends him on an errand, and returns to his own meal, saying, "I will make an end of my dinner; there's pippins and cheese to come." This is the dinner, placed here before us by the invention of the painter: Page is at the head of the table pressing the impracticable Slender to drink, Ann sits demurely beside him, below are Evans and Shallow, to the left Falstaff, Bardolph, and the Merry Wives. The marked difference in character in these last is proof of how deeply the play has been studied,—the ironical gaiety of Mrs. Page's face is an admirable point well told, and the blustering gross Sir John splendidly personified. The picture might, indeed, be a new scene in the play. No. 122, "Queen Katharine and Patience:—"

"Take thy lute, wench; my soul grows sad with trouble;
Sing, and disperse them, if thou canst; leave working."

This is a most affecting rendering of the pathetic subject. The lorn abandoned queen sits in melancholy thought; while behind her the faithful companion of her desolation has taken the lute to sing that song of Orpheus which the poet with a sad irony chose as reflecting by contrast upon her neglected state,—her for whom no Orpheus should strive with death. "A Head of Portia (*Merchant of Venice*)," No. 127, does not quite fulfil our idea of that "violet-hooded doctor," Antonio's bride. It is, however, painted in the firm accomplished way so characteristic of the artist.

Leslie has been long known as the most admirable illustrator of Cervantes. In this collection we find a perfect presentation of Dulcinea del Tobosa; not the gross country-wench described by Sancho, but a charming, fresh, happy, smiling damsel, busily knotting up her long back-hair,—a demure bright-eyed laugh upon her face, with a sort of look of pleased surprise, such as it might have borne if some of those luckless wights whom her champion vanquished had actually found their way to her feet, and were about to do homage. A better example of the self-restraint and equalisation in technical execution, upon which we before commented, than this charming little picture could not be found. The drawing, although not elaborate and refined, is correct and characteristic; the light and shade also has been thoroughly thought out, which the observer will notice by looking at the arms of Dulcinea, evincing as they do the utmost truth of representation by a variety of reflec-

tions cast into the shadows:—thus the purple-lighted tint of shade is broken by a white light from the inner dress, and a yellowish one from the adjoining flesh of her neck.

From Molière, that fountain of humour, there are three pictures. The first, from *Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme*, shows Nicole's victory in the fencing-match over M. Jourdain, who, stiff, awkward, and ill-balanced upon his high heels, is readily pinked by the agile servant-maid; she, recovering herself by a broom in the left hand, makes an easy conquest of her cumbrous master. Madame Jourdain, a wonderful personation, looks on delightedly. "Trissotin reading his Sonnet," from *Les Femmes Savantes*, is also admirable; the puffy little bard mouths out his verses, while the would-be Aspasia of the dramatist are falling into raptures of sham delight. The beautiful Henriette sits behind, withdrawn and thoughtful. "MM. Pourgon, Beraldo, Argan, and Toinette," from *Le Malade Imaginaire*, the scene where the indignant doctor abandons his patient, has all the humour characteristic of the dramatist and the artist.

"My Uncle Toby and the Widow Wadman," from *Tristram Shandy*, is a wonderful reading of the great novel. The widow, whose insidious designs upon the poor captain were not palpable to his single-thoughted fancy, has nestled herself close to him; and while holding up her eyelid that he may see the supposititious mote, sends legions of armed Cupids into his susceptible heart. Her expression is extraordinarily true, betraying just the right sort of coquetry to put the old soldier off his guard; her face is very pretty, and his naïve look into the mischievous organ inimitable. There are two points of design in this picture worthy of great consideration, as showing the thought bestowed upon it: the first is, that My Uncle Toby leans his broad soldierly hand firmly upon his thigh, in the way in which all men who have been wounded habitually approach the scar, the second is, that the widow, desirous of completing the electric chain, as it were, of her attractions, has approached her foot to that of the captain, making him complete the circle as the armature of a magnet connects its poles.

Two pictures of original subjects, entitled respectively "Who can this be?" and "Who can this be from?" are full of character. The first shows how a portly gentleman, escorting his pretty daughter on a promenade, is addressed by a most courtly gallant, who, scraping a bow quite *à-la-mode*, doffs his broad brimmed beaver, and pressing a gloved hand to his bosom, ventures to present himself to the corpulent parent of the beauty. The insinuating grace of the cavalier makes no impression upon the party addressed, who, just pinching the brim of his hat in return, stares, looks puzzled, and not at all pleased. The *belle* herself, in wilful unconsciousness, trifles with her spaniel; but in such a manner that one cannot but suspect a previous acquaintance with, and encouragement given to, the gallant. "Who can this be from?" shows the damsel at her toilette-table, while a heavy-looking waiting-woman brings a letter. There can be no doubt from whom it comes; nor does the lady doubt that the bold suitor of the garden has thus taken another means of approaching her. At the back the father's portrait looks down grimly; the daughter, half-pleased, half-doubtful, hesitates to take the missive; but we see she will ultimately yield to the temptation. There is some very fine and solid colour about this picture, which will repay much study of the sterling qualities of its execution.

"The Two Princes in the Tower" shows the royal boys kneeling at the foot of their bed absorbed in prayer; their white surplice-like sleeping-ropes sweep from their shoulders to the floor: the innocence and simplicity of their looks are charming. There is nothing to describe about the picture, no effective points, nothing telling; its pathos lies in its ingenuousness.

"A Portrait of her Majesty in her Coronation-Robes" is in a similar vein of feeling. The Queen is kneeling at the altar in prayer; the great robes, rigid with embroidery and blazing with gold, stand out in bulky mass about her form; yet the splendour does not attract the spectator like the

simple, natural, and earnest face, which is one of the truest portraits, because with the frankest rendering, of the Queen. Nothing could be finer than this remarkable work for intensity of feeling, or more valuable as a study of technical power of execution in texture and chromatic arrangement. It is a study for the famous picture of the "Coronation."

L. L.

THE "RAGLE."

MANY singular varieties of hallucination are the results of disease either chronic or acute, such as the visions occurring in certain forms of hypochondria, or the delirium of fever. Other kinds are produced artificially by means of such agents as opium, cati, saffron, ambergris, belladonna, or the famous hashish,—the effects of which last are so graphically described by Dumas in his well-known *Monte Christo*. Ether, amylene, and other stimulants, in a gaseous form, produce by inhalation either other varieties of hallucination or utter insensibility: the singular effects upon the imagination of the laughing-gas, which are of this nature, are well known. There is, however, a class of hallucinations, arising neither from disease nor from artificial stimulants, which has attracted the attention of physiologists; among these, that termed by the Arabs *ragle*, and known to Europeans as the "hallucination of the desert." M. D'Escayrac de Lautre has, in a recent communication to the French Academy, called attention to this peculiar form of mental excitation, which frequently occurs to travellers on the African deserts after excessive fatigue. During a journey of unusual length, when the wayfarer is compelled to travel night as well as day, an intense longing for sleep necessarily supervenes. The traveller struggles against it; and in certain temperaments, when the approach of sleep has been successfully repelled, a state is developed which is neither sleeping nor waking, but seems to occupy a place midway between each. The eyes remain open and retain their visual power, the ear perceives and discriminates sounds, the hand acts and feels, the mind reasons,—yet still the fatigue-oppressed traveller becomes involuntarily the plaything of the strangest hallucinations. He sees at a short distance before him the oasis, with its spring and palm-trees, which are yet far beyond the blue horizon; or the night-encampment, with its kindling fires, and all the appurtenances of rest and shelter; and although he reasons that the picture *must* be unreal, he mechanically hastens his step, so palpably do the apparent forms appeal to him in their seeming solidity and reality. Occasionally the vision is in form of a horde of predatory Bedouins, sweeping down, in a cloud of dust, upon their swift desert-horses, to plunder the approaching caravan; and he cannot help drawing his pistols from his girdle, and preparing for defence. These visions are described as sometimes singularly prophetic,—the very form of encampment occurring the same or the next night, or an attack consisting of the exact number of horsemen, armed precisely as seen in the vision, taking place within a few days.

M. D'Escayrac de Lautre states that he has himself frequently felt the *ragle* in various forms; and that it is quite distinct from the effects produced by ordinary intoxication, by disease, or by artificial means, and especially from the impressions produced in dreams. In dreaming, the action of the external senses is entirely suspended; while in the *ragle* they remain to a certain extent in their ordinary condition.

The pretended gift of second-sight may be said to be closely allied to the *ragle*; while the visions termed *clairvoyance*, occurring under the effects of mesmerism, are more nearly allied to those produced by ether or hashish. However this may be, it appears that almost any *blasé* tourist, craving for new sensations, may experience a distinctly novel one by a voyage into the desert, pushed forward with vigour enough to produce the requisite amount of fatigue.

FIELD STONE-PICKERS OF BRITTANY.

BY SERVIN.

EARNEST and painstaking Arthur Young, writing in 1792 his *Travels in France*, wrings his hands over Brittany as the poorest, the most neglected, and the most unproductive province of the great kingdom; for the latter character places it even below "the *triste* and wretched Sologne,"—that miserable district which, situated in the heart of the country, is almost as fruitless as a desert. Of Brittany he relates that more than half the land is waste; and this not so much from its inherent bad quality, as through the slovenly, ignorant, and poverty-stricken system of agriculture: for many of the heaths spontaneously produced sainfoin and other useful grasses amongst the ling, heather, and whin. With such a state of things as this, we could not be surprised that the average price of land in many parts was but ten francs the journal of four roods.

There exists among the natives of the soil an ambulant class of cultivators, called "*les Batteurs*," who hire themselves from day to day to the farmers, passing from one estate to another, and of course attached to and caring for none. The artist of the picture here engraved has gone amongst this singular class for his subject, and shown them engaged in an occupation not less significant of their poverty than the bad system which could find no better use for grown labourers. We find by his authority that the statements of Arthur Young, and more recent travellers in the country, are exact and true; that they are so little affected by modern progress as still to dress in the costumes of two hundred years ago, and even to wear goat-skins instead of a manufactured fabric. Rude and squalid in all their habits, they nevertheless still exhibit those nobler qualities of their ancestors, frugality and loyalty. The "*Vrai Bretagne Bretonnante*," as Froissart calls them, have been pre-eminently named "the loyal" for centuries since his time; and they proudly trace back a race of seventy-five kings before Lucius,—*premier roy chrétien*,—and boast their unflinching devotion to them. The names of La Vendée, and of that famous association *La Chouannerie*, have brought these hereditary qualities down to our own times. There is no doubt that the race is almost purely Celtic in origin,—a sister-nation to our Welsh and Cornish men. This connection is so marked, that the Breton fishermen landing in the ports of Wales are able to make themselves understood by the natives. We are brought by this mention of that maritime occupation, which divides the industry of Breton with agriculture, to the strange fact that to this day many of the inhabitants of the wild Atlantic islets on the coast exhibit an odd mixture of sheer pagan belief with the comparatively recent Christian faith, offering sacrifices, trusting in omens, and the like remnants of the old superstitions.

Servin has well suggested in his picture much of the character which travellers give to *les Batteurs*: the ancient dress, noisy and uncouth habits, miserable occupations, haggard faces, and general poverty,—a poverty so marked, that in the province the corn is said to be threshed in August for lack of barns and stowage or shelter. The labourers are seen in a row kneeling at the furrows, half-idly at work; while their captain energetically remonstrates at the violent proceeding of one of the gang, who attempts to get a kiss from a very ill-favoured woman. The observer will notice the varied attitude of each individual of the group, and the interest displayed by those nearest the point of action; he will also admire the thoughtful arrangement of the composition, shown in the connecting and contradicting the skyline with that of the figures by the stream of smoke from the burning weeds, which goes athwart from one to the other. Above, on the crest of the hill, darkling against the light, a rude plough-team is seen at work.

The original picture, which is now in the Crystal-Palace Gallery, is a very truthful and effective work, and most characteristic of the well-known painter.

L. L.

ASHBURN RECTORY.

BY HOLME LEE, AUTHOR OF "GILBERT MASSENGER," ETC.

IN FIFTEEN CHAPTERS.

X.

SUNDAY morning. "Will John come to-day?" was Anna Brooke's waking thought on the first Sunday at Ashburn. It was not daylight yet; and Nora was sleeping softly beside her, in the quiet slumber which is only for untouched hearts. Anna would sleep no more, but she raised herself on her pillow to watch the dawn. The sky was all gray cloud; the stars were gone, but the sun had not mounted nearly to the horizon. Anna thought there was the tinkle of quick rain against the glass. "If it should be a wet day, he will not come," said she; and sprang up to look out. There was a heavy dew upon the window, so that she could not tell whether there were rain or not; and she did not dare open it, lest she should wake Nora or others in the house, so she put her ear to the glass and listened. "I think it is fine," she murmured. The clock on the stairs struck five as she lay down again, wishing for morning and John's coming.

Gradually the morning broke,—not very brightly, but with a rolling mist over Larkhill and the high grounds to the north; it seemed undecided yet whether the day would rain or shine; there was a pale yellow glimmer coming and going amongst the eastern cloud-wreaths that tantalised Anna's hope. "I know if it is wet he will not come," she repeated, as if the sky might hear her, and prove benign in pity. She stood by the window watching until it was full daylight, when Nora awoke.

"O Anna, there is no fear; it will be a lovely day," cried she, divining Anna's anxiety by her position.

"Do you think so? I hope it will," replied she, abandoning her look-out post rather cheerfully; "I think there is promise of it."

"Yes. 'Evening red, morning gray, are the sure signs of a fine day.' Do you expect John early, or not till afternoon?"

"He did not say. He could not be here much before dinner."

"There is not time for another dream, is there? Ah, no; here comes Jenny. Jenny, how does the morning look from your side of the house?"

"Not over bright, Miss Nora; I think there'll be rain before noon, if the sun doesn't get out."

"O Jenny, we want a fine day."

"Then you should have sent and bespoke one at the weather-office, Miss Nora, for I'm afraid you'll be disappointed."

"Jenny, I have known you prove a false weather-prophetess before now, and I believe you will again."

"If you are looking for any body, Miss Nora, that a shower of rain will keep away, give him up, he's not worth that," and old Jenny gave a flip of her finger and thumb as she went out and shut the door. Jenny had been nurse to the two girls, and took upon herself to exercise occasionally a sort of mothership over them. For some reason,—nobody, perhaps not even herself, could tell what,—she had, from the beginning of the intimacy between Anna and John Hartwell, conceived a keen dislike to him, and never allowed any opportunity of covertly insinuating it to slip by unimproved. Nora was rather vexed at herself for giving the old servant an opening now; for Anna was very quiet, and not in good spirits.

"I don't think he will come, Nora," said she with a sigh; "I don't feel as if this was going to be a pleasant day."

Nora was silent for a minute or two; then she said with a pretty grave air of reflection, "Anna, do you think it possible that you and I could ever change into sentimental piping bodies like Miss Mavis?"

"No, I hope not. Why do you ask that?"



SPECIMENS OF FOREIGN SCHOOLS: NO. XVI.

FIELD STONE-PICKERS OF BRITTANY.

PAINTED BY SERVIN.

5 MR 58

"It was a thought that came into my mind at hearing you sigh. I don't think I could ever have patience to see any body mooning about a house, or sitting like Patience on a monument smiling miserably at nothing in particular, could you?"

"We cannot tell yet, Nora. You see, we have not had any troubles to bring us into that melancholy state."

"Troubles, Anna! Were we not as poor as poor could be, and had we not to look twice at every sixpence before we ventured to spend it? What do you call troubles, if those were not troubles? And yet we were always as gay as Roger Bontemps that uncle Ambrose quotes."

"Those were *cares*, Nora, darling; troubles are more selfish things; we deal with them individually, and have to bear them by ourselves. It would have been a trouble if, instead of being gay, as you say we were, we had always been fretful and discontented; or if one of us had turned out a disgrace to our father: and there are other troubles besides, more private still, that we have heard of, though we have not been compelled to taste of them. Yes, Nora, I think people may seem selfish in their sorrow sometimes without losing all claim on our pity."

"I am determined to have some pleasure in my life, and as little trouble as may be; that is wise, Anna, is it not?"

"Be as happy as you can, Nora; but don't be hard on the unfortunate."

A heavy plash of rain against the window startled them. Anna looked up and sighed again involuntarily; Nora smiled: she was not selfish, and she was not hard; but she could not comprehend that John Hartwell's coming or staying away deserved a sigh; she did not like him herself, and was ever more and more astonished at Anna's devotedness. By the time the two girls went down-stairs to breakfast, there was no doubt left about the day; the rain was pouring in torrents.

"This is bad for the harvest," observed Mr. Brooke, looking out of the window at the drenched chestnut-trees. "And, Anna, I am afraid we shall not see Mr. Hartwell to-day. The change in the weather is very sudden."

"Yes, papa. It is not likely that he will come through such a rain, unless he had set off before it began: it was fair for an hour or two this morning. But I shall not expect him."

In spite of her declaration that she should not expect John, she had a lurking hope that he *might* have started very early, to get to Ashburn before the morning service; but a few hours dissipated that possibility, and she entered the quaint old church strong in the indulgence of another fancy: though it rained at Ashburn, was that to say that it rained in London? It might be quite fair there; and if John once set off, he would never turn back for a shower. Such a meagre crumb of hope was better than nothing to Anna, and shows with what tenacity those quiet undemonstrative women, whom people in general call cold and hard, cling to their hopes and trusts.

XI.

Ashburn church was in no particular style of architecture, and it had been so frequently restored and beautified that but little of the original edifice remained. It was cleanly whitewashed, monuments not excepted, and a full-sized figure of Time standing on a scythe, which was boldly cut in outline on the stone-wall near the doorway, had been half obliterated by the frequency of this process. On the screen which separated the chancel from the body of the church was fixed the list of degrees of affinity within which marriage is forbidden; and just inside, elevated a single step above the others, was a large square pew, closed in from vulgar eyes by a crimson curtain. Here the members of the noble family of De Plessy were already assembled when uncle Ambrose and the young ones entered the rectory-seat opposite. Nora's wandering eyes were not long in perceiving the dark-bearded man who had witnessed her chase down

Larkhill; and accidentally meeting his glance, she had the grace to blush. He was a fine-looking person, with more pride in his face than was perhaps pleasant, and no great air of frankness to temper it; at first sight especially he gave the impression of being reserved, cold, and even austere, though less by nature than by habit. The old lord had the same expression exaggerated intensely: his countenance was the sublime of mortal pride and assumption; his features were high and thin and full of wrinkles; his hair sparse, but white as silver, as also were his brows; while his eyes glowed with the dark fire and vivacity of his youth. There was an occasional nervous twitch about his mouth which was very painful. Some people who knew the circumstances of his early life said that the old man was thinking of the widow's son whom he had killed in a duel when he did that. There were passages in the noble lord's history which would not bear a very critical investigation; but with this narrative they have no connection, therefore let them bide in obscurity.

To her son's left hand was Lady de Plessy, a woman of a very beautiful and gracious countenance, rather wan and weary, but with great expression of tenderness and sweetness in her eyes and mouth. Arthur had a strong look of her—much stronger than his eldest sister, Lady Frances Egerton, who, indeed, seemed, to judge by her features and general tone, a decided high-couraged woman, full of pride and defiance. This lady was not long in singling out Nora amongst the occupants of the rectory-pew as something worthy of admiration; and fixing upon her half-turned face a bold and critical eye, gazed until she made an angry blush burn on the young girl's cheek. When her curiosity was satisfied, she leaned across to her brother, and whispered, "Is that Spanish-eyed girl your nymph of the brook?" He moved his head affirmatively and turned away.

Mr. Brooke had written a new sermon for this occasion, and though perhaps rather lengthy, it was a very excellent discourse, under which old Lord de Plessy slept like a cherub. The others of the family listened discreetly, only closing their eyes at intervals, and could therefore pronounce favourable judgment on the new rector; although the head of the house observed that their opinion had better be held in abeyance until they had heard him half a dozen times, as his should be; a caution which might possibly leave the minister's merits undecided until Doomsday. There was a curious ceremony observed at Ashburn church when the service concluded, which Cyril insisted was a relic of barbarous feudal times. The moment the blessing was pronounced, Lord de Plessy rose up stiff and stately and walked down the aisle, followed by his wife and children, every body else keeping their seats until they passed out at the porch; when they were clear of the churchyard, the rest of the congregation began to disperse, and not before.

Anna looked down the path to the gate into the road, but saw no footmarks on the sodden gravel; John Hartwell had not come.

"It was very unlikely that he would," said she to herself in a rather downhearted way as she went in; "it was too absurd of me to expect him."

Decidedly it was; for it was an even down-pour of rain, and had been all the morning. In the evening she comforted herself greatly by inditing a little tender letter of expectations and regrets and disappointments, with a strong plea at the close for an answer, and an exhortation not to fail of his visit the next Sunday; to come even on Saturday, after office-hours, if he could, and stay two nights instead of one. Anna was far more expansive and open-hearted to John than she was to her own family, but then she loved him more; and with writing this pretty letter, the first Sunday at Ashburn came to a less dreary close than Nora expected.

XII.

Early in the second week, Anna and Nora returned the calls they had received; and immediately after Miss Popsy Parker issued invitations for an evening-party, according to

her amiable promise. Ashburn would have been astonished if it could have penetrated into the secrets of the private asylum on the morning of that important day. It would have seen Mr. Joshua, with his mouthfull of pins, detaching the holland covers from the drawing-room furniture, taking the piano-legs out of their garments, and lifting and shifting every thing, under the extremely vivacious superintendence of his clever sister; it would have seen Miss Popsy herself, in a short morning-gown and slippers, with a silk-handkerchief tied over her ears, washing with her own fair hands the ornamental and useful china with which her guests' eyes were to be refreshed; it would have seen her overlooking (but not daring to speak to) the professed cook, who was getting up an elegant yet substantial supper,—for Miss Popsy abominated from the depths of her hospitable soul the modern invention of "tea and turn out;" it would have seen and heard her expostulate over and over again in a striking manner with Joshua, who was at once the most willing and the most incapable of domestic helps; and it would have seen her, finally, lie down for half an hour's nap, in that short gown, those slippers, and that Indian head-tire, on the best amber-damask couch in the drawing-room;—it would have seen all this, if it had been able to see through solid wall, but not without; for the blinds were down and the front-door locked, as a signal that Miss Popsy Parker was not at home to company.

By seven o'clock in the evening, the scene underwent a change. A bright fire blazed in the polished grate, and Mr. Joshua and Miss Popsy sat in state on either side of it, scarcely daring to speak, lest they should blow something out of its exact place. Miss Popsy's attire was of the richest and gayest fashion,—an amethyst satin dress, profusely trimmed with white blonde, and more gold-chains than any body else in the neighbourhood ever wore; for besides her own and Joshua's, she had on her late mother's and grandmother's. A turban-shaped cap with little white feathers topped these splendours; and Miss Popsy's own eyestwinkled like stars beneath the nodding clouds. Joshua was dreadfully stiff: his coat, his boots, his every things were new, and all shining to that extent, that he could see minute reflections of himself in the knobs of the fire-irons, the arms of the sofa, and the white marble of the chimney-piece, besides in his own boot-toes. His hair had yielded to much persuasion, and took obstinate curves sideways, instead of sticking straight up—a novel fashion, which excited Miss Popsy's sarcasm.

"Eh, Joshua, you are curled like Hyperion," said she. "Which Miss Brooke are you going to captivate to-night? I would try for the scornful young beauty, if I were you. 'Faint heart'—you remember the rest."

"Is not Charley Wilde coming?" asked Mr. Joshua, passing his fingers hastily through one side of his hair, and destroying the balance of waves which he had been an hour in making.

"I see what you are at; you are going courting to the handsome private property. I wish you may get it; but you won't."

Mr. Joshua was meekly silent. He had cast longing glances in the direction of the Riverscroft demesnes for the last ten years; and he was of firm opinion that if his sister Popsy would but back his suit with her powerful influence, he should win the objects of his tender desires,—to wit, the farms, arable and pasture, the park, woods, and manorial rights, now to Miss Charley Wilde solely appertaining.

"You won't get it," continued Miss Popsy, "because Charley intends to lead a single life, the more sensible woman she. Don't put on that sentimental Billy-Lackaday look, Joshua, *don't*. You only want a petticoat to be Miss Mavis."

If the umbrella had been handy, Mr. Joshua's knuckles would have suffered; but as Miss Popsy had no weapon but a costly Indian fan, which she feared to break, he escaped. Suddenly, while Miss Popsy was in the act of tip-toeing before the mirror to see that no part of her head-dress had

been disarranged by wagging it mockingly at Joshua, a knock resounded through the house, and caused her to subside hastily on the couch.

"Sidney Wilfred; he is the first every where," remarked she; and accordingly Mr. Sidney Wilfred was announced.

He was a slight boyish person, whiskerless, but long-haired and spectacled, and with the nervous fidgets in his arms and legs, which he never knew how to dispose of comfortably. He had two or three favourite attitudes, one of which he struck immediately upon entering Miss Popsy's drawing-room; this was a Napoleonic folding of the arms high on the chest, the feet crossed over each other, and the right foot resting on the toe. For the space of three minutes he contrived to maintain his graceful balance; and then he began to waver about on one leg, while the other, straying in an aimless manner, knocked the poker from its position in the centre of the fender, and caused it to fall with a clatter on the tongs. At this instant Miss Mavis and Miss Scruple came in, the one as tawdry-fine and the other as homely and substantial as usual. Miss Mavis was lispingly cordial to the host and hostess, but the sunshine of her smiles was for Mr. Sidney Wilfred. She caused him to sit down beside her.

"Ah, such a sweet morning as I have had!" began Miss Mavis in an enthusiastic whisper; "such an enjoyable morning!"

"What have you had? pray let us hear, Miss Mavis, if it is any thing very charming. I love news, good news especially."

"A feast of reason and a flow of soul," I may well say, Miss Popsy. I have shed tears of pure delight over our gifted friend's new poem—his *Sighs of a sorrowful Soul adrift on a Sea of Suffering*. The sublimity and profundity of his 'Sighs' are beyond plain language to express."

The poet sat chafing his hands vehemently, and blushing as if he had never been praised before; while Miss Scruple added,

"Yes, they are profound, and in every respect proper, natural, and judicious, which is more than can be said for all poetry."

"I have not heard any of these 'Sighs.' Perhaps Mr. Sidney would declaim a stanza or two for our edification," said Miss Popsy.

"Do, Sidney; they want but your voice and expression to give them a perfect vocal melody. It will be a rich treat," murmured his friend.

The young gentleman was really nervous and bashful; but after a little more persuasion, he gave vent to the following "Sigh," in the husky tremulous tone in which an imperfect Norval declaims his early history before the usher's desk:

"Drifting, unanchored, flung from wave to sky,
As the poor harried clown in blanket tossed
Sees all the world go round him in a swing,
So is my sad soul giddied with the woes
Which, holding the four corners of the Witney,
Do heave with power, and through the ambient air
Jerk it untimely; shrieking peal on peal
Of wild demoniac laughter as it turns and falls,—
As falls the well-browned pancake in the pan
When the quick culinary arm doth toss it up!
O, for an hour of rest, an hour of peace!
Or better still, an hour of sweet revenge!
Then would I lay my foes upon the rack
And tear them limb from limb!
Come hither, and be racked, ye selfish woes;
For I will bear your tossings nevermore!"

Just as the poet made this very unreasonable demand, the party from the rectory were announced, and almost immediately after, Mr., Mrs., and Miss Foxcroft, Captain Clayton and Mrs. Westford, Mr. Hardman and Mr. George Hardman, a Mr. and two Misses Worksop, and finally Miss Charley Wilde. Every body had the outstretched hand of friendship for the last comer, who received their greetings in a frank manly way, and immediately procured an introduction to Anna and Nora. Miss Charley Wilde did not sacrifice much

to the Graces in the way of dress; for her black satin robe was a compromise between a surtout and a monk's frock, girded round the waist with cord and tassels; her hair looked much as if she had employed Eolus as her tiring-woman, and engaged him to tear a few golden ears of barley out of the sheaves to stick amongst it.

"Do you ride?" was her first question to Nora, who was at once elected as her favourite for the evening.

Nora said no.

"But you ought to ride; you have just the figure for horseback. I must have you out with me; I can give you a mount at any time. Have you made Sidney Wilfred's acquaintance? Sidney, come here, I want to speak to you." The young poet drew near. "I have read your 'Sighs,' sir, and written a critique upon them, in which I have endeavoured to fathom their bathos. Why don't you write sense? you have talent; and for misusing it you deserve to be tossed in that wonderful Witney you talk about. Sidney is my cousin, Miss Eleanor; and I scold him sometimes."

"Very severely, don't you, Miss Wilde?" whispered Miss Mavis tenderly. "We should be lenient to the aspiring flights of genius. How can our small capacities plumb the height of their glorious flights? Take heart, my gifted friend; speak out your utterances from your soul-depths, and astound a wonder-thunder-stricken world."

Uncle Ambrose's countenance, as he overheard this mock-sublime, was a picture of eloquent surprise; he could not withdraw his eyes from the interesting group of which his niece formed one. Miss Mavis thought he was entranced by her silver flow of words, and went on:

"Harsh, untunable indeed must be the mind that thrills not melancholy to the wild strain of your genius-inflated verse, Sidney Wilfred. You may not be appreciated *now*; but your dismal 'Sighs' will echo to the far-remote of time." There was a quaver in this prophetic close which Miss Charley Wilde would have imitated had she dared.

"And have you wooed the Parnassian lyre of late, dear Miss Mavis?" asked the poet in his turn.

"Not lately—not very lately; the divine fire burns low upon my solitary hearth; the inspiration of happiness lacks there."

"Your wooings are in a very different direction now-days,—more practical and less spiritual, are they not?" said Charley Wilde.

Miss Mavis sighed herself a little nearer to uncle Ambrose, whose retreat was cut off by a barricade of little odd chairs and stools.

"Scotland is a very agreeable country, is it not?" said she, with a gentle significance which was intended to establish them at once on the basis of intimate friendship; but which only startled and confounded uncle Ambrose, and made him blush. "I have never been so far north myself,—never farther than Yorkshire; but I have heard it is a delightful country, equally celebrated for its dainty cates and beautiful women." A drop of the modest eyelids pointed the last words.

"Charming person in Scotland!" muttered uncle Ambrose, scarcely knowing what he said; and to his immense relief, Mr. Joshua Parker, hearing the word 'Scotland,' came and gave them conversational benefit of his experience during a pedestrian tour in that country some ten years before. Then Sidney Wilfred chimed in with the Border minstrelsy; and Charley Wilde with deer-stalking and grouse-shooting; until Miss Mavis quite lost the opportunity of bewildering uncle Ambrose with her lisp and multiform fascinations, and was obliged to be generally agreeable.

The tea was not handed round at Miss Popsy's party, as the present custom is: she knew all her company dined early; and being an enemy to genteel starvation, her table was spread with every delicacy which hungry people even could desire. She presided over the tray herself, and expected her guests to sit down and make a meal of their tea; and though Miss Mavis, after every such occasion, railed at the vulgar profusion, she nevertheless acquitted herself

nobly, especially with regard to a certain rich cake containing a ring and a sixpence, which was called "matrimony."

Tea may be made a very sociable gathering if people will; and every body being in good-humour, the Brookes' impression of their new neighbours was decidedly agreeable. When it was over, the chat flowed pleasantly on; and the innocent amusements that Miss Popsy had provided for her guests gave entire satisfaction.

"In my young day we liked nothing better than a game of forfeits," said she; "but fashion has refined them out of vogue. Will some of you young folks give us a little music? and then we will have a round game at cards."

There was a demur as to who should take the lead, nobody liking to be put forward; till Mrs. Foxcroft, desirous that her daughter should be covered with glory, urged her eloquently, both with tongue and elbow, to do her little best.

"Come, Moppet, you have a pretty song, let us hear it," said she in the bland accent of maternal encouragement. "Moppet has a pretty song, has she not, papa?"

Thus appealed to, the doctor broke off an argument on consubstantiation which he was holding with the rector, and bade his blushing child oblige the company. Moppet was accordingly led a sacrifice to the piano by Mr. Sidney Wilfred, who then retired behind the window-curtain to stop his ears until the pretty song was done. The young lady was not very perfect either in its instrumental or vocal parts, so that the performance could not be regarded as very triumphant; but Charley Wilde coming after her, soon obliterated her discord by a well-sung song with a very sweet melody.

"Do give us the 'Laughing Chorus,' Miss Charley; it is a prime favourite of mine, and nobody can do it like you," said Mr. Joshua; and Charley, ever obliging, readily complied; and the various cachinnatory sounds it elicited resolved the last bit of ice in the room.

The table was then cleared for a round game; and Miss Popsy having secured for herself a seat beside Charley, and Miss Mavis being almost in uncle Ambrose's pocket, every body was contented: some few—Mr. Hardman, Sidney Wilfred, and the rector—preferred the parts of onlookers and sat out, but every other person would play.

"What shall it be?" asked Miss Popsy; "loo, red nines, v'ingt-un, or pounce commerce?"

Charley Wilde was very sporting, and gave her voice for unlimited loo; but the majority were for pounce commerce, so pounce commerce carried the night. Miss Mavis again alluded confidentially to Scotland, and so confused uncle Ambrose that he could never acquire the rules of the game, and was for ever pouncing when he had no business to pounce, and being snapped at by Miss Popsy and told what was right by Miss Scruple, to the mischievous Nora's undisguised pleasure. It is rather dreary to watch a large friendly group engaged in a round game of cards; the endless contradictions, blunders, and settings-right make the occupation sound more like quarrelling than a sociable reunion for pleasant purposes. Sidney Wilfred could not bear it long; and having at the first sight plunged hopelessly into love with young Nora Brooke, he now retired into a dusk and remote corner to compose a sonnet to her maiden beauty. He accomplished two profound lines between then and supper-time, which wonderfully relieved his feelings.

"I pounce!" screamed Mr. Joshua, spreading his great hand abroad over a particular card, and opening his eyes eagerly.

"No you don't, mind your turn!" cried Miss Popsy, hitting his fingers with one of the little trays full of fish; which were in consequence scattered over the table, and chiefly picked up in an absent fit by Miss Mavis, and added in the confusion to her own store.

"It is your deal, uncle Ambrose; Miss Scruple dealt last. There are the cards; make haste," said Nora.

"Shall I deal for you?" whispered Miss Mavis; and raking up the stray cards of the pack with her claw-like

fingers, she proceeded to do so, judging uncle Ambrose's mind to be so preoccupied with the charming person in Scotland as to make him quite incapable of dealing properly. But Miss Scruple raised the querulous voice of remonstrance:

"It is not your deal, Matilda; it is Mr. Ambrose Brooke's. Why do you not let it go round properly?" said she.

"I never care for these games unless I may cheat; I always cheat at private parties if I have a chance," observed Captain Clayton. "I give every body warning, therefore. This card mine? Very good card—"

"No, it is not yours; it is mine. Don't you see *that* one is before you, and *this* one before me?" said Miss Popsy waspishly.

"Matilda, deal properly. You have no business to look at the cards, nor to show your hand to your neighbours."

Then there was an interval of silence, broken by uncle Ambrose asking Miss Mavis if he might pounce.

"No, not yet," replied she with tenderness. "Show me what you have, and I'll pounce for you;" and accordingly, to the end of the game, she played and lost for him and herself too; reverting in whispers from time to time to the north, and its charming women, scenery, and songs. She also secured his arm to take her in to supper, and, in short, victimised him to Nora's full content. As her lisp made her frequently unintelligible, he answered her insinuations and direct questions at cross-purposes for the most part.

Nora overheard, "Scotch music is delightful, is it not? Are you an amateur of its popular melodies?"

"Yes, agreeable woman, very; especially in her own house."

"Ah, you mean Miss Popsy; and you don't consider her shrewish?"

"Sweeter than I can express."

"O! I'm afraid you are a sad flatterer, naughty man. And you don't think her temper too vivacious?"

"I prefer a breezy climate; in Scotland, for instance—"

"But are not the winds trying to the female complexion?"

"Lilies and roses bloom out of doors as early as—"

"You must pounce, now. You want another card; there are only four of us left."

And at supper, after Miss Mavis had had two glasses of sherry, and became sentimental: "Youth, youth, it leaves us e'er we know it is departing! Mr. Ambrose, yours was passed under an eastern sky; mine, in this cold unsympathising England. Were you ever in Jersey?"

"Never; my tastes are for the north,—grouse-shooting on the moors in August—"

"Tell me not so; some dearer tie is bound about your spirit: *love*, not *sport*, draws you away."

"Will you have a little of this lobster-salad, or some more tongue?"

"No more tongue, thank you, I have tongue enough. A custard, if you please—No, I'll change my mind, and have a strawberry-cream."

Sentiment notwithstanding, Miss Mavis had a capital appetite; and Sidney Wilfred, in an absent spiritual way, eat more, and drank much more, than could have been expected from a "soul adrift on a sea of suffering." Perhaps he had been adrift a long while, and had come back hungry and exceeding dry, as grief is said to be. It rejoiced Miss Popsy's heart to see her friends eat, and she kept constantly admonishing them to take care of themselves and each other. Nora, who sat between Captain Clayton and Sidney Wilfred, might otherwise have run the risk of being neglected; for both these gentlemen were very intent upon themselves. Mr. Joshua, who had by this time got over the stiffness and newness of his apparel, and had forgotten his curled hair, took wine all round with every body, and drank healths, coupling them occasionally with very old-fashioned sentiments. He made a terrible bungle of one of them, which he converted into, "The married single, and the single happy," to his own intense confusion: for Miss

Charley Wilde whispered that it was the most sensible speech she had ever heard from him, and she hoped he would never depart from it. Mr. Foxcroft proposed the health of the hostess, who acknowledged the compliment herself in a neat speech beginning, "Hold your tongue, Joshua, I am old enough to speak for myself, I hope," and ending with, "to our next merry meeting."

"What is your opinion on the pipe-clay question, Captain Clayton?" tremulously said young Mr. Worksop, whose voice had never been heard until the close of supper. He was a shy retiring person, who was getting himself up in politics.

"The pipe-clay question, sir? I never allow myself to have an opinion on professional topics. Our opinions are laid down for us; and what a soldier who knows his duty has to do is, to take them up and wear them as a part of his livery in the king's service."

Mr. Worksop subsided, and was heard no more, except in whispers to his sisters. Somebody—probably Miss Mavis—then started the more popular quarry of light literature, which all the elders conspired to run down; even Sidney Wilfred had his fling at it, as drawing modern taste into a false direction altogether.

"Where," said he forcibly,—"where are readers to be found to relish the honey-dew of Parnassus, when these tasteless streams of fiction have vitiated,—have vitiated—" He paused for lack of a strong conclusion; and Mr. Foxcroft took the words out of his mouth.

"Have vitiated the public mind. Where indeed, sir? I agree with you. Our old standards are being run aground and neglected for a gush of spasmodic twaddle! What do you think of our Chaucer, our glorious Will, our unsurpassable Milton? Are not they—"

"I confess, sir, that I do not think much of *them*; *we* moderns can support their rivalry," returned Mr. Sidney Wilfred, fixing his glass eyes on the doctor firmly, and planting his hands on the edge of the supper-table over which he leaned.

"Tennyson won't veil his bonnet to any of them, I dare say; but excuse an old-fashioned reader for leaning to the ancients."

"I do not propose the laureate as the representative of our age's genius,—far from it, Mr. Foxcroft. There are other men whose power the century has not yet acknowledged; but—"

"Whose 'Sighs' shall echo to the far-remote of time," added uncle Ambrose, quoting Miss Mavis almost in spite of himself, and then blushing as deeply as the flattered poet himself.

Some of the company looked surprised; but all thought him in earnest, and of course nobody could venture on a contradiction in the author's presence: so the huge compliment passed unchallenged.

"How good of you,—how *very* good," whispered Miss Mavis with enthusiasm. "What a treasure in an unenvious soul you have!" But in Charley Wilde's estimation he sank at least a fathom.

Some young people there are who never appear to find their tongues until supper is over. Of this peculiar class were the two Miss Worksops, who, when they left the table, became quite giggling and expansive. The younger linked her arm into Anna Brooke's in the most confidential manner; and began to ask what was her opinion of things in general.

"Never mind me, you know; nobody ever does mind me. But what do you think of it all, now really?" said she, looking eagerly in Anna's puzzled face.

"It is all very pleasant," replied Anna at hazard.

"No! Really now, do you think so? Look at Mrs. Westford, isn't she altogether charming? Listen, and I'll tell you something. Our Willy is in love with her, *really*; but it is quite a secret yet, so don't tell." Anna promised not to misuse her confidence.

"I don't think he would care much if it *did* come to her

ears; for he is so shy, he will never get her told himself. I say he will have to propose to her by proxy; but he can't marry her by proxy—it is only royal people and kings and queens that do that, you know."

Mrs. Westford was a comely widow of six-and-forty, and Mr. Worksop was a youth hovering on twenty, with immense ambition and a very small patrimony; the connection, therefore, looked very eligible to him, as she had a good dower and a nice house of her own. Often and often had the aspiring politician in his day-dreams exiled the poor old captain to remote marine lodgings, and installed himself as master at Ashburn Lodge, with the gentle widow as his wife. Futile dreams of youth and inexperience, never to be realised!

Charley Wilde was the first to take her departure, after exacting from Nora a promise to be at home to her on the morrow, when she proposed to call at the rectory. "For," said she, "now that I have made your acquaintance, I long to teach you to ride. There is to be a stag-hunt next week with Lord de Plessy's hounds, and I mean to go out; I wish you could too."

Mr. Sidney Wilfred, who overheard this, turned away with a profound sigh.

"What ails you, Sidney, man?" asked his cousin. "Do you think I shall spoil my new friend? He compliments me with the name of 'Horse-godmother,' which is very rude," she added, turning to Nora. "And I see by his face he is going to honour you with a 'Sigh' of admiration in several stanzas. But don't be beguiled into vanity, for he has rhymed even on poor Moppet there, and almost broken her heart with his inconstancy. He says he cannot endure masculine women; but you will see that after he has paid his court to every point of the compass, he will end by marrying me. Now I am going; good-by. Miss Mavis,—my carriage is waiting,—shall I have the pleasure of taking you to your door? She does not hear; well, never mind. Good night, Miss Popsy; good night, Mr. Joshua. One of the rectory gentlemen will perhaps give Miss Mavis an arm home;" and Charley Wilde disappeared, talking fluently all the way down-stairs, and into her carriage, when she found nobody was there to listen.

When she was gone, other people began to go to; and uncle Ambrose was compelled to offer Miss Mavis his escort to her cottage-door; for she said she was afraid there might be some men about, and she did not consider it safe for a female to go home unprotected.

"I must compliment you on your triumphant conquest, uncle Ambrose," cried the mischievous Nora, as he entered the rectory-parlour after conducting Miss Mavis home. "I am sure she sets the charming person in Scotland at naught now, and thinks to supplant her."

"And your poetical figure of speech at supper,—you did indeed come out surprisingly," added Mr. Brooke. "The young genius will certainly affix your name to the dedication-page of his next poem as an enlightened appreciator of talent."

Uncle Ambrose lighted his candle and stalked off to bed, without condescending to answer their gibes.

THE COURT HISTORIAN.

[LOWER EMPIRE, CIRCA 900 A.D.]

BY WALTER THORNBURY.

THE monk Arnulphus uncorked his ink,
That shone with a blood-red light,
Just as the sun began to sink;
His vellum was pumiced a silvery white:
"The Basileus"—for so he began—
"Is a royal sagacious Mars of a man,
Than the very lion bolder;
He has married the stately widow of Thrace"—
"Hush!" cried a voice at his shoulder.

His palette gleamed with a burnished green,
Bright as a dragon-fly's skin;

His gold-leaf shone like the robe of a queen;

His azure glowed as a pure cloud thin,

Deep as the blue of the king-whale's lair:

"The Porphyrogenita Zoe the fair

Is about to wed with a prince much older,

Of an unpropitious mien and look"—

"Hush!" cried a voice at his shoulder.

The red flowers trelliced the parchment page,

The birds leaped up on the spray,

The yellow fruit swayed and drooped and swung;

It was Autumn mixed up with May.

(But his cheek was shrivelled and shrunk.)

"The child of the Basileus," wrote the monk,

"Is golden-haired, tender, the queen's arms fold her,

Her step-mother Zoe doth love her so"—

"Hush!" cried a voice at his shoulder.

The kings and martyrs and saints and priests

All gathered to guard the text;

There was Daniel snug in the lions' den,

Singing, no whit perplexed;

Brazen Samson with spear and helm:

"The queen," wrote the monk, "rules firm the realm,

For the king gets older and older;

The Norseman Thorkill is brave and fair—"

"Hush!" cried a voice at his shoulder.

CANDLES.

Few things are seemingly more easy than the manufacture of a candle. Looking at tallow dips, or their more aristocratic congeners moulds of all degrees, or wax bougies, higher again in the social scale of candles, it would appear amongst the easiest things in the world to surround a wick, or central burning part, with fusible, white, carbonaceous matter, and thus make a candle. Nevertheless the manufacture of candles, as it now stands, is amongst the most refined operations to be met with in the whole field of operative chemistry. It involves processes of a delicacy scarcely inferior to the beauty of the chemical principles on which they are founded, and dependent upon one of the most remarkable discoveries of the present century.

Suppose some one ignorant of these chemical principles to be under the necessity of making a candle by the light and guidance of his own unassisted common sense. How would he set about it? First procuring some fatty, or waxy, or spermaceti-like matter, sufficiently hard to maintain the form of candles under the ordinary temperatures to which candles are exposed, he would melt the substance, and either dip his wick into it as often as might be necessary, or he would place the wick in the centre of a mould and pour the melted material around it; and after this primitive fashion candles were made until the discoveries of M. Chevreul opened another course of procedure.

In contemplating the operation of candle-manufacture, the circumstance naturally presents itself to us, that however plentiful oils and fats may be, and however well adapted for feeding the flame of a lamp, yet comparatively few are hard enough to be made into candles. M. Chevreul demonstrated that every oil or fat contains a thin, limpid, sweet, incombustible fluid, now well known by the name of glycerine. Reasoning on this discovery as a basis, it needs no soothsayer, nor even a chemist, to tell us that if oils and fats really contain a thin incombustible fluid combined with the combustible matter, the former might be removed advantageously, so far as relates to candles. The gist, then, of M. Chevreul's discovery is this: firstly, animal and vegetable oils and fats are all mutually allied; secondly, adopting the language of chemistry, such oils and fats may be denominated compound salts of which glycerine is the base.

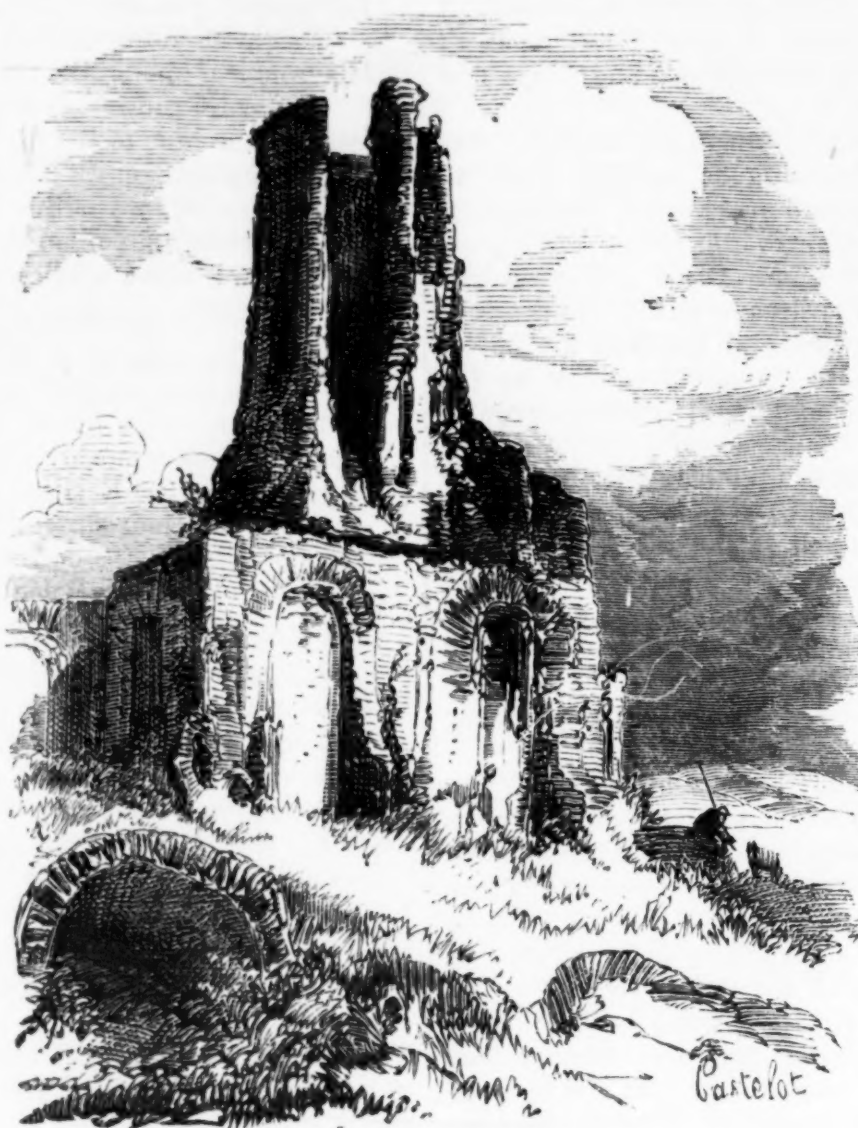
There are few, if any, fats of animal or vegetable origin which are simple, that is to say, which are not

composed of many fats. Take olive-oil, for example. During summer it remains perfectly limpid and homogeneous; but in winter-time it presents another appearance; hard tallow-like flakes crystallise out, leaving behind a thin limpid portion. But this is not all; both the hard and the soft parts are softer and more combustible than they would otherwise be on account of the "glycerine." Take this away, and chemistry presents the fatty body to the manufacturer of candles in the best possible condition for his purpose.

In the preceding description, scientific words have been as much as was possible avoided. It may be well, however, to state that a substance called stearine may be considered as the type of the hard matter which, under some circumstances, crystallises out of oils, and oleine as the type of the limpid oily fluid which remains. Now stearine and oleine are respectively salts of glycerine; stearic acid being united with the glycerine in one case, and oleic acid in the other.

No sooner was this discovery of M. Chevreul made, than a new light dawned upon candles. The manufacturer was no longer under the necessity of selecting a naturally hard fatty body; he could extract the hard part from any fatty body which might happen to fall in his way, imparting still more hardness, as well as more combustibility, by taking away the glycerine. The beautifully white and hard stearine candles are now chiefly made from yellow soft palm-oil, though common animal fats are also frequently used. When stearine and stearine compounds were first employed, the manufacture was attended with a singular difficulty. The material, when poured into the mould, crystallised on cooling; so that the candle, though perfect to the view, fell to pieces. By accident it was discovered that if arsenic were incorporated with the melted stuff, the crystalline tendency was counteracted; and the candle-burning world was soon startled from its equanimity by the talk about arsenical candles. Nor was it a false alarm; for though arsenic is a terrible poison when taken into the stomach, it is far more dangerous when taken as a vapour into the lungs. If the crystallisation of stearine candles could have been overcome only by arsenical incorporation, they must necessarily have been abandoned; for no consideration whatever would have weighed against the poisoning the air we breathe with a poison so virulent as arsenic vapour. But this difficulty, like many which threaten to be insuperable at first, was subsequently overcome by a very simple expedient. It was found that the crystallising of stearine is prevented by pouring it into the moulds, not whilst completely liquid, but after by cooling it has become a little thick and pasty. The manufacture of stearine candles has been carried to such perfection, that they are superior to those made of spermaceti, and in some respects to those made of wax. They are harder than the former and whiter than the latter; nevertheless a prejudice in favour of the yellow tint of wax obliges the manufacturer of stearine candles to colour them with a little gamboge.

Singularly enough, the discovery of Chevreul, which



LA TOURMAGNE, AT NÎMES.

led to the manufacture of stearine candles, has had no small or indirect share in diminishing the slave-trade. Trade-profits are amongst the most powerful incentives by which man can be influenced all over the world. African kings are no less amenable to them than European merchants; and so it is not extraordinary that their sable majesties exported men whilst men were the most valuable articles of export. But with the growth of the candle-manufacture there arose an enormous demand for palm-oil; and palm-oil being only obtainable from palm-trees by the labour of men, it is evident that the increased production of the candle-making material diminished the tendency to export African slaves.

Some years ago, considerable sensation was produced by the announcement that a company was formed with the object, amongst others, of making candles out of peat. True it is that peat not only yields a hard, waxlike, carbonaceous body,

termed paraffine, an excellent candle-making material, but sal ammoniac, creosote, and various other substances useful in arts and manufactures; and at one time the operations of the peat-transformation company promised a large measure of success. They ended, however, in disappointment at last; not because of any mistake as to the actual substances capable of being produced, but on account of the great expense attendant on their production.

LA TOURMAGNE.

LA TOURMAGNE, a sketch of the ruins of which we have engraved, is of Roman construction, and derives its name from being the largest of the towers which flank the walls of Nîmes. Antiquaries have been almost as much divided in opinion as to its original purpose as about the Round Towers of Ireland. It has been conjectured to have been a place of burial for the kings of the country,—a theory supported by an inscription on a tomb said to have been found in its vicinity; others have thought it was a lighthouse for the mouth of the Rhone, when the sea came, if ever it did, as far as Nîmes; others, again, believe that it was a temple, differing among themselves as to the particular worship to which it was dedicated. The probability is, as suggested by the historian Ménard, that it was built by the Romans for a tower of observation, one of a number of such, the remains of several of which are still to be seen in the neighbouring country. Thus there is one on the high grounds near Bellegarde, at a distance of about three leagues, between Nîmes and Artes, from which latter place it is distant only two leagues, and where there is also another tower. By means of the tower of Bellegarde communication was kept up, not only with Artes and the flat country lying to the south, but also with the mountainous district to the north; at Disges, where the Romans had built a castle for the defence of the country, there are still visible the ruins of a tower, by which intelligence could be received or conveyed from or to La Tourmagne at Nîmes.



THE STATUE OF JONAH. ATTRIBUTED TO RAFFAELLE.

The National Magazine.

[It is found impossible to reply to the number of letters received; nor can unaccepted Mss. be returned, except in very special cases.]

THE STATUE OF JONAH.

ATTRIBUTED TO RAFFAELLE.

THE church of Santa Maria del Popolo at Rome contains a chapel erected by Agostino Chigi, a great patron and friend of Raffaello, who, it is said, obtained from the latter the architectural design for his work, which, therefore, is doubly interesting to the visitor—firstly, from its own beautiful character, and secondly, from being reputed one of the few achievements of the great master in an art which was not essentially his own. This chapel contains four niches, in one of which is placed the famous statue we have engraved. If the propriety of attributing the architectural design of the building itself to Raffaello be disputed, still more so is the legend which states this statue to be a production of the chisel of him who was undoubtedly a painter and an architect, but to whom numerous authors refuse the third title of sculptor. The tradition nevertheless is, that he did carve this statue; while there is no positive evidence to the contrary, or any argument beyond the assertion, that the multiplicity of his occupations would prevent him from devoting

the needful time to the execution of so elaborate a work. This is an argument which would apply with equal force to all his works, whose number was marvellous; while the tradition is in some measure supported by the fact, that this figure of Jonah is not the only sculpture said to have come from his hand. The famous and exquisite "Boy and Dolphin," recently exhibited at Manchester, will occur to many of our readers as another example of this parallelism of traditions, either of which supports the other. Our own judgment most certainly would assign this work to Raffaello, on account of the peculiar quality of its execution, which so strongly recalls the antique, in the severest and most elegant period of the art. It is known that several statues of this very style were discovered in Italy about the time of the execution of the work before us,—and known, moreover, that Raffaello studied them with enthusiasm. The statue is evidently from a master-hand, which, if not that of Raffaello, leaves us at a loss rightly to name. So much, then, for its execution; and we may leave it to the reader to judge if the statue fitly represents the fretful prophet, who, failing in his own duty, was yet bitter against Nineveh.

The very marble out of which this statue was carved had a claim from long use in classic service to be wrought in a classic feeling; for it is recorded that the block had done duty during more than a thousand years as a cornice to the temple of Castor and Pollux in the Forum at Rome, from whence it fell about the time of Raffaello, to gain as it were a second life at the sculptor's hand, which can already

L. L.

A HARD STRUGGLE.*

A DOMESTIC TALE, IN ONE ACT.

BY WESTLAND MARSTON.

As performed at the Lyceum Theatre.

Persons represented.

MR. TREVOR, a rich farmer	MR. BARRETT.
REUBEN HOLT, Mr. Trevor's ward	MR. CHARLES DILLON.
FERGUS GRAHAM, a surgeon	MR. J. G. SHORE.
LILIAN TREVOR, betrothed to Reuben	MRS. CHARLES DILLON.
AMY, Mr. Trevor's orphan grandchild, aged thirteen	MISS CONQUEST.
Landlady of the Old Swan	MRS. MELVILLE.
SUSAN, Mr. Trevor's maid-servant	MISS TURTLE.

SCENE: Partly at Mr. Trevor's house in the country; partly at an inn in the neighbourhood.

SCENE I.

Drawing-room of the Grange, Mr. Trevor's house. A lawn and part of the grounds are seen through the window, which opens upon a conservatory at back of the stage.

MR. TREVOR, reading a newspaper aloud, and pronouncing many of the words incorrectly and with hesitation.

"In brief, the magnificence of the late flower-show at Up-pingham was without par-are-lel (parallel), whether we regard the exquisite specimens of hor-ti-cul-ral science themselves, or the unrivalled display of fashion and a-ris-tocracy congregated from all quarters of the—vi-nis-ity (vicinity)." Ah, that's something like style; that's real elegant language, just to my taste! 'Hor-ti-cul-tu-ral' is a capital word; so is 'par-are-lel'; so is 'vi-nis-ity.' I must make a note of 'em. [He takes out tablets: shouts of laughter are heard from the grounds; he looks through window.] What's that? Reuben and Amy again! Why, I declare he's letting her chase him up and down just as if he was a child like herself! He's as much a boy as when his poor father died and left him to my care.

REUBEN bursts in through the window; AMY catches him.

AMY (laughing). Caught! caught! I'm out of breath, Reuben, I'm out of breath! My side aches so!

REUBEN. Yes, lassie, I think that will do for one turn.

AMY. Grandpapa, it wasn't fair; he let himself be caught just to please me.

MR. TREVOR. Reuben, I'm amazed! If any of the gentry in the vi-nis-ity had seen you!

REUBEN. What then? They would have seen me making fun for a dear little girl who wanted a playmate.

MR. TREVOR. My good fellow, this will never do. I know you've many good points. You've helped me to manage the farm excellently. There's not an acre but what's made the most of, not a shed on the estate out of repair. But really you must give up these strange concentric habits. Remember that my daughter Lilian, whom I sent to Madeira for her health, comes back to us next month.

REUBEN. Ay, and well, thank God!

MR. TREVOR. That you're engaged to her. Consider that though I was at first a small farmer, we're now rising people, entitled to move in a super-incumbent sphere. You must get rid of your shyness, go into company, learn how to converse, sir. Look at me! I never meet with a gentlemanly word in a newspaper or pamphlet, but I instantly make a note of it, and add it to my concatenation.

REUBEN (cheerfully). Talk's not in my line, sir; I'm not glib at words.

MR. TREVOR. Don't say glib, there's a dear boy. You should follow gentlemanly sports—carry your rod and line, for instance.

REUBEN. What, to cheat silly fishes out of their lives with mock flies?

MR. TREVOR. Pooh! Shoot, then!

REUBEN. No; powder and shot have so much the best of a bird, there's no fair play in that.

* The acting right of this drama in London is for two years the exclusive property of Mr. Charles Dillon. The acting right in the country is the property of the Author. The right of translation is reserved.

MR. TREVOR. Well, you can hunt.

REUBEN. Hunt! What, when poor Reynard hasn't a chance; for if he gets to cover one time, he's sure to be killed the next. Hunt! Why, if it was a tiger in a jungle, and I saw death in his glaring eyes; or if it was to stalk down a desert lion—I here, he there, a strong man against a strong beast, a life against a life,—why perhaps I might take to it! But to scour after a helpless brute, doomed before he starts,—no, thank you, sir; there's no sport for me where there's no danger!

[AMY steals up to Reuben, and places her hand in his.

MR. TREVOR. Well, you can talk when you've a mind; but it's very rough, very rough! However, I must abscond now. Old Stocks wants me to take his son as groom, and I've promised him an auditory.

[He takes his hat, and goes out by window.

AMY (playfully imitating Mr. Trevor). Promised him an auditory!

REUBEN. Stop, Amy! Never mimic your grandpapa. He was your mother's father.

AMY (earnestly). I'm very sorry. Forgive me.

REUBEN. Yes, pet; but don't do it again. [Kisses her.

AMY. Indeed I won't!

REUBEN. That creeper's loose, Amy. [Takes up a hammer.] Just give me the list and the nails; we must have all tidy for Aunt Lily. [He nails up a creeper by the entrance of conservatory.] There, it's come down! I've broken it off. Clumsy fellow! what have such hands as mine to do with flowers?

AMY. You're not clumsy, although you choose to say so. Now, Reuben, shall I tell you what you always put me in mind of?

REUBEN (laughing, and throwing himself into a chair). Why a great furze-bush, that can touch nothing without tearing it.

AMY. You know better, sir. You're like the great elm-tree yonder; when I try to clasp its broad trunk, I say, "Elm-tree, how strong you are!—just like Reuben." And when I look up at its green leaves, and see the sun come through them, not fierce, but soft and gentle, I say, "Elm-tree, how kind you are!"—that's like Reuben again.

REUBEN. Nonsense, chatterbox! [She jumps on his knee.

AMY. Hush! It's of no use playing at hide-and-seek with me. I know who's gentle and good. I know who took the poor poacher-lad for a servant, and made him honest by kindness. I know who rode twenty miles through a snow-storm to get news of poor Lucy Thompson's sailor-boy. I know who has been brother and father to somebody who loves him as if he were both. [Kisses him.

REUBEN. Silence, prater! All that's rough about me is my own. [In an undertone as to himself] If there's any thing better, it's the work of another.

AMY (hearing him). And if she made you good, she ought to be pleased with her work. And so she will be. What joy to think that Aunt Lilian's coming home,—coming home well, though we thought she would die, like my own dear mother!

REUBEN. Hush, hush, dear!

AMY. O, if there could be a little window before your heart, that she could see through! For although she loves you so, still I should like her to know how very good you've grown since she went. O, if you would only talk to people, that they might know what you really are!

REUBEN. They won't know by my talking, then. I leave fine speeches to folks who write plays and stories and such-like trash.

AMY (drawing from his coat-pocket a rather worn volume). And so, sir, you hide your trash there! How often have I caught you reading it! It's the very story Aunt Lilian used to tell me. I never quite liked it, though. The people were so naughty to each other at last, though they'd been little man and wife from children, just like you and Aunt Lilian. O, see! here's the postman coming up the walk. Let me run and see what he's got.

Reuben. Off she goes, then. [*He kisses her; Amy runs out. He takes up the book, and gazes on the title-page.*] *Lilian Trevor!*—Her own dear name, written by herself,—so light, so delicate, it seems like looking at her. I wonder at times that she could ever love a coarse awkward fellow like me. I suppose it was being used to me. We lived in this house together when we wore pinafores. To think that next month she'll be here!

Amy (*bursting into the room with a letter*). It's for you; guess from whom. It ought to have been here before. See, it's marked "too late!"

[*Reuben takes the letter, and remains looking at the address.*]

Amy (*clapping her hands impatiently*). Do open it, there's a dear!

Reuben. From her! why, she ought now to be at sea. If it should be to say that she's not coming,—that she's again ill! [*He compares the direction with the handwriting in the book.*] See how trembling the handwriting looks beside this. She is ill! [*He opens the letter with an effort, and reads*]

"Southampton, Tuesday.

My very dear Reuben,—This date will surprise you; I myself can hardly believe that I am once more in England. I met with an unlooked-for chance of leaving Madeira; and I know that neither my dear father, yourself, nor my little Amy will be sorry to see me sooner than you expected.

I am a little tired with my journey; but do not suppose I am ill. To-morrow I take the rail home, and shall be with you by noon. God bless you all. Your ever affectionate

LILIAN TREVOR."

What can it mean? *Southampton!—Tuesday!*—the words ring like bells in my ears; but I can't catch the sense. [*Glancing again over the letter.*] *Southampton,—Tuesday,—an unlooked-for chance of leaving Madeira,—the rail home,—be with you by noon!* [*He stands silent; then turns suddenly, and catches Amy's arm.*] This is you, Amy?

Amy. Of course it is, dear. How happy we shall be!

Reuben. That's right. I ask; you answer. There's the hammer on the floor, and the list I was nailing round the plants. It's all real! And so she's— [*Pausing.*]

Amy. Coming home.

Reuben. When?

Amy. She wrote on Tuesday,—yesterday. Why it must be to-day!

Reuben. Coming home to-day! Bless you for saying it! I know it now; but till you said so I couldn't take it in. And by noon! [*Looks at the letter, then at his watch.*] Why it's near noon already.

Amy. Well, let's tell grandpapa, and go to the station to meet her.

Reuben. Yes, yes. Let me tell him, though. Run and get your hat. [*She goes out.*] At noon to-day! O, shame on me; I'm almost afraid to see her! It will be the old tale when she comes back; I sha'n't have a word to say for myself.

Enter MR. TREVOR with a letter.

Mr. Trevor. Reuben, I must beg your attention. I've just received a most consequential letter.

Reuben. So have I, sir.

Mr. Trevor. We'll talk of yours by and by. Mine is about the family pedagogue, and therefore the most important.

Reuben. Ha, ha! You think so?

Mr. Trevor. Yes; it's on matters connected with our family.

Reuben. So is mine.

Mr. Trevor. Reuben, I mean the old family-tree.

Reuben. Well, I mean a branch of it.

Mr. Trevor. Indeed; I've distinct information as to two of my missing pro—pro—What's the word? [*Refers to the letter.*] O, about two of my missing progenitors.

Reuben. And I've distinct information as to one of your missing progeny.

Mr. Trevor. Progenitors, sir; they write it so at the Heralds' College.

Reuben. Confound the Heralds' College! Forgive me, sir; I speak of the living, not of the dead!

Mr. Trevor. Calm yourself; a gentleman should never be incitable.

Reuben. A man may be, though. Mr. Trevor, father,—ay, let me say father,—she's coming; she's in England!

Mr. Trevor. She! Who?

Reuben. Read, read!

[*He thrusts Lilian's letter into Mr. Trevor's hand.*]

Mr. Trevor (*reading*). What, from Lilian! Lilian back again!—at noon! Why, that means noon to-day! What, my own precious girl! Thou'rt right, lad; thy news was best;—worth a bushel of mine! Hang the Heralds' College! [*Casts his own letter away, slaps Reuben heartily on the shoulder.*] Come, look alive; let's be off to the station! Thou can ride the bay cob, and I'll drive the mare. Dang it, come along, come along! I'm not safe i' the house, I tell thee; I shall go up to the ceiling like a champagne-cork!

[*Whirling Reuben to the window.*]

Reuben (*laughing*). O, but you know a gentleman's never excited!

Mr. Trevor. Why, here's Amy ready! [*Enter Amy attired for a drive.*] And what do I see? Why, Reuben, we're too late! Here comes a fly bowling up the drive,—a fly with luggage on the roof.

Reuben (*retreating a few steps*). So soon!

Mr. Trevor. Why, man, what art thou skulking to rear for in that way? Come out, and welcome her. Hark! the fly's stopped. Lily, my own Lily! [*He rushes out.*]

Amy. Come, Reuben.

[*Attempts to drag him out.*]

Reuben. Leave me to myself a bit.

Amy. No, I sha'n't.

Re-enter MR. TREVOR with LILIAN.

Mr. Trevor. Here she is, here she is; blessings on her!

[*Embracing her.*]

Lilian. Dear, dear father! Reuben!

[*Reuben takes her hand between both of his and kisses it.*]

Mr. Trevor. Her lips, her lips, boy! Thou won't?

Lilian. Then Amy must give me a double one.

Amy. That she will, dear Aunt Lily. Now I'm mistress; sit down. [*She takes Lilian's shawl and bonnet.*]

Reuben (*placing a footstool*). And thou'rt well, quite well, Lilian?

Mr. Trevor. Well! to be sure she is. Now if we only had her brother back from America!

Lilian. What news of Fred?

Mr. Trevor. All right and hearty. Fred will be here by winter. But I did expect, lass, thou would have brought back a pair of rosier cheeks.

Lilian (*after a short pause, and speaking with sudden animation*). Rosy cheeks, indeed! What does my father take me for, Amy? What does he expect of a young lady after a long sea-voyage, a night made sleepless by the thought of seeing you all, and eighty miles travelling by express? Isn't it hard, that when I thought to surprise him by my strength, he should scold me for not blooming like a peony? [*She rises, seizes Mr. Trevor's hands, and playfully swings them together; then turns to Reuben with a sort of impetuous gaiety.*] And what do you think of me, Reuben?

Reuben. What do I think of you? Why you must know pretty well by this time. No; perhaps you don't [*getting confused*]; that is, nobody knows—I mean—Pshaw!

Mr. Trevor. Well, and our kind friends at Madeira, who took charge of thee—the Maxwells? Thou left 'em all tidy, eh? And the young surgeon, Fergus Graham, who attended thee on the passage out when thou caught the fever with the rest. A brave fellow that!—he seems to have cared neither for his sleep nor his life.

Reuben. Ay, tell us of Fergus Graham.

[Lilian sinks into a chair.

Mr. Trevor. Why, what ails thee?

Reuben (alarmed). Lilian!

Lilian (rallying, with a forced laugh). You make me quite ashamed. It was but a thought.

Mr. Trevor. Ay, of her past danger. What an old fool I was to put her in mind of it! Why, Amy, we're all forgetting that your aunty's nearly famished. Run and order luncheon. [Amy runs out.

Lilian. No, indeed I'm not hungry; only a little tired.

Mr. Trevor. Come, then, Reuben, let's leave her to herself for half an hour. She'll have her little nick-nacks to settle, and such-like. [With a return to his pompous manner.] Remain here, love, while I send your maid to conduct you to your own apartment. She's an excellent well-meaning sort of young woman; but I mean to engage for you a regular ed-u-cated French feminine-de-chamber straight from Paris,—a Frenchwoman who talks French! By, by, love; by, by, love! [Kisses his hand to her, and goes out.

Reuben. Don't tire yourself, Lilian; please don't. Don't come down to lunch if it's too much for you.

Lilian. Thoughtful for me as ever, dear Reuben.

[She holds out her hand; Reuben again kisses it.

Reuben (aside). I'm not good enough for her; I know I'm not. [He hastily follows Mr. Trevor out.

Lilian (who looks fixedly after them, then catches at a chair as if for support). They are gone, gone at last! O, that I should ever feel it a relief for my father—for Reuben—to leave me, so good, so loving as they are! [A pause.] O, if I could be already old and torpid! If the hours would but pass over me as over yon dial that tells, but does not feel, the flight of time! Or if my own mother had lived, and I could have told her my struggle! O, shame, shame! Is this my firmness? Let me reflect that I am Reuben's betrothed—that I became so by my own will—that I had strength to fly from those fatal shores while there was yet time. Yes, Heaven help me, and I shall conquer!

Enter SUSAN.

Susan. A gentleman has called, ma'am. I think he be a stranger in these parts; but he's very pressing to see you.

Lilian. Indeed!

Susan. It's most likely some one from the railway-station; for all your luggage ain't up yet, and he asked particler if you was come home.

Lilian. I dare say you're right. Let him come in.

Susan. Yes, ma'am. [She goes out, and immediately returns.] The gentleman, ma'am. [She goes out.

Enter FERGUS GRAHAM.

Fergus. An old friend.

Lilian. Fergus! Mr. Graham!

Fergus. My presence here is indeed sudden, perhaps abrupt, dear Miss Trevor; but let me hope not quite unwelcome. [Taking her hand.

Lilian (commanding herself). A friend to whom I owe so much can never be unwelcome. [She motions him to a chair, and takes one herself.] But I was, as you may judge, unprepared for this pleasure.

Fergus. It was only a few days since that I learned in Paris of your sudden departure from Madeira. I had looked forward, as you know, to find you still there on my return. Hearing that you had by this time probably reached England, I could not resist the impulse to see you—to see you in your home.

Lilian. It was a kind and friendly impulse.

Fergus. Friendly! Yes. And yet that word poorly describes it. Friendly applies to acts that consult the happiness of another; mine involved my own—all, all, Lilian, that I have at stake in life.

Lilian. Nay, life has so many stakes, at least for men.

Fergus (drawing his chair towards her). Can you misin-

terpret me? You know that in Madeira I was privileged to enter the house where you dwelt as if I had been of the family. You have not forgotten those morning walks when our common love of nature was a tie between us; when I bent over you as you sketched some bold headland, or caught some rare effect of sea and sky; or the nights when you were my scholar, and we read together some poet of our dear England, or some lay of Italy?

Lilian. No, Fergus, I have not forgotten how kindly you taught me—how you enriched the life that you had first saved.

Fergus. Our tastes were one, our sympathies one. At times I dared to hope our hearts also. Yet I trembled to speak. Then business called me from Madeira to France. She shall know all, I thought, on my return. You quitted Madeira suddenly. When I heard of it,—heard that you might already be in England,—I left Paris at once. And now I am here—here to say—ah, do you not divine what?—Lilian, I love you!

Lilian. Fergus, you have spoken! I have ever, must ever honour and value you; but those words part us.

Fergus. Part us! Has hope, then, so deceived me? May not a time come?

Lilian. Never! If, indeed, you care for me, leave—leave me at once.

Fergus. Pause, Lilian; those brief words of yours strike at a life's dream. Weigh them well. If it must be, I accept my fate. You do not, then, cannot love me?

Lilian (rising). Go, go! I—can never—be yours.

Fergus. Because you do not love me? [A pause.] Ah, you do not say that!

Lilian. Leave me, I say, at once, unless you would bring a curse upon the life that you preserved.

Fergus. One word first. You tremble; this vehemence is not indifference. Say either that you cannot love me; or if there be any barrier that you may not yet speak of,—one that time, however long, may remove,—tell me, and I will wait, wait even till years have blanched my hair and sapped my strength, changed me in all except what cannot change, my abiding quenchless love.

[He throws himself at her feet, and seizes her hand.

Here Amy appears at the entrance of the conservatory.

Lilian (almost fiercely). Begone, sir! I am not at confession. When a woman does not admit her love, I presume that she denies it. Release my hand—leave me!—I command you!

[Breaking away from him. Amy retires.

Fergus (rising, and speaking with mournful dignity). I obey you. You have spoken now. The friend, Lilian, may still think of you, though the lover dares not. Bless you! [Aside, as she stands with her face averted.] What not even a look! Farewell, farewell!

[He takes up a light travelling-coat, and goes out slowly.

Lilian. He goes—goes without one kind word! Repulsed so fiercely, how heartless must he think me! He will return to the scenes where we were happy friends. We shall meet no more. That might be borne—should be. But that I should never cross his memory except as an image of pain and ingratitude, that I should lose all place in his esteem,—O, 'tis bitter, bitter! He will never know what I stifle here. Years will roll on, death will come, and even then he will never—never—

[She totters, and is on the point of falling. Reuben enters by the window; with a cry she throws herself into his arms.

Reuben. Lilian, dear Lilian! Why, what is this? Speak to me, my own, my darling! She has fainted—she must have air. Help, help! [He bears her out.

Enter MR. TREVOR from an inner apartment, meeting AMY, who emerges from the conservatory.

Mr. Trevor. What cry was that? It threw me into a state of positive conjuration!

Amy. Don't be frightened, grandpapa. I hope aunty will soon be better.

Mr. Trevor. Better!

Amy. Something happened to vex her. I saw it by chance, and—

Mr. Trevor. Where is she? Where is Reuben?

Amy. With her; he took her into the garden. O, pray don't go, dear grandpapa; the sight of you might be too much for her!

Mr. Trevor. Why, how you cling to me, child! and you're shaking like a leaf. What has happened?

Amy. O, nothing very bad; nothing that I quite understand.

Mr. Trevor. What did you see?

Amy. Aunt Lilian will tell you; but not now, dear grandpapa,—don't ask her now.

Mr. Trevor. You'll drive me out of my senses. Let me go!

Amy. Nay, look; here is Reuben!

Re-enter REUBEN.

Reuben. Lilian's better now, sir; the air did her good. I left her with Susan, who will take her to her room. She begged me to tell you that she was but over-tired, and should soon be herself.

Mr. Trevor. That's well. She's had enough to overset her. But Amy spoke of some accident. What did you see, Amy?

Amy. It was so strange! I'm afraid to say.

Reuben (patting her head encouragingly). Amy will tell me, if she ever loved Reuben.

Amy. Then I think aunty has had a fright.

Reuben. A fright!

Amy. I was in the conservatory, and had pulled a nose-gay for her. I was just coming into the room, when—

Reuben. Yes; go on, love.

Amy. I saw a gentleman,—a stranger. Aunt Lilian was ordering him to leave the house; so I suppose he had done something wrong.

Reuben (repressing Mr. Trevor, who attempted to speak). So—well?

Amy. But he wouldn't go,—not then. He threw himself on his knees, and grasped her hand—O, so tight! I suppose it was that that hurt her. I went back again, for I didn't like her to see me; but I just saw her look very angry, and tear herself away from him. She again ordered him to leave her, and spoke so!—O, I never heard her angry before. Then I heard him go up the walk, and your voice, Reuben, and what you said when you came in, and that's all that I know.

Reuben. He dared to insult her?

Amy. I'm afraid so: else why did she speak so loud?

Mr. Trevor. The pertinacious rascal!

Reuben. Leave him to me, sir. This man, Amy; what did he look like?

Amy. Why, like a young man. He didn't look wicked, though I'm afraid he was.

Reuben. Young, you say?

Amy. Yes.

Reuben. What height?

Amy. About yours, but slenderer.

Reuben. What did he wear?

Amy. Nothing particular. O, I saw his light overcoat on a chair!

Reuben. The very man I met in the avenue; he had such a coat on his arm. That's enough!

[Seizes his hat and riding-whip.]

Amy. Stay, Reuben! You'll not hurt him?

Reuben. Let me but catch him.

Amy (intercepting him). You know how often, when I was naughty, you said, "Treat her gently, and she'll mend." Ah, treat him gently! Besides, Aunt Lilian's better.

Reuben (muttering to himself). He dared to insult her!

Mr. Trevor (seizing Reuben's arm). Yes; Lilian's better. Don't thrash him, Reuben; that's low. What if he should be one of those dashing young sparks from London on a visit in the neighbourhood? If so, you might call him out, my boy. A duel would set the family on its legs. It's perfectly gentlemanly, quite illegitimate, and not at all dangerous.

Reuben (disregarding him). He turned to the right. He would get out through the copse by the oat-field into the Uppingham Road. Ay, that's the scent; now for the chase!

[He breaks from Mr. Trevor, and darts at full speed down the walk.]

Mr. Trevor (disconsolately). Come, Amy! Let's hear Susan's news of your aunt. *[To himself]* As for that boy, he has no grand sentiments; he suffers from a complete vac—vaccination of gentlemanly ideas, and will do nothing to extirpate the family honour! But he has a good heart,—a good heart; so I suppose I must be intolerable to him. Come, Amy!

[He leads her out by door at right.]

[To be concluded in our next.]

A VERY OLD ART.

THE art of the mosaic-worker, which aims at producing the effects of painting by means of bits of different substances, of various shape, size, and colour, imbedded in stucco, and forming by their juxtaposition the patterns to be represented, is exceedingly ancient, having flourished successively in Assyria, Persia, Egypt, and Greece. From the latter country it was introduced, in the time of Sylla, into Rome, where it took root rapidly, and whence it spread throughout Italy and the remotest provinces of the empire.

In Persia, the mosaists at first employed cubes of two colours only; but as they gradually enlarged their stock of materials, they began to imitate the designs and colours of their richest tissues, substituting cubes of the rarest and most beautiful marbles in place of those of bricks and other inferior substances they had formerly employed.

It was among the Greeks that the *lithostroton*, or mosaic composed of cubes of various colours, but of equal dimensions, forming a simple pattern repeated at regular intervals, and principally employed in paving the interiors of public and private edifices, was first modified by the substitution of pieces of various shape and size, determined by the exigences of the subject to be represented. This innovation, spoken of by Pliny as *genus pavimenti Græcicani*, and known in Italy at the present day as *lavoro a composto*, constitutes a species of inlaying similar to the modern marquetry, but composed of stone instead of wood.

The mosaic art was subsequently still farther modified by the employment of fragments of marble of irregular shape, but exceedingly minute. In this species of mosaic, called *opus vermiculatum*, the fragments of marble were mixed into a sort of stucco, forming a coloured paste, which was employed in the production of patterns in relief, disposed over a wooden surface in the same manner as the cubes employed in the primitive mosaic. The minuteness of the fragments thus employed affording additional facilities for the representation of subjects offering a great variety of outline, the innovation was rapidly adopted; and the mosaists now began to attempt the representation of a higher order of subjects—geometrical figures, animals, flowers, and mythological and historical personages and scenes. Mosaic pictures became the rage in Rome; emperors and patricians set the fashion, and the provincials followed in their steps. The Roman mosaists, to obviate the dullness of the colours hitherto employed, had recourse to the use of the most costly jewels; the introduction of emeralds, turquoises, agates, cornelians, onyx, jaspers, and other precious stones, imparting to their productions a brilliance of tone never before attained.

But the increased cost of the mosaic pictures conse-

quent on the employment of these expensive materials exercising an injurious influence on their sale, the mosaists now turned their attention to the discovery of some other substances that should be equally brilliant in tone but less costly.

This desideratum was at length supplied by the Greeks, who were the first to make use of coloured glass in the production of mosaics. The works executed in this new material were remarkable for their richness of tone, clearness of design, and delicacy of finish; and this species of mosaic was thenceforth employed, not only for the pavements and domes of edifices, but also for the adornment of their walls and pillars, and even of articles of furniture.

The use of glass in mosaic became general in the reign of Constantine, and was introduced under his auspices into Byzantium; it spread thence throughout the Eastern empire, in which it remained in honour until the invasion of the Turks. The Byzantine mosaists introduced many important improvements into the art; among others, that of covering minute cubes of marble with a layer of glass, under which they introduced gold and silver leaf; a proceeding from which the art of enamelling took its rise.

But neither the conquering Turks nor the iconoclasts of the sixteenth century respected the mosaists or their works. Banished from Constantinople, the art took refuge in Venice, where its first efforts were employed in the decoration of the famous church of St. Mark, and whence it was disseminated throughout Italy, flourishing especially in Florence and in Rome, where it was encouraged by the popes.

The age of Leo X. was fertile in works of mosaic, which were equally in demand for pictures and for floorings. As early as the tenth century, the pavements of churches were frequently of stones of various colours, representing legendary or biblical subjects. The succeeding century witnessed the creation of many beautiful works of this nature, not only in Italy, but also in France; where the pavement of the cathedral of Rheims, executed by Guyon Wide, in small pieces of jasper, porphyry, and marble, painted and enamelled, and representing in its several compartments the Twelve Apostles, Seven Arts, Four Seasons, and Twelve Months of the Year; and that of the church of St. Philippe at Tournai, representing the Twelve Signs of the Zodiac, and other subjects,—still challenge admiration, and invite the attention of the lovers of the art. It was not, however, until the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries that mosaic floors came largely into use, under the name of "Venetian pavements," from the development which this artistic industry had attained in Venice. At a later period, Napoleon I., under the influence of Guingonné, attempted to found a school of mosaic in France; and for that purpose invited into that country several skilful mosaic-workers of Venice, at whose head he placed a distinguished artist, Belloni, the successful restorer of the mosaics in the museum of Lyons. But it was found impossible to produce mosaics except at a price so much higher than that of the ignoble floorings of brick and stone in vogue in that country, that the attempt to induce the French to substitute the former for the latter was unsuccessful; and although supported by the patronage of the government, the enterprise languished, and was at length abandoned.

The inevitable costliness of this species of work, as formerly carried on, appears to have been the determining cause of the decline of the mosaic art at various periods. Marble, granite, serpentine, jasper, porphyry, agates, aventurines, malachite, chalcedony, and other equally expensive substances, formed the staple materials of the old mosaists of Greece and Italy; materials whose original costliness was enormously enhanced by the amount of skilled and delicate manual labour required for cutting them into the minute cubes, of which at least five thousand were employed in every square yard of pictorial surface. Besides this, the design to be reproduced had to be notched out, to the depth of about half an inch, in the slab of marble which formed the basis of the work, the cubes being then placed in the

hollows thus formed, and fixed by a stucco composed of lime and marble-dust; after which the surface of the mosaic was polished with sandstone.

It is evident that the results of so complicated and costly a process could only be obtained at a price which necessarily restricted their application to the embellishment of public monuments, the palaces of sovereigns, and the mansions of opulent patricians. And although the substitution of cubes of coloured glass by the Byzantine artists, as already mentioned, enabled the mosaists of Greece and Italy to effect a considerable reduction in the cost of their work, while producing compositions which they regarded as their finest and most precious *chefs-d'œuvre*, this reduction was not sufficient to bring them within reach of any but the wealthier portion of the community.

An attempt to bring this beautiful branch of ornament within the scope of ordinary purses, as far at least as its adaptation to pavements and floors is concerned, is now being made in the neighbourhood of Vaucluse; where the discovery of an extensive bed of argillaceous ochre—whose various strata offer a great variety of colour, while the clay is found to be susceptible of indefinite modification of hue and shade by the admixture of colouring matters, and of acquiring in the kiln a degree of hardness so great that bricks made of it, when rubbed against silex, scratch the silex, while preserving their own surface intact—has led to the establishment of works for the manufacture of mosaics. In this factory the clay, masses of which have been previously coloured to every variety of hue, is kneaded to the proper consistency, and moulded by steam machinery into cubes, which are then baked in a kiln. These cubes, which are thus produced with the greatest rapidity, and with a precision of form and identity of size such as could never be obtained by the chisel of the old lapidaries, and so hard that they cannot be broken with a hammer, are then packed for use in separate receptacles, each shade by itself. Each shade of colour, moreover, is distinguished by its own number, which is repeated on the bottom of the cubes; so that the workman has only to place, upon a basis prepared for the operation, the cubes indicated by the numbering of the squares in the pattern before him. In this method of working, the numbered end of the cubes is uppermost; the surface which will eventually court the eye being underneath. The cubes being tapered off in the mould, so as to be narrower at their numbered end, the surface which is uppermost under the workman's hand presents a succession of interstitial rectangular lines intersecting one another over its whole extent; and these interstices, on the completion of the design, are filled with a fluid bituminous cement which connects the cubes together, and which, becoming excessively hard as it cools, converts them into a solid mass, whose component parts adhere together with a force of cohesion that resists all efforts to disunite them. The slabs of mosaic thus completed by the hardening of the cement—the ingredients of which are varied according to the temperature of the locality to which the mosaic is destined—are removed from the frame, packed, and forwarded to their destination, where they are laid down upon a bed of cement.

Mosaic-pictures of any size or style, and whose beauty depends simply on the genius of the artist who created the picture which has served as its pattern, which can never fade, and which, being too hard to be scratched or chipped, bid fair to last for an indefinite length of time, may thus be procured at the comparatively trifling cost of about a guinea the square yard; while designs composed of a repetition of geometrical figures, and executed in blocks of a larger size and a limited number of colours, and producing something of the effect of ordinary oil-cloth, but as impermeable to damp and as indestructible as the more elaborate pictorial mosaics, are to be had at various prices down to about seven shillings the square yard.

It would seem to be not improbable, therefore, that the art of the mosaic-worker may be destined once more to

revive and flourish; and, beautiful and effective as this mode of pictorial embellishment may undoubtedly be made, the ingenious method of production just described bringing it for the first time within the range of popular sympathy, may perhaps give to this immemorial branch of artistic industry a permanent footing in the architecture of modern days.

A. B.

THE BEAUTIFUL IN NATURE, ART, AND LIFE.*

THIS is an ambitious book; but it is also what ambitious books seldom are—modest in its tone and moderate in its theses. It is the attempt of an earnest thinker, and a diligent student of other men's written thoughts, to throw light upon various questions which in one form or another have ever been, and probably will ever be, among the favourite speculations of the philosophers—the choicest arguments of the schools.

It is even questionable if it would be well to have such problems as these solved, could they be so once and for aye. Humanity, in its relations to the unknown and the infinite, is something like the birds which sing sweetest when they are blinded from the light. Amid the mists of doubt we grope sentimentally, and perceive more perhaps because we can see nothing. And the history of mankind teaches us that we need have little fear of being deprived of this favourable condition of uncertainty. All the volumes that have been written and spoken on certain great themes, whereof those treated in the present volumes form part,—what have they done towards establishing any fixed theory, any reliable standard of authority, by which the men coming after might be content to abide? Nothing. The same points are vexed to-day which agitated men's minds in centuries gone by, and still we seem to be no nearer their resolution. Our conceptions of abstract things are not to be tutored by exoteric influences. Each human soul, even as each human body, must live its own life, breathe air and receive light for itself, and by itself. But the student of these mysteries grows praiseful and loving and humble, if he contemplate aright even that which he can never hope to solve. Even so, the blades of grass, which baffle the botanist with the fathomless perplexities of their variations, may be sometimes to the ignorant in science, as to the learned, very spears of light to rend the heavens and reveal the divinity beyond. It is not for us to say what we will be taught, and how.

Mr. Symington does well, then, we think, in offering his book "as an aid towards self-culture, which is the highest species of education." The finest essay that could be written upon so vast a subject would, as we have said, do little or nothing towards settling the questions it arouses. We may add, that it might easily contribute much less than these volumes to the assistance of those who study such questions in the right spirit,—less with the ambition and expectation of discovering great things, and attaining any special gain when all is learned that can be learned, than for the sweet sake of the study itself, and the elevating and purifying influence that radiates therefrom. In the same way, it often happens that in our travels thither, we see more, receive more, and achieve more, than at the actual goal of our journey.

The writer of this book is earnestly and wisely impressed with the necessity of ordering and systematising any course of study. He quotes John Foster's admirable saying: "Polished steel will not shine in the dark; no more can reason, however refined, shine efficaciously but as it reflects the light of divine truth shed from heaven."

"This truth recognised (Mr. Symington goes on to say) as the basis of all education, order or method is then of next importance to progress. There are certain outlines and courses of study with which all should first be acquainted, into whatever paths, professional or non-professional, they may afterwards di-

* *The Beautiful in Nature, Art, and Life.* By A. J. Symington. London: Longman and Co. 1857.

verge. A single province may be the study of a lifetime; but one thing well known implies a feeling of its relation to the whole, and this is best acquired by such a preliminary course. . . . If we would read to advantage, we must read systematically; group our subjects with a view to bind up our gleanings in sheaves. We ought to lay down a main trunk-line, as it were, in a given direction, whatever that be, and from it all the branches may run. . . . Furnished with Heaven's safety-lamp, and with such a plan once clearly laid down in our own minds, however varied our reading may be, we acquire the habit of analysing and arranging it. The form which a work may then assume is of less moment,—be it sermon, drama, novel, or history,—so that it be pervaded by sterling thought adequately expressed, and have a high and consecrated aim."

We may gather from these volumes how extensive the author's own reading has been, and how varied. Simply considered as a collocation of authorities on the various subjects embraced by the title, Mr. Symington's book claims critical respect and approval. He has studied industriously, he has gleaned with discrimination, and has classified and arranged his materials with taste and judgment. He has made the way easier for the students who come after him; also, he has made it attractive for those who need additional attraction thereto. His quotations are rich and abundant—Plato and Ruskin, Bacon and De Quincy, Fuller, Goethe, Sir Humphrey Davy, Hooker, Hare, Shelley, Izaak Walton, Humboldt, Comte, Jeremy Taylor: this seemingly incongruous constellation of great names only fairly represents the catholic spirit of his eclecticism. Nor, since genuine enthusiasm must always bear its own immunity from blame, can we seriously quarrel with the fervour which has led him occasionally to make excerpts from pages already dear and familiar to the ordinary reader. Few among us of the nineteenth century can need more than to be reminded of such household words as many of those here reprinted from Shakspeare and Milton.

Were we to follow Mr. Symington step by step, touching on every topic he touches, we should find ample occasion for argument. So, much that he lays down regarding poetry, painting, sculpture, and music, we can by no means consent to subscribe. But since, according to our theory, discussion concerning such questions is simply impotent towards establishing any definite conclusion thereanent, we may be content to waive it, and pass on instead to passages where we can cordially coincide with the author from whom we quote. As, for instance, this, regarding that much-vexed point,—the appreciation of art,—

"It is sometimes remarked with an air of splenetic triumph, in reference to men such as Ulrici or Ruskin, that enthusiastic critics frequently make out many more beauties and meanings in a work than the poet or artist ever intended or dreamt of; as if this were not the highest possible commendation of any work,—the crowning proof of its genius,—that, true to nature, like Nature herself, it is capable of yielding an infinitude of meanings; the occult and relative being involved in the obvious, whether put there consciously or unconsciously on the part of the artist: so that they actually be there, they are enjoyed by all who are gifted to perceive them. A true note struck, its harmonic chords may be heard, but only by the sensitive ear. This Plato may have had in his mind when he wrote, 'All poetry is by its nature enigmatical, and not for every one to unriddle.'

When a man says he understands Shakspeare, but can make nothing of Wordsworth or Tennyson, he ought rather to have said that there are things in Shakspeare which he can understand; for Shakspeare, in his universality, along with higher and more peculiar qualities, at the same time possesses in perfection all those essential elements of popularity to be found in other authors, bringing for every order of mind just as much as it is fitted to receive, or capable of understanding.

Dark at all times, where ignorance presumptuously sits in the chair of the scorner, and would lead, it then becomes only the more perceptible by its raying out a yet deeper darkness,—a darkness that can be felt. 'Give me,' said Fletcher of Saltoun, 'the making of a nation's songs, and I will leave to others the making of its laws;' thus evincing a profound knowledge of human nature, which in this respect has been the same in every age. The world in general, however, seldom knows much about its greatest benefactors till they have finished their work and passed away. The short-sighted and worldly-wise, standing complacently on a different level, grievously and most piteously for

themselves, misjudge distances and heights; what they do not understand is not worthy of being understood,—is quite beneath them; all that is most noble and godlike in man is gauged only by their own littleness; and contempt, which in such cases is closely allied to ignorance, is ever ready gratuitously to offer its services. How often, alas, they seek to enter and profane the sanctuary who enter not into the congregation! Fools, be it observed, are ever quick-sighted to detect any thing in a wise man bearing the slightest resemblance to themselves, and violently denounce it as inconsistent with much to which they in their platitudes make no pretensions. . . . There are many who, in their narrow views of the practical, as Hare as elsewhere said, 'would think the sun a very useful creature if he would come down from the sky and light their fires.' He who thus worships self and mammon

'Has neither eyes nor ears,—
Himself his world, and his own God';

the beauty and harmony of the universe are entirely overlooked. His own littleness being the sole criterion of excellence, he either altogether undervalues or despises intellectual pursuits, especially the vocation of the poet; or, in cases where their high importance cannot wholly be denied,—having perchance in some faint degree loomed even through his dull be-fogged apprehensions,—he has another resource left when driven from every other ground: still keeping by the same criterion, he will not fail to assert that vanity is the chief motive power in those who are the pioneers of progress and the benefactors of the human race."

A great truth, fundamental in all art, is here recognised as applied to music:

"Imitation is not the province of music, and is rarely introduced by the great masters. Music cannot, as it were, photograph a landscape, or present a definite narrative; but it does more. It can excite or suggest the same or similar resultant feelings of the mind of the sensitive hearer by means of a deeper and more direct sympathy:

'The glory of the sum of things
Will flash along the chords and go!'

It can in this way rouse, thrill, calm, and soothe; interest, keep in suspense, satisfy; give shape to longing hopes and fears, and even shadow forth that future where joy shall be shadowless."

Mr. Symington earnestly argues for that which many of the best men of our day are bravely striving to attain for their humbler brethren—education in art, namely, superadded to other education, and open to the community at large, "art-galleries, museums, botanic and zoological gardens, and the people afforded opportunities of hearing and becoming familiar with the music of the great masters." And further on, he well says,

"Such movements in the direction of thorough education once fairly started, we may in time reasonably hope to leaven the masses with a genuine and intelligent appreciation of art; while from the additional thousands subjected to its influence, and thus afforded opportunities of evolving what powers they may possess, will be winnowed the artists, teachers, and professors of the future; and will also spring that general taste which calls for and appreciates excellence in the various departments, from the highest efforts of genius to a wall-paper or an article of dress. There will then be fewer complaints from intelligent manufacturers that they require to furnish articles which will sell in quantity instead of what they themselves know to be in better taste; and, on the other hand, from purchasers, that they are compelled to make their selections from articles submitted, not because of liking them, but from their being the best to be had. Manufacturers and the public thus mutually act and react on each other, neither being entirely to blame. Art-education will reach and ultimately benefit both."

In conclusion, we can promise our readers that they will find abundant interest, information, and profitable food for thought in Mr. Symington's volumes. That the work has been a labour of love to the author, it is very easy to perceive. But it sometimes happens that this fact does not guarantee the reader against his labour being one of pain and difficulty. With regard to the writing of many books, we fear it must be confessed that love's labour is more frequently lost than won. In the present case, it is pleasant to have the assurance that the working at it must have been an earnestly felt and central fact in the writer's life; better still to believe that it was no vain toil, and will be no mere profitless pleasure to all who shall read the book.

WESTLAND MARSTON.

WE this week add the portrait of Mr. Westland Marston to our gallery of distinguished individuals, and gladly take the opportunity of expressing our high sense of the services he rendered to the NATIONAL MAGAZINE in his editorial capacity, the responsibilities of which he resigned in September last, and our gratification at still retaining him as one of our most valued contributors. The portrait is peculiarly appropriate this week, when we give the first portion of a new drama which he has kindly placed in our hands for publication. The accompanying notice must be at best brief and incomplete, since a full analysis of a writer so extensively known would be here at once superfluous and impossible; and to expatiate upon any author's personality during his lifetime is always unwarrantable. We shall give, therefore, the merest outline of a career, of which nearly all data allowably attainable are already before the public, and which, begun much earlier than that of most, can hardly be said to have as yet reached its climax.

Born at Boston, Lincolnshire; entering on London life alone when little more than a schoolboy; assuming early the happy cares of husband and father; and soon afterwards meeting the first success, which still adds to his name its usual appendage, "Author of the Patrician's Daughter,"—these are the only personal facts that we need chronicle of John Westland Marston. In our notice of his writings, which, popular as they have been, are, we trust, still to be regarded more as indications than full exponents of the author's matured power, this first sudden, almost precocious, success should have deserved precedence.

The *Patrician's Daughter* was a remarkable feature in the drama of its day; attaining at once its present position on the stage, which it has maintained for seventeen years. It caught the public fancy by the one great attraction—originality. It dared to seize this modern age, and present it, not strutting about in the solemn *cothurni* of dead centuries, but fresh and warm with the living passions and interests of to-day. It gave, idealised indeed,—perhaps over-idealised, with a youthful redundancy of imagery and lengthiness of style,—but still in substance, the very "form and fashion of the time." Art may sometimes command success—nature always does. Therefore, so long as our free England boasts Edgar Mordaunts to prove that the honest blood of hard-handed labour, having risen to a fair level, is fit to mate with the bluest blood in the land, so long will audiences applaud this hero's self-torturing blind vengeance, which he persuades himself is righteous retribution for a general wrong,—so long will tears be shed, not unwholesomely or sentimentally, over proud Lady Mabel's too cruel humiliation and too late love.

In this play was struck also a key-note which has vibrated through all Mr. Marston's works. In them we find the expression of what may be termed emphatically the Christian drama. There, alike in opposition to the grand paganism of the Greek plays, and the shallow clap-traps of the post-Shakspearean stage, stand pre-eminent the Christian code of morality, the divine self-abnegations of Christian heroism, and, indicated without profanity even at the very foot-lights, not seldom the sublime consolations of Christian faith. Witness, for instance, the last scene of *The Patrician's Daughter*, where the dying Mabel spends her latest breath in reconciling her father and her lover, with what the latter terms, in his agony of remorse, "the vengeance of forgiveness;" and parting from both, ends the play with the simple words, never to be forgotten by any who have heard Miss Helen Faucit's exquisite rendering of them,

"I am happy—very happy!"

In *Gerald, and other Poems*, which followed this first successful play, the same spirit is even more strongly visible. Though in point of literary merit very imperfect, there is a pathetic freshness and tenderness of thought



*Yours always sincerely,
Westland Marston*

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about this early volume that makes the heart turn special pleader against the judgment.

The Heart and the World transgressed the canons of dramatic art too much for success; but Mr. Marston's next play attained it in double measure. For action, interest, a certain noble unity of design, and artistic simplicity of execution, *Strathmore* may rank, not only as the best of its author's works, but as one of the finest productions of the modern drama. So widely has it been criticised, as well as acted, that to dilate on its plot seems needless. We will only point attention to its leading idea, which is one that, contrary to the ancient dramatic elements of pity and terror, passion and crime, the influence of Christianity has unconsciously made to form one of the most frequent bases of modern tragedy,—the idea of *duty*; duty absolute, inexorable, inevitable, tempted by no sophistries, shaken by no torments of human tenderness, superior to both hope and happiness, love and agony, life and death. Surely here is a principle grander than any of those which were supposed to make the sublimity of the heathen drama, whether remorseless hate or unconquerable passion, the frenzy of human revenge or the calm of godlike endurance.

Strathmore, the young Covenanter,—whose terrible lot it is to have to adjudge death to the father of his betrothed, and afterwards, that horror being spared him, to resign for conscience-sake his own life, rich in love and hope, no longer his own to give away for any thing on earth *except* duty,—forms the chief figure in two "situations," as playwright or actor would term them; and these, viewed even as mere "situations," quite uncoloured by poetic diction, are for grandeur and pathos unsurpassed in any modern play.

Strathmore (rising). What would you with me, lady?

Katharine. Is it thus

That Halbert speaks to Katharine?

Strathmore. Hush! Those names
Belong to a past world! 'Twixt that and this
There yawns a gulf, that makes us strangers.

Katharine. Sir!

Do you deny the bond of misery,
That makes even strangers kin? A child who seeks
For a dear father's life, at savage hearts,
May knock and find a home!

Strathmore. Lady, you speak
Not to a savage heart; but to a crushed one.

Katharine. Ay, crushed with grief for him! I knew it, Halbert!
You'd spare my father; but these men of blood,
Your comrades, hem you round, and force your hand,
Your shrinking hand, to strike! It is not Strathmore,
Who, with a double murder, stabs the sire
And, through the sire, the child!

Strathmore (abstractedly). No; 'tis not Strathmore!
That atom in all space of love, hope, grief—
Is ground to ashes; but its dust combines
In a dread form, that shudders at itself,
And takes the name of Justice!

Katharine. No; thou still
Art human! Human woe has worn thy cheek,
Thine eyes are scorched for want of human tears,
And, while I speak, they change! Before them glides
A dream of our past life—our love. Ah, start,
And feel thou art a man!

Strathmore. I am! I am!

Katharine. Then save my father!

Strathmore. Can I?

Katharine. Yes.

Strathmore. Mistake not;
His innocence must save him. Breathe one hope
That he is guiltless; that his pride belied him
When he avowed the sin; or, that withstood,
He smote in his defence—ought that disproves
Or can excuse the deed, and I will clasp
Thy feet in transport, wash them with my tears—
Such lavish coinage of idolatry
As beggars the full rapture of the hour
When first I called thee mine!—Speak, if thou canst!

Katharine. Why, you have spoken. Would you drain your soul
To buy his life, you'll surely give your breath.

A word will do!

Strathmore. Your evidence?

Katharine. 'Tis here.
You were his friend almost his son!

Strathmore. I ask,
Your evidence!

Katharine. I have none! Wilt thou save him?

Strathmore. Has Heaven no pity?

Katharine. Listen! There are means
Which yet you guess not—we can balk the hounds,
Even at their spring! Defer Sir Rupert's fate
A week—nay, grant three days; ere then my brother—

Strathmore. Ah!

Katharine. Now you spy the hope.

Strathmore. I dare not hear it!

Katharine. You must, and aid! My brother may return,
Head of a force with which your scanty band
Must cope in vain. As you would spare the lives
Which else were vainly squandered, lock this secret
Close in your breast!

Strathmore. That so the enemy
May find us unprepared?

Katharine. 'And thus achieve

'A bloodless rescue; for, be sure, resistance
'Were your destruction.

Strathmore. 'Have I heard thee right?
Betray my trust?

Katharine. 'Or seal thy misery.

Strathmore. 'I may my misery, but not my shame.
'Why did you tell me this?

Katharine. 'Reflect! Beware!

Your followers few—ill-armed, undisciplined—
Must perish in the conflict. But submit,
No hair of theirs shall suffer! 'tis my oath.
My brother will respect it!

Strathmore (aside). I must hence!
Another moment, and this anguish perils
My conscience and my cause!—Before three days
The foe may be upon us! even to-day!
The storm may gather, while we dream of safety,
And wake us with its bolt!—Man every entrance!
Set watch at every post! Ho, Hamilton!
Craigburn!

[He rushes to the door.]

Katharine (intercepting him). You shall not pass!

Strathmore. I must!

Katharine. My arms are frail;
They cannot bar thee! Canst thou pass these eyes
That did reflect thy love?—If they are dim,
Thou wert their life and left them. They have bathed
Each gift thou gav'st me, steeped in richer drops
Than heaven's the flowers you pluck'd, the lines of love
You wrote—ay, you!—yet smiled that every word
Was hoarded in my heart, in whose deep founts,
When men did brand thy name, I rebaptised thee,
And thou wert still a hero!

Strathmore. I must pass!

[In a hollow tone, and gazing on her vacantly.]

Katharine. And, if thou canst, thou shalt!

[He stands motionless.]

See, nature in thee
Revolts against the deed! Thy feet are fixed
To the detaining earth! thy face is stone!
A cry peals from these shuddering walls to pierce
The vault of Time; and, lo, the shrouded years
Leap from their graves!—Here, by the old man's side,
Thy boyish steps have patter'd; by yon hearth
He held thee at his knee—his playful hand
Entangled in thy hair—and stooped his ear
To catch thy prattle! By that chair we knelt
To plight our troth before him, while his voice—
A soldier's voice, weak with the weight of love—
Falter'd his blessing!—Come, be bold! Fulfil
Thy work! Stand on my father's hearth, and there—
There, where he blessed us—speak his doom!

[Dragging him to the hearth.]

Strathmore. I—I!

[He falls senseless.]

As a companion picture, take the following:

Strathmore. All then is over! soon this wearied frame
Will fill a traitor's grave—so men will deem.—
Why should that thought be keen? Though friendship fail,
The world denounces, and love—that makes a world
When all beside forsake—misjudge, disown!
Nay, there I'm weak. Katharine, to thee my name
Must be a sound forbidden, a thought to shrink from!
I shall not have a tomb in that fair realm
Where I had once a home!

Enter KATHARINE with a paper.

[Rising] Has my heart's cry
To look on thee been heard?

Katharine. We meet once more—
To part for ever!

Strathmore. With a faltering voice
You say it—not in hatred!
Katharine. Hatred! [*Looking mournfully in his face*] How
fierce
Has been thy struggle!
Strathmore. Can you feel
That I have struggled?
Katharine. Nobly! Yes, I know it.
Strathmore. You know it, and absolve me! You will bear
To think upon my memory!
Katharine. Thy memory!
While I can bear to think.
Strathmore. I did not hope
For this. I shall die, smiling! [*As if overcome.*]
Katharine. Die!—thou shalt not!
My father, and my brother, who have served
The royal cause so well, will plead with Dalzell.
Sign but this scroll! [*Gives it to him.*]
Strathmore (*feebly, after perusing it*). Ah!—Know'st thou
what conditions
The bond demands?
Katharine. I do.
Strathmore. That I confess
My treason, and abjure it, never more
Further my righteous cause by tongue or sword,
In act become a traitor—to escape
A traitor's sentence!
Katharine. But your cause is crushed!
Strathmore. Crushed!—No, it triumphs still. Though free-
dom's hosts
Bleach the green earth with death, that cause is safe
That hath its chief above!
Katharine. You will not sign!
Strathmore. And canst thou ask me?
Katharine. Ay, while I have breath.
Who gave thee right to quench *my* life in thine?
Though we must part, 'tis comfort still to think
One world contains us!—I should curse the sun
If it could light a world that held not thee!
Strathmore. My Katharine!
Katharine. 'Twas you upheld my steps
When we were children. On the hill-side flowers
The golden gorse, from which you plucked the thorn
That else had harmed me. In the brook still float
Lilies like those we wove. Another Spring
Will find them there—but thou! [*Falling on his neck.*]
Strathmore. My truth! my truth!
Katharine. I will not let thee go. Ere see thee perish,
I'll burst all ties of duty, dare all shame,
Renounce all kindred!—They are gone! Be thou
Friend, father, brother, home, and universe!
Strathmore. Forbear, forbear! [*Sinks into chair.*]
Katharine. Whate'er I know, or feel
Of good, you taught me! You relent! you'll sign!
Strathmore (*feebly, but with increasing energy as he proceeds*).
You shall decide [*She kneels by his side*]; two paths before me lie,
The one through death to honour—
Katharine. Halbert!
Strathmore. Nay,
There are but two! First, say we choose the nobler.—
Then wilt thou think of Strathmore as of one
Who, by his last act, fitly sealed a life
He would bequeath thee spotless.
Katharine. Ah, bequeath!
And I shall never see thee more!
Strathmore. Yes, Katharine! [*Pointing upwards.*]
Katharine. The other path!
Strathmore. It leads to life through shame!
Would'st have me take it—live to own no bond
But with dishonour, feel remorse consume
My hope, in ashes; when I hear the tale
Of heroes, vainly groan,—*such once I was!*
And, when the cowards shudder,—*such I am?*
Katharine. This gloom will melt in a bright future—
Strathmore. No!
He has no future who betrays his past!
Katharine. Still live!—
Strathmore. To give the lie
To my true youth; shrink, when thy straining breast
Throbs to a traitor's; read in those dear eyes
The Temptress not the wife!—All springs of joy
Reflecting my own brand, the aliment
Of every blessing poisoned, age's frost
Numbing the pang it cures not—to crawl down
The steep of time, and to the grave—that last,
Dark shelter for disgrace—bear a dead heart!
Katharine. Cease! cease!
Strathmore (*rising*). Speak, shall I sign?
Katharine (*starting to her feet*). NO—DIE!"

This Katharine Lorn and our author's next heroine, Marie de Meranie, remind us of another quality he may be proud to share with our great old dramatists. There is sometimes a touch of almost Shakspearean beauty about Mr. Marston's women: gracious, tender, heroic, self-devoted, even when erring never either false or ignoble,—they all, however varied, originate in one type of perfect Christian womanhood, which, to have conceived and preserved inviolate through a long series of writings, would alone give any man some claim to the title of poet.

This title Mr Marston has never in any way renounced to become the mere manufacturer of plays, or the writer of pet parts adapted for pet actors; nevertheless in both *Philip of France* and *Anne Blake* we can trace a gradual conforming to the just requisitions of the stage,—less wordiness and more action; an honest recognition of the fact that the public, in its preference foractable plays over dramatic poems, has some sense after all. Life's real tragedy does not strut up and down and mouth heroics by the page; but is developed by incident, character, and emotional expression quite as much as by those words—the fewer the better—in which strong passion finds vent, and which almost invariably and instinctively take the form of what we term "poetry." Thus in *Anne Blake*—a modern story, conducted throughout in modern every-day language, though cut up into blank verse—the dialogue is so entirely natural that it passes, by the simplest transition, from conversational commonplace to the utmost height of passion, and yet we feel no jar; for has not life itself exactly the same contrasts and changes? Till the stage shall be made *lifelike*, if it ever can be; till *dramatis personæ* speak and actors act, not after the received notions of "characters," but as human beings,—it is no marvel that we hear the outcry, "The drama is no more." Dead because, with a few notable exceptions, there is no life in it, it deserves to die.

A Life's Ransom is the only one of Mr. Marston's plays which has indicated a yielding to this conventional "staginess,"—the skill of the playwright as distinguished from the power of the dramatist. This, the pure dramatic element, in him is so predominant, that though his prose writings have great force and elegance, they, as well as his lyrical poems, are decidedly inferior to his plays. Blank-verse is evidently the vehicle of language most suited to him: from almost every play can be extracted passages and single lines remarkable for terseness and beauty, both of thought and expression.

"Some sank in fight:
Others with upraised hands, whose happy souls
O'ertook their mounting prayers."

"Isabel. Katharine,
You love this man; defend him!
Katharine. You have said
I love him.

Isabel. Well?
Katharine. That's my defence. I'll not
Assert in words the truth on which I've cast
The stake of life. I love him, and am silent."

"My heart is frozen and it cannot beat;
My memory stifled and it cannot plead:
I am a pen in the great hand of Conscience,
To write its bidding, merely."

"His gentleness
But sheathes the strength purpose will one day draw."

"The road to freemen's rights is o'er their graves."

"The man's not brave who never feared to die."

"The brave heart
Makes its own fate."

"He loved her, as they only
Can love who suffer,—loved her, soul and form:
Her form was as the crystal to the light,
Her soul the light that filled it."

"To think, to-morrow
Even the white speck of his sail will vanish,
And a whole life slide from me in an hour!"

We shall conclude without any personal comment on either life or character; it would be strange if such writings were not sufficient indications of the man. We can only repeat that nothing Mr. Marston has ever done is equal to what he has apparently the power to do. That advancing years may more than fulfil the promise of his prime is scarcely so much a hope as a conviction and a prophecy.

ASHBURN RECTORY.

BY HOLME LEE, AUTHOR OF "GILBERT MASSENGER," ETC.
IN FIFTEEN CHAPTERS.

XIII.

THE day after Miss Popsy Parker's entertainment, as Nora was stretching up her pretty arms to reach a certain spray of China roses for the replenishment of her favourite vase, and standing on tiptoe to attain her object, upon which she was very intent, the rectory garden was entered by Lady de Plessy, Lady Frances Egerton, and the Honourable Arthur. Nora did not perceive them, and went on striving for the roses, till having caught the branch, and brought it down nearly low enough for her fingers to break off, it suddenly jerked back to the wall, leaving a thorn in her rosy palm. With an impatient little exclamation, she turned round and confronted the visitors, at sight of whom she blushed deeply.

"What a lovely creature!" said Lady Frances in a whisper to her brother. "Get those roses for her, Arthur." Arthur instantly obeyed, and presented them with a gallant bow.

"Will you come in," said Nora shyly; and she led the way to the drawing-room, where Anna and uncle Ambrose were sitting. Mr. Brooke was out somewhere in the village, and Cyril was fishing in the beck.

The introduction was very unceremonious, but for that all the more pleasant. Lady de Plessy talked about parish topics to Anna; uncle Ambrose and Arthur got on the theme of Indian affairs; and Lady Frances talked to Nora about flowers, pet birds, and other innocent little subjects that she thought the young girl would understand. Nora was not a little confused by the long and earnest gaze that Lady Frances fixed on her face; and yet she could not be annoyed at it, for so much frank good-nature mingled in her *brusquerie*. Something led them to speak of London and Mr. Brooke's curacy there, and the tears of joyful emotion came into Nora's eyes as she expressed how happy they had been made by Lord de Plessy's benevolence.

"You sweet little enthusiast!" exclaimed Lady Frances, "my father did not count on such romantic gratitude. If you thank him in that way yourself, you will charm him into being your humble adorer for life." Nora thought Lady Frances was laughing at her; this strain was quite new to her, and she grew rather shyer and more reserved.

"It is beautiful to witness a genuine feeling of happiness. My dear, you are refreshing to me, and I must know you better. I am an old woman, so you must not be offended at what I say. Arthur, come here one moment." The young man approached. "Look at this child and tell me whom she is like. I seem to know her face." Arthur de Plessy changed countenance.

"She reminds you of Dr. Lee's daughter Frances." He could not bring his lips to say carelessly "Grace Lee."

"My God! so she does," replied Lady Frances in an undertone, and with a glance at her brother, who returned to his discussion with uncle Ambrose. An appearance of preoccupation seemed to take her all at once, and she continued silent for several minutes. "Strange coincidence!" she said half to herself, and then asked Nora if she happened to have any relatives of the name of Lee.

"No, I am not aware of any;" and the subject passed.

"My dear, you like birds and flowers; we have plenty of both at Plessy-Regis. You must come to luncheon, and I will show you them: the aviary is my especial care."

Lady de Plessy overheard the invitation, and looked round. Something in Nora's attitude and expression of countenance struck her forcibly; and lifting her eyes to observe Arthur, she saw that he also was watching with absorbed interest the bright young beauty.

"Mr. Brooke will perhaps spare her to us for a few days, Frances," added she courteously. "My dear, would you like to come to Plessy-Regis? We are quite homely people, like yourselves, and will take care of you."

Nora looked delighted, but hesitated.

"You shall come when Charley Wilde is with us next week," said Lady Frances, attributing the girl's shyness to ignorance of themselves and their ways. Mr. Brooke came in before they left, and gave his consent. It seemed natural that every body should at once attach themselves to Nora, she was so sweetly attractive and innocent.

She went to Plessy-Regis at the time fixed, and enjoyed her visit exceedingly. Lady de Plessy was as kind to her as a mother could have been, and Lady Frances made quite a pet of her; but she liked most of all the short half-hour before dressing for dinner which was spent in the school-room in the twilight. Arthur commonly came in then; and though he never talked to her much at any time, his manner towards her was full of such a courteous deference, that she almost regretted having to go back home at the end of four days, and thought more of his grave dark face than was at all good for her afterwards. After this visit, Arthur de Plessy often strolled down by the beck, with his rod and line, on pretence of fishing; but after a short talk with Cyril or uncle Ambrose, he generally ended by going into the rectory-garden, and talking through the open window to the two girls at their work. Sometimes he came alone, and sometimes Lady Frances was with him, or his mother; but any way he contrived to talk most to Nora. She was one time lively and quaint, and another shy and proud; but she was always beautiful and always attractive. The natural results followed; Arthur de Plessy fell in love most indiscreetly, and it is possible that, without a word being exchanged on either side, she knew it and returned it.

Not seldom did his thoughts at first revert to the grave in Riverscourt churchyard; but the heart of man is not constituted to grieve for ever, a discovery which Arthur presently made to his great comfort. I cannot say what led to the confidence, but one morning in the garden he told Nora about Grace Lee,—how they had loved each other as children almost, how they had been separated, and she had died in his absence. Nora's pitiful eyes looked lovelier through their tears than ever, and I believe it was on this occasion that each got a silent glimpse into the other's heart. Arthur was rather shocked at what, in him, so plainly bore the guise of inconstancy; but he did not stay away from the rectory in consequence. Lady de Plessy began to see in Nora the magnet that retained her son so quietly at Plessy-Regis; and made up her mind, if need were, gracefully to sacrifice her prejudices and pride of class, and keep Arthur at home by permitting him to contract an unambitious marriage. As for other people, they never could have conceived so wild a speculation as that the simple daughter of a country rector should fascinate the heir to an earldom, and nobody troubled themselves with an anxiety or a jealousy on the subject. Besides, there was a certain Lady Carry Stafford, with an immense fortune and an unimpeachable pedigree, to whom it was pretty generally known that Lord de Plessy desired to see his son united. But Lady Carry was little, crooked, and sallow, besides being foolish and ill-tempered; and as, in most cases, a man marries a wife for himself, and not for his family, Arthur doubtless preferred the blithe and blooming Nora to the other lady, whom Miss Popsy Parker designated, in her choice and familiar phraseology, "the crookedest stick in all the wood."

I incline to think myself that if Arthur de Plessy had not met opportunely with Nora Brooke racing down Lark-hill, he would have gone back to India, leaving his heart

buried in Riverscourt churchyard; have left his family in dudgeon; and have himself become in process of time a distinguished officer, or perhaps another unit in the long list of War's glorious army of martyrs.

XIV.

Another Sunday passed, a fine Sunday, and John Hartwell did not come, neither did Anna receive any news from him; and a letter that she had written to Louy remained unanswered. The poor girl grew every day more white and anxious as each post renewed her disappointment; and one morning, she and her father being down in the breakfast-parlour earlier than the rest, she asked him when he intended driving into town. Not before the end of next week, he told her; but catching the expression of patient pain on her countenance, he inquired if she had any particular reason for desiring to go earlier, because, if so, he had nothing to prevent him going that day.

"Well, if you will, papa," replied she, without assigning any cause for her vehement desire to go; but Mr. Brooke was at no loss to interpret it. Nora laughed at her sister's anxiety to get back into smoky London; and averred that if Anna could have had her own way, she would never have left it, even for this charming Ashburn.

After breakfast Josy and the chaise-cart came to the door, and Mr. Brooke and Anna started immediately. It was a very silent drive; for the poor girl was oppressed with a crowd of dark presentiments of which she could not divest herself. Arrived in town, Anna got into a Hampstead omnibus; while her father, after appointing to meet her at a certain hour at their old friend Mr. Parkes's, went about on his own business. Anna reached the Hartwells' house at noon; and on ringing at the door was admitted by the butler, who wore a face of lugubrious woe. Instead of showing her to the drawing-room at once, he asked her to wait in the study, which was empty, until he inquired if his mistress could see her. Anna passed a wretched five minutes until he returned, and said she was to follow him. Louy rushed forward to meet her at the door, crying passionately, and drew her into the room, where Mr. and Mrs. Hartwell, her sister, and Mrs. Arthur, were all assembled. Mr. Hartwell looked aged by ten years since she saw him last; and his wife sat literally stupid and overwhelmed with grief, the great tears rolling down her face, and her blue lips quivering incessantly. Mrs. Arthur even showed unaffected signs of trouble; and Sophia was moving about in an aimless way, with swollen eyes and colourless cheeks, which testified to the bitterness of her sorrow.

"What does it all mean?" asked Anna, glancing from one to the other, while every trace of life left her face.

"My dear," said the old father, keeping her hand in his, and stroking it unconsciously while he spoke, "John has left us this morning."

"He has disgraced us all!" broke in Louy impetuously. "He was what we cared for most in the world, and he has covered us with shame. I wish he had never been born!" And she flung herself down on the couch, and hid her face in the pillows, while her whole frame shook with her violent sobbing. Anna stood speechless.

"John is gone abroad," said Mrs. Arthur; "and we are all in very great trouble; he has behaved so ill."

"Now don't *you* blame him, aunt," exclaimed Louy, sitting up, and throwing back her hair from her burning face; "there will be plenty of people to do that without us. I mean to go to him; yes, mother, I do."

"Not with my leave, Louy," said her father; "and don't speak in that way to your mother,—don't you see how ill she is?"

Louy rocked herself to and fro, moaning painfully. Mrs. Arthur tried to speak of John again, but she would not let her.

"I'll tell you all there is to know, Anna, by and by; it is amongst ourselves, remember."

"Yes, my dear, quite amongst ourselves; there will be

no horrid trial to get into the papers, because the matter has been arranged," persisted her aunt. The old father rose up with a groan; and resting his arm against the mantel-shelf hid his face upon it, crying like a child. Anna could do nothing in all this misery; she sat down by the window, and nobody took any notice of her for some time. Mrs. Arthur was busy with her sister-in-law, who had lost all self-restraint at the sound of her husband's groans, and was become hysterical. At length Louy came up to her, and whispered, "Come into the study with me, Anna; I can't bear this;" and they left the drawing-room together.

When they were alone, Louy said with some bitterness, "You have had a lucky escape, Anna; there's no frightful disgrace such as the world never forgets attached to *your* name. I need not put what John has done into so many words; I dare say you can guess?"

"Yes—"

"And what aunt Arthur said is true—there will be no exposure; but *we* know about it. O, Anna, sometimes I fancy it must be all a dream."

"He went away this morning?"

"You must have crossed on the road; I am glad you were too late to see him—are you?"

Anna said, "Yes."

"He was miserably dejected. O the fool he has been! I don't think my father will ever get over it."

Anna looked as if she would like to hear more details; and Louy, with hesitation, gave a little further explanation.

"You know, he was in a position of trust," said she. "Well, he appropriated some money that passed through his hands, intending to replace it. He never could do so; and at last he confessed to the head of the firm, who was always a friend of ours; he had been a schoolfellow of papa's. So he sent for papa, and they arranged that the money should be paid back as a loan, and that John should leave. That is a week since,—such a week!—and now he is gone."

"Where to?" asked Anna in a choking voice.

"To France. My mother would not have him get further out of the way. O, Anna, isn't it wretched?" And she began to weep again as uncontrolledly as ever. Anna was so stunned that she seemed quite apathetic. Only in the pallid hue of her lips and the restless glitter of her eyes could it be seen how keenly the blow to her love struck home.

She was glad when the hour came for her to rejoin her father; but no explanation was needed by him; he had already heard of John's misconduct from Mr. Parkes. Ill news travels fast and travels far, and that of young Hartwell's journey abroad and the causes that led to it were strongly surmised, if not certainly known, in the whole circle of his friends and acquaintance.

On the morrow Anna and her father returned to Ashburn.

As the days wore slowly away, she also wore through the phases of her great trouble, and came forth from it but little changed externally, though her spirit was oldened by many a year. Neither Cyril nor Nora ever knew the cause of separation between their sister and John Hartwell; though Nora perhaps guessed that it was something sad and disgraceful, because some months later, when speaking casually of the Hartwells, her father told her briefly that the whole family had emigrated to Australia.

XV.

Lord de Plessy was a man not unpopular in his county, except with poachers, whom he prosecuted venomously; he was an easy landlord, a liberal master, and a munificent friend, from motives which cannot be impugned. His position, he was in the habit of saying, demanded it of him; and he worshipped his position as the outward sign of his inward dignity. But what gave him a more extensive popularity than any thing else was a ball at Christmas, to which were invited all the small gentry and professional people for miles round in shoals. It must be admitted that his personal hauteur and assumption were never more conspicuous than

on these occasions; but people gladly took him at his own valuation, and rather liked being loftily patronised than otherwise.

The Brookes received an invitation from Lady de Plessy in person; and to Nora's great delight, it was accepted by all but Anna, who gave some valid reason for preferring to remain at home. This ball was a very critical event,—more critical than even Nora imagined perhaps, though her restless fancy never ceased to dwell upon its possibilities. Plessy-Regis was always filled with staying company, principally gentlemen, on this occasion; and one morning the conversation turning on the beauty of the maids of Kent, which somebody asserted was proverbial, Lady Frances Egerton spoke and said, "We can show no beauty comparable to the rector of Ashburn's daughter—Nora Brooke; she would grace a coronet, would she not, Arthur?" Arthur was reading, and did not reply; but his brow contracted impatiently at what seemed to him a profane discussion of a name that he held sacred. Sidney Wilfred began to lisp her praises in very high-flown language, which irritated him to such an extent that he would have liked to lift the poet by the nape of the neck and put him out of the window. Instead, however, of indulging this laudable sensation, he shut his book, and went into the park to take counsel with himself concerning Nora. Lady Carry Stafford, who was sentimental when she thought it becoming, contrived to meet him near Larkhill plantations; but he was not in a gracious humour, and would not turn to walk back with her, as she half-invited him to do; so she went home and cried for spite.

Arthur de Plessy had undergone and recovered from the wounds received in one sharp tussle with fortune, and his present attachment seemed very likely to invite another. That his father would approve such a marriage as he contemplated was improbable; but having debated all the pros and cons, Arthur came round to the idea from which he started, namely, that his right was to consult his happiness and Nora's before any other person's in this matter; so he came to the resolution to put his fate to the test at the first opportunity; and if she—which he did not doubt—would accept him, to follow his own man's will and make her his wife, in spite of every consideration of personal aggrandisement.

Not only at the rectory was the Christmas ball looked forward to with palpitations of hope and anxiety; *des séances* were held every day in Miss Mavis's parlour between that lady and Miss Scruple as to what they should wear on the great occasion; and the former having extracted from her young friend Nora Brooke that uncle Ambrose's favourite colours were yellow and red, revived an amber poplin dress with scarlet poppies, and came out perfectly dazzling. She was the most strikingly-conspicuous figure at the ball, not even excepting Nora, who looked a very queen of youth and beauty in her white muslin dress and simple braided hair, on which she had good taste enough to put no ornament whatever. But she carried a bouquet of magnificent camellias; and as they had no camellias at the rectory, the supposition is, that they were sent from the Plessy-Regis conservatories. The child was so eager to go that she hurried every body to get dressed quickly and early, yet kept them waiting full half an hour, though she was quite ready, while she told Anna something that made her spend a very thoughtful hour over the fire by herself after her father, uncle Ambrose, Cyril, and her sister were gone. Still, however, they arrived in good time; only Miss Popsy Parker and her brother were before them; and Miss Popsy was availing herself of the eligible opportunity to unbosom herself touching the game-laws to Lord de Plessy, who listened with superlative amiability and consideration to what he regarded as a slight but very deplorable mental aberration. Miss Popsy had on a red velvet gown, all her gold chains, and a new bird-of-paradise turban; Charley Wilde was in black lace; and Lady Carry Stafford in primrose, which made her sallow than ever. When the hall

was filled, it looked like a gay conservatory, with flowers of every season in full bloom together.

The musicians were stationed in a temporary orchestra at one end of the hall, where the dancing was to be; and at a given signal they commenced. Nora was standing quietly near Lady de Plessy, when Arthur came up and claimed her for the first set. She blushed beautifully: such a distinction was the envy of half the room; and nobody could gainsay her claim as the belle, which was supposed to have drawn it upon her. Lady Carry Stafford fanned herself vehemently, and Lord de Plessy looked extremely fidgeted. He had always been a connoisseur in feminine loveliness, and he now mentally acknowledged that Nora Brooke would bear a comparison with the most famous toasts of his youth. Then he glanced at Lady Carry, and made a wry mouth, as if he were tasting something bitter.

"Come, and let me present you to my father, Nora," said Arthur de Plessy when the dance was finished. There had been a few whispered words of explanation between them in the course of it by one of the pillars of the gallery. Nora's heart palpitated fast; and she gave a little fearful glance at the old lord, who was watching them keenly. Arthur understood her, and added, "Well, then, to my mother first;" though he himself felt bold to dare any amount of paternal wrath. Perhaps he had a politic view in desiring to get the announcement over while his father was in a genial mood, and also so surrounded by observers that he would be compelled to receive it with seemly quietness at least.

Lady de Plessy was seated by one of the fireplaces in a tall carved chair, watching the dancers and conversing at intervals with Charley Wilde, who was lounged on an ottoman near her. As Arthur approached with Nora on his arm, Charley opened her eyes wide, gasped in the middle of a witty observation, and seemed suddenly bewildered with a flood of enlightenment. She fell a little further back, and concentrated her attention on Miss Mavis's florid gown; while Lady de Plessy, conscious that the crisis was come, turned pale and flushed by turns.

"Mother, will you welcome a new daughter?" said Arthur, taking her hand and laying it upon Nora's. Lady de Plessy smiled tremulously; and as the young girl leant down towards her, she kissed her on the forehead and clasped her slight fingers very close, but could scarcely speak. At length she said with constraint, "You will stay at home now, my son? You must keep him in England, my love."

Arthur, with a proud pleased air, lifted up his head and glanced across to his father, who was talking nervously to Lady Carry Stafford, and taking serious note of the little pantomime that was enacting by the fireplace. He was not the only person who understood it. Sidney Wilfred chose to fancy himself the sport of evil fate, and went distracted in a recess behind the evergreens; he hit his forehead twice against the palm of his hand, and then was immediately fired with poetical inspiration, which vented itself in a most agonising "Sigh," that appeared in a second edition of his poems as an "Address to my Soul's sweet Pains." From his retreat amongst the holly, he saw Arthur de Plessy draw Nora's hand through his arm, cover it for a moment with his own, and then lead her blushing towards his father, who, seeing his purpose, abandoned Lady Carry, and came to meet him.

"What, in the name of all that is wonderful, am I to understand by this, sir?" said the old man in a hissing whisper, and with a glance that intimated his desire to defer explanation for the present.

Nora heard the ominous tone, but she did not see the basilisk eyes upon her face, for she was steadily contemplating the point of her shoe. Arthur was, however, strung up with resolution and excitement, and did not choose to intimate that he understood his father's wishes. He said quietly, "Sir, my mother has accepted Nora as another child; you must accord me the like grace."

Lord de Plessy was for a moment so aghast at Arthur's audacity that he did not answer a word; but when Nora

lifted her beautiful eyes to his with a sweet pleading expression that was irresistible, he said, "Well, if Arthur will make a fool of himself he has a very fair excuse;" then instantly becoming sensible of the ludicrous discourtesy of this speech, he took her hand, and tried to mend it confusedly by saying, "We will make the best of it; but I thought Arthur had more—" whether *sense* or *pride* he did not communicate, for he was seized with a most opportune fit of coughing, which prevented him from uttering for several minutes; and when he wiped his eyes after it and looked round, neither his son nor Nora was visible. The great picture-gallery opened from the hall; and this being lighted and thrown open as a promenade between the dances, they had strolled in there to talk a little by themselves. Uncle Ambrose and Mr. Brooke meeting them, spoilt this intention, but enabled Arthur to propose a question to the father, which received a conditional affirmative.

Soon after, as Lord de Plessy was seen arm-in-arm with the rector in amicable conversation, the lovers rightly imagined that they had no great obstacles to expect.

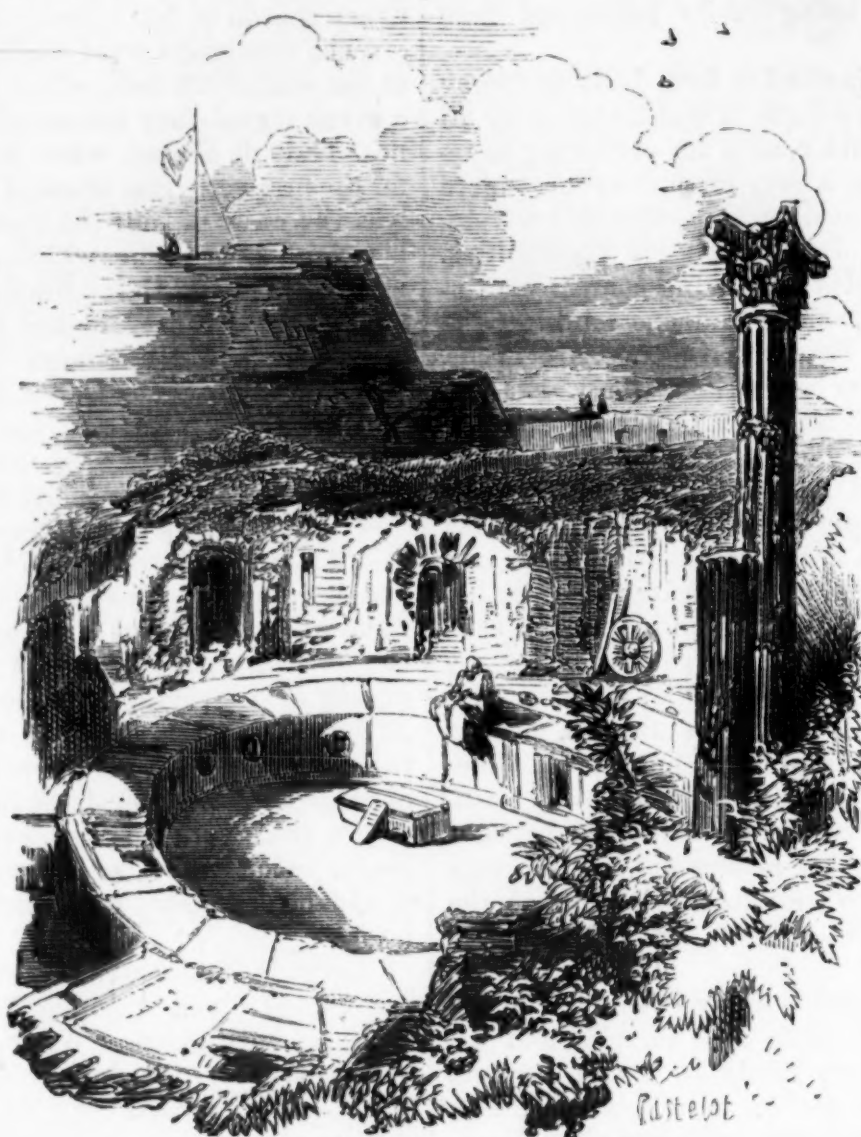
Presently Charley Wilde came in and swept them a mock curtsy. "I have been seeking you for ten minutes, Arthur," said she; "I hope I am the first to proffer my congratulations? Don't look contradictory, but give Nora to me, and go and dance with somebody else, or you will lose your election when it comes on. You are not to rebel; Lady de Plessy sent me."

Arthur chose to take Nora to a seat by his mother himself; and then he went and did his duty like a man, dancing alternately with Moppet, Miss Mavis, Miss Popsy Parker (she was a very important person on account of her powers of speech), and any other lady who seemed less in request as a partner than the generality.

Nora was very happy. Lady de Plessy and Lady Frances Egerton talked to her so kindly and encouragingly, and seemed really thankful to her for having arrested so signally the erratic fancies of Arthur; and even the old lord, when he reflected on the age and temper of his son, was disposed to contemplate her with favour.

At this Christmas ball awkward and troublesome ceremonies of precedence were waived, and each person took in whom he preferred to the supper in the great dining-room, which was hung round with generations of De Plessys in their habits as they had lived. Lord de Plessy oddly enough, and to his son's discomfiture, took Nora, and left him with Miss Mavis on his hands. This lady had had many opportunities of ingratiating herself with uncle Ambrose; though she displayed so little tact in the use of them, that he took Miss Popsy Parker to supper instead, and thought seriously of proposing to that lady, as a shield of defence against the other; but her remarkable appetite for cold turkey, tarts, custards, trifle, sherry, and champagne, determined him to give the matter a little more serious reflection, which finally resulted in his *not* proposing, but only becoming more Scotch than ever in his tastes and conversation.

Encouraged by a little gentle raillery from Charley



BASIN OF THE ROMAN AQUEDUCT AT NÎMES.

Wilde, Mr. Joshua Parker proposed to that lady before supper, and was rejected; after supper, flushed with wine and game-pie, he proposed to Moppet, and was accepted. It is said that Miss Popsy beat him with her fan for his folly all the way as they drove home; but he married Moppet in spring, and his sister now has the private asylum to herself.

That Christmas ball materially changed the aspect of Ashburn society. Nobody patronised the Brookes any more; but every body courted them. Poor Miss Mavis made one very unlucky speech; she said to Nora,—having observed how much she was made of by the Plessy-Regis family,—“You pretty thing, play your cards well, and I should not be surprised at *whatever* happened;” and she cried with mortification when she found out that she was addressing the affianced wife of Arthur de Plessy.

The marriage took place in March; and the next Christmas ball was even

more glorious than the last, for it celebrated the birth of a son and heir to Arthur and his wife. The old lord considers his daughter-in-law the cleverest and best of women; and all the family acknowledge that it is better, after all, than if Arthur had married Lady Carry and been miserable, as he certainly would have been.

There has recently been a talk in Ashburn about Anna Brooke and the new rector of Riverscourt, but it is not verified sufficiently to be regarded as a fact. I incline to think myself that she will stay at Ashburn with her father and uncle Ambrose, especially since Cyril is away to the military college; but neither would I assume *that* as a certainty, for the rector of Riverscourt is a very agreeable and persevering man, and Anna is quite cheerful and happy again. Louy Hartwell wrote to her once that she and John were settled on a sheep-farm in New Zealand; and that they were likely to do well now they were out of the reach of temptation. And since that letter she has seen in a paper sent to her by some other member of the family,—possibly Mrs. Arthur,—that John is married. Altogether it is probable, though not *certain*, that Ashburn church-bells may ring in another marriage-morning ere long.

ROMAN AQUEDUCT AT NÎMES.

THE aqueduct which conveyed the water from the springs of Eure and Airan to Nîmes is said to have been the work of Agrippa, who founded the colony, and who thus acquired the title of “Curator perpetuus aquarum.” It was carried over the river Gard by a bridge about three leagues to the north-east of Nîmes. It was 4 feet wide and 9 feet high, the side-walls being 2 feet 6 inches thick, and was covered with slabs of stone cemented together. The bottom was a mass of pebbles mixed with gravel and lime, and the sides were lined with red tiles bedded in cement. The basin, engraved above, which was discovered about twelve years ago, was the reservoir from which the water brought by the aqueduct was distributed to the town.



A FISHER IN GLENCOE. BY J. C. REED.

The National Magazine.

[It is found impossible to reply to the number of letters received nor can unaccepted Mss. be returned, except in very special cases.]

A FISHER IN GLENCOE.

BY J. C. REED.

LATELY we engraved a view of this dark valley, the place shadowed by a curse between the hills, which showed the length and breadth of its desolation; and we briefly commented on the cause of its gloom, regretting the dark red stain upon the memory of King William, which all his glories and great deeds, and all the warmth of his panegyrists, never shall wash out. Here we have another and a closer view; we have entered the narrow gorge, ascended the rough hills, and plunging into an inner glen, come upon a trout-stream, than whose brawling voice no other sound has broke the echoes since the valley rang with sharp shots and cries of fight, and the darkness was broken upon startlingly by the lurid red from burning homes.

There are few streams in Scotland more famous for trout than those of the district about Glencoe; and to judge by the drawing, we should think that this would be a likely place enough for sport under those great rocks, where the heavy speckled trout might lie hours and hours nursing themselves in the daylight. The still deep back-water in the eddies and the narrow pools about might furnish many a promising spot to cast the fly into. Our young fisher looks agile and skilful in surmounting the rocks, as with light sure foot he springs along that slippery and uneven pathway intent on sport.

L. L.

A HARD STRUGGLE.

BY WESTLAND MARSTON.

[Concluded from p. 325.]

SCENE II.

Room in the Old Swan at Uppingham. The open bay-window looks upon the road.

FERGUS GRAHAM and Landlady.

Fergus. That will do, landlady,—that will do. Have the goodness to order the fly at once.

Landlady (aside). Why, he don't ask after his change; and there's two shillings back out of his half-sovereign for the fly. I wonder whether it's good. [*Testing the half-sovereign.*] Yes, it is. Your change, sir.

Fergus. Give it to your servant, my good woman; but do order the fly.

Landlady. Why, you'll be at the station an hour before the train, sir.

Fergus. No matter. I wish to start at once.

Landlady (nettled). O, of course, sir, if you prefer the station waiting-room to the parlour of the Swan. Every gentleman has a right to his taste. [*Landlady goes out.*]

Fergus (walking up and down). Motion! Action! I cannot bear to think. If it had only been that I mistook her feelings, and that she refused me, why that would have been a shock; but I could have endured it. I could still have honoured her,—trusted in her. But to be ordered from her presence so disdainfully,—even fiercely,—as if the best homage of my heart were an insult to her! [*A pause.*] And yet, she once so gentle—so fearful of giving pain! Is it possible that she can be so utterly transformed? Was it indeed disdain, or was it misery, that I read in her face? What if there should be some dark mystery over her fate

that she dares not even hint at? I would believe that—any thing—rather than that she could be capricious and cruel. [*Walking to the window, he observes Reuben without gazing on him with a stern and fixed expression.*] Who's that? [*After a pause, Reuben moves away.*] That man's face quite riveted me.

[*He turns, and perceives Reuben, who stands with a menacing look at the door of the apartment, then locks it, takes the key, and walking steadily up to the table, confronts Fergus in silence.*]

Fergus (*after a pause, with haughty calmness*). You mistake a house of public entertainment for your private dwelling. Why have you locked that door?

Reuben (*speaking in a deep whisper*). That you may not go out without my leave.

Fergus (*aside*). The man must be insane. I'll deal with him firmly, but quietly. My friend, I must trouble you for that key.

Reuben. Not yet. You're the young man who left Mr. Trevor's house a while back?

Fergus. The same, sir.

Reuben. You own it—the coward, who broke into a lady's presence, insulted her, shocked her by his violence!

Fergus. Have a care. At first, I thought you a madman, and you have been safe; but there is coherence even in your falsehood. Do you dare—

Reuben (*breaking in*). Do you dare—you who stole in upon a woman alone, who laid hands on her till her cries of anger and fear were heard! Is it for you to say—dare?

Fergus. What do you mean?

Reuben (*brandishing his whip*). Mean! To give you a lesson.

Fergus. Stand back! stand back! or you shall rue to your last hour that you ever raised your hand to Fergus Graham.

Reuben (*who drops the horsewhip and stands arrested*). Who? who?—Fergus—Fergus Graham?

Fergus. Leave the room!

Reuben (*going to the door, unlocking it, and returning*). Stay! you're not—not the young doctor who saved Lilian's life at sea?

Fergus. My name is Fergus Graham; you should have asked it before.

Reuben. Sir, I humbly, humbly entreat your pardon. You could not have insulted her. Yet she fainted in my arms as you went. How came that?

Fergus. By what right do you ask?

Reuben. By the right of one who has been bred up under the same roof with her; her playmate in childhood, her protector now—one who has the right of a brother.

Fergus. Her brother! She has often spoken of you; but I thought you were abroad.

Reuben. No, no; you mistake. I'm not, Fred.

Fergus (*courteously*). Pardon me. I was not aware that Miss Trevor had a second brother.

Reuben (*aside, half-amused*). Why, I can't blab my heart's secrets to a stranger and say—I'm her lover. Let him call me what he likes.

Fergus. Be seated, sir. And so she complained to you of my intrusion?

Reuben. She—O, never! But she was heard bidding you from the house. You were seen to force her hand.

Fergus. To take it. I will be frank with you. I sought your sister's hand for my own. Heaven knows with what reverence.

Reuben (*aside*). He loved her, then—he loved her! Poor fellow, how could he help it? Mr. Graham, I feel for you. Take my hand—that is, if you can really forgive me.

Fergus (*shaking his hand warmly*). Freely.

Reuben. Yet I can't make it out. There could be no offence in an offer like yours. Yet why did she bid you begone?—why sink fainting into my arms?

Fergus. Did it cost her so much, then? [*Moves his chair nearer to Reuben's, and continues in a low earnest voice.*]

Do not think me presumptuous; but I have dared to think—

Reuben (*authoritatively*). Stop! I'll hear no more. I've no right to—

Fergus (*persisting*). To think that, after all, Lilian may still love me.

Reuben (*compassionately*). No, my dear fellow, you mustn't think that; you mustn't indeed.

Fergus. I will never breathe that hope without warrant; but still—

Reuben. No more, I beg. Sure, Lilian refused you?

Fergus. Ay, but her agitation; her trembling form; her look of wretchedness, that I at first took for anger—

Reuben. Again, I say, I've no right to your secrets.

Fergus. Nay, you shall hear me. What if there should be some mystery?

Reuben (*laying his hand soothingly on Graham's shoulder*). You mustn't give way to this. What mystery can there be?

Fergus. Fathers, before now, have forced children to marry against their will.

Reuben. Ah, that's not her case.

Fergus. Or there have been—forgive the hope that would clutch at a straw—there have been such things as childish engagements,—engagements made before the young heart knew what love meant; yet which a cruel—a false—honour bound it to keep. Ah, that's a bitter wrong to both!

Reuben (*sharply*). What's that to do with Lilian?

Fergus. I can't say; very likely nothing. But she had lived long in retirement. It was only in Madeira—she told me so—that she first seemed to live. It is not only for myself I care. Put me out of the question; but, O, if any chance should bind her to one who could not understand her refined gentle nature,—to one with whom she would suffer, die uncomplainingly!

Reuben. Silence, man! What d'ye take us for, us rough country-folk? We mayn't know much of books; we may be out of place in drawing-rooms,—we wi' the sun's tan on our faces, and the ploughed land on our heels; but when joy comes,—when grief comes,—we've hearts that bound or burst. We've that which makes man man,—love to God and each other!

Fergus. Right, right. I was selfish and unjust. You must forgive now.

Reuben. Enough, enough! I don't care for soft phrases. [*Walks away, seizes his gloves, and confusedly attempts to draw the left one on his right hand; then speaks aside.*] What if I should seem a mere rude loon to her, now she's seen the world and fine people! O, no, no!

Fergus. I have one more request—

Reuben. Whist, whist; my head's too full for talk. [*Aside*] I uttered his name this morning; she turned ashy pale. I thought she would have dropped. Why was that?

Fergus (*looking at his watch*). I've but a short time now.

Reuben (*still aside*). Dolt that I am! She was overdone by seeing us. What more natural? [*Turning cheerfully to Fergus*] I tell you what, Mr. Graham, you must forget this folly. Work hard; root it out. Come back to us in a year or so. Who knows but she'll be married then, and you'll meet her as her friend,—her husband's friend. We'll mount you well, give you a morning gallop over hill and moor, find you a seat at night by the winter-fire. We shall be as merry as the day's long. Come, come; you'll forget all else!

Fergus. If she forgets. Yet—

Reuben (*again walking away, and aside*). If! He doubts it still. And I,—do I doubt too? How, if it should be true? What did she tell him? That till she got to Madeira she had never lived. What threw her into that state when he left her? It couldn't be hate. He was her dear friend,—saved her life. If not hate, what was it, then? [*Walks a step or two, then resumes.*] Suppose she had gone in love

with him, and felt bound by duty to me—ah, that would explain it!

Fergus (approaching him). One parting word.

Reuben (fiercely). You've said too much! You've put a thought into my heart that burns and rankles; and when I would tug it out, it goes deeper and deeper!

Fergus. I?

Reuben. You!

Fergus. I am sorry to part with you so.

[Reuben waves him off; Fergus silently takes up his travelling-coat.]

Reuben (suddenly seizing his arm). Stay! You said there was some mystery here. You shall not go till it's cleared up. I will know why Lilian bade you from the house!

Fergus (with quiet dignity). Remove your hand! I shall not shrink from inquiry. I will change my plans, and wait your return here.

Reuben. You will go back with me?

Fergus. If you wish it.

Reuben. I will speak to her first alone. If I find—Your fly's at the door. You had better go and countermand it.

Fergus. I will do so.

[He goes out.]

Reuben. He's deceived himself. Yes, yes; all will be well! But—but—*[He stops short, greatly agitated.]*—I won't be mastered! I will look it in the face! But, if not—if not—why then I shall have cut out doubt for ever from my heart.

[Rushes out.]

SCENE III.

Drawing-room in MR. TREVOR'S house,—same as first scene.

Enter MR. TREVOR and LILIAN.

Mr. Trevor. But thou shouldn't have come down, Lily; thou really shouldn't.

Lilian. Indeed, dear father, I am better. *[Aside]* O, for strength for one brave effort!

[He places a chair for her.]

Mr. Trevor. Well, thou must get up thy good looks, dear; for thou'lt be queen of the neighbourhood, now thou'rt back again. *[Sitting by her.]* Thou knows thy promise that thou'lt never leave thy father, even when thou'rt married. It's mostly for thy sake that I've tried to raise the family. I gave a breakfast last winter to the members of the Roxbury Hunt. Sir Richard was here himself, and I never saw a man so abstemious. He devoured every thing that came within his reach. He grew quite urbane, and showed, in fact, the greatest animosity. "Dam'me, you're a trump, Trevor!" says he; and he positively slapped me on the back!

[With great complacency.]

Lilian (forcing a show of interest). And did he ask you to Roxbury, dear father?

Mr. Trevor. Why—not in so many words. But the truth is, all was confusion. He had a great conflux of the aristocracy at his house that winter, and—hem—in fact—I believe there was no beds. But he's coming from London soon, and then—

Lilian. Indeed, dear father, I desire no grand acquaintance. Your Lily's content with you and with dear—dear Reuben.

Mr. Trevor. Ay, ay! Reuben's a good lad, though he wants polishing up. Any how he deserves well of Lily. You should have seen how he rushed off to punish the fellow whose impertinence alarmed you—

Lilian (starting up). Punish! Whom?

Mr. Trevor. Why the person who obtruded on you this morning.

Lilian (excitedly). You are jesting! O, say that you are jesting! Send after them! part them,—part them, as you value my peace—my life!

Mr. Trevor (soothingly). Nay, here comes Reuben to speak for himself.

REUBEN, his eyes fixed on the ground, is seen approaching the open window.

Lilian (darting towards the window). Speak before you enter! Is he safe? You have not—

Reuben (coming in). Not hurt a hair of his head.

[Lilian throws her arms round her father. Amy enters.]

Mr. Trevor (to her). There, I told thee all would be well. Sit down, love, sit down.

[He leads her apart to a couch.]

Reuben (aside). Is he safe?—she asked but for him. Well, she would see that I was safe. There was no need to ask about me.

Amy. Do speak to me, Reuben. If you could guess how glad I am to have you again,—to know that you've not done wrong!

Reuben (takes a chair, places her on his knee, and gazes earnestly into her face). Amy, I've a question for you. *[She regards him with wondering attention.]* Suppose, Amy, some one was to steal your love from me?

Amy. Reuben!

Reuben. I say, suppose so?

Amy (trembling). O, what have I done? You know that could never be—never!

Reuben. Well; let's put it another way. Suppose any one was to steal my love from you?

Amy. O, don't, don't!

Reuben. Nay, it's not likely; but suppose I was to choose another pet,—to find some other little face that would make me happier to look on than my Amy's?

Amy. That made you happier!

Reuben. Suppose so.

Amy. If it did make you happier—

Reuben. Well; go on, darling.

Amy. O, that would hurt me. But—but—

Reuben. Yes, yes?

Amy (stifling her sobs). I should pray to God; I should try to think how good you had been to me; how you ought to be happy. And if—if another pet made you so, I should give you up; and try—to love her for your sake.

[She weeps silently, and covers her face with her hands.]

Reuben (kissing her fervently). God bless you, darling! No fear, no fear! Now go play; I must have some talk with Aunt Lily. *[Leads her to the door; Amy goes out; Reuben then approaches Lilian.]* Are you well enough, Lilian, to have a short talk with me alone?

Mr. Trevor (sharply). No, she's not. *[Comes up to Reuben, and speaks to him apart.]* Forgive me, Reuben; but she's really ill. For all she's so kind and does her best, it's plain she takes no interest in any thing.

Lilian (rising, and coming to them). Father, I am well enough to talk with Reuben. I wish it. I must.

Mr. Trevor. Well, thou knows best, Lily; but I maun't have thee overset or flurried! *[Aside]* She droops just as she did before she went abroad. And such grand things as I was planning for her! Ah, perhaps that's it. I've been proud and foolish. What if this should be for—for a punishment! *[To Reuben]* Be very tender of her. She's all that reminds me of her mother! *[He goes out.]*

Lilian. Now, Reuben, you must tell me all. There has been no quarrel?

Reuben. No, Lilian: rest content about that. But you mustn't stand *[He places a chair and footstool for her]*: there's a breeze getting up. *[Envelops her in her shawl; then seats himself by her side.]* Lily, I've something to say to you.

Lilian. Yes, Reuben.

Reuben. There have been a good many changes in this year and more, since you left us. You're changed a bit yourself. The girl's look is gone from you, Lily!

Lilian. Yes, I'm a woman.

Reuben. We're always changing, I suppose. The games we played at when children don't amuse us now. Our tastes change; our likings change.

Lilian. As we grow older.

Reuben. It's what we must look for. You wouldn't wonder, then, if I was changed too?

Lilian (after a pause). You would never change from being good. [Gives him her hand.]

Reuben. Do you know, I've often thought of that book you were so fond of. [Draws forth the book produced in first scene, and shows it to her.] I often think of those young folks in the story who were engaged to each other, like you and me. Don't tremble so, or I can't go on.

Lilian (in a whisper). What about them?

Reuben. Well, you see, they didn't know their own minds until they got separated. Then they both found that what they thought love was—a mistake.

Lilian. O, Reuben! What do you mean? [He remains silent.] Have pity on me—you don't know what hangs on it. You don't—you can't mean that you're changed to me?

Reuben (springing from the chair, throwing up his hands, and speaking aside). She's afraid of it! She's afraid of it! She loves me still! [Returning to her.] And would Lilian find it hard if Reuben was changed to her?

Lilian (after a short pause, and turning away her face). Very hard! If he thought ill of her.

Reuben. That's no answer. Would it cost you much to think I was changed?

Lilian. I cannot bear this!

Reuben (smiling). You can't bear to think so—eh? Is that it? Silent? Nay, a word will do—a smile. [In an altered tone, and laying his hand on her shoulder.] Lily, I've been honest with you all my life. You'll speak to me truly? What can't you bear?

Lilian. To give you pain. I would rather die.

Reuben. Do you know any thing, then, that would give me pain if I knew it too?

Lilian. Reuben! Reuben, this is torture!

Reuben. Be calm. It's only a word, and it *must* come. When we two kneel together in the church—when you take the vow that can't be unsaid—the vow of heart's love till death and after—

Lilian (starting up). Spare me, spare me! I'm very wretched!

[She is about to sink at his knees; but he prevents her.]

Reuben. My poor child!

Lilian. Reuben, I must speak now! I was so young—I had seen no one but you. I had not dreamed that there was another feeling—a master feeling different from a sister's love—one that is not merely affection, but part of oneself! And it came so unperceived; it dawned on me so softly, rose so gradually, that it was high up, quickening every pulse, mingling with every breath, steeping all life in brightness, before I knew its power,—before I felt that when that light was blotted out the whole world would be darkness.

Reuben. Well—and then?

Lilian. Then came misery. I had not been willingly guilty; but the thought of your great goodness haunted me like remorse. I strove to break the spell, and fled. But I could not fly from myself. And now, Reuben, that you have made me see the truth, I must go on. Spite of all, the fatal power still conquers. And O, if I once sinned in yielding my love to another, I shrink from a sin yet darker! I cannot—dare not—take a false vow to Heaven, and betray the trust of your noble heart! [She sinks at his feet.]

Reuben (raising her). Poor child, poor child!

Lilian. What! Can you forgive me?

Reuben. Forgive thee! forgive thee! [Pressing his lips tenderly on her forehead.] I partly guessed it. You see—by my calmness—I was prepared for it. [A pause.] And you!—can you bear a surprise?

Lilian. What can I not bear, after this?

Reuben. Then leave me a little while; take a turn in the garden,—take the left path, to the shrubbery! Don't ask why; I may perhaps join you soon. [Folds shawl round her head.] The path to the shrubbery—remember!

Lilian (kissing his hand reverently). Bless you!

[He leads her to window, and watches her in silence till she disappears in the walk.]

Reuben (advancing slowly to front). I know the worst! [Sinks into a chair.] This is no longer a home for me. Soon, as she passed just now from me down the walk, she'll pass from me for ever. I shall see her no more. Not see her! O, yes; see her always! In strange lands she'll flit before my eyes—my own little playmate, with her straw hat and bright curls, her white frock and the blue sash that I used to tie for her. I shall see her pattering by me as when we plucked the spring primroses. I shall see the young girl with the warm flush on her cheek, as when I rode beside her pony. I shall see her as to-day, with her graceful movements and her soft sad face; and I shall see—ah, there's comfort!—I shall see for ever the smile with which she blessed me! Yes, while I live the day will never come that I shall not see Lilian!

[He bursts into tears; then leans back quietly in the chair.]

Amy (bounding in). O, you're here, Reuben! You promised me a walk, sir. Not a word! O, some bad magician has put him to sleep, and I shall be the good fairy to rouse him! Wake, sleeper, wake! [She playfully raises his arm, which falls listlessly to his side.] Reuben, what's the matter? It's Amy; your pet, Amy.

Reuben (who holds her at arm's length, gazes on her wistfully, then strains her to him.) Yes, Amy's still mine!

Amy. She'll never leave you; and Aunt Lilian—

Reuben. Aunt Lilian! [After a short struggle] I've learned Amy's lesson. Aunt Lilian goes away from us—goes where she'll be happy.

Amy. What! And leaves you—

Reuben. Not wretched. Amy, I might have been a villain, and broken her heart. I've done right—I've saved her. [Rises.] No, not wretched!

Enter LILIAN and FERGUS, followed by MR. TREVOR.

Lilian. Reuben! What does this mean?

Reuben (who takes the hand of Fergus, places it in Lilian's, and addresses Mr. Trevor). This is Fergus Graham, Lilian's preserver. He loves her. Your blessing for them. That alone will cure her.

Mr. Trevor. Fergus Graham! He loves her! I see. Reuben, you're a noble fellow.

[Fergus silently clasps Reuben's hand. Reuben walks apart; Lilian follows him.]

Lilian (laying her hand softly on his arm). My own brother! [Mr. Trevor, Fergus, and Amy, approach them.]

Reuben. You're all very kind to me. I shall think of you often when I'm far away. For I go to a land that asks for a man's pith and sinew, where there are broad forests to be cleared, wide prairies to roam.

Mr. Trevor. No, my lad, I can't lose you.

Reuben. Thank you; but my mind's made up.

Lilian (imploringly). For my sake!

Fergus. For our sake!

Reuben. I shall think always that you wished it; but— [Shakes his head in dissent.]

Amy (rushing forward, and grasping the skirts of his coat). Reuben, Reuben, will you leave your own Amy?

Reuben (much moved, and regarding her fixedly). Amy, Amy! pet, darling, comfort!—O, I didn't guess till now the hold she had on me! Leave her! Heaven that denies me a wife's love has perhaps given me its next blessing in the pure love of a child! It's a hard struggle; but with a clear conscience and her dear help I shall get through, I shall get through! [Cheerfully] Yes, Amy; I stay for thee!

[He sinks into a chair, and embraces her fondly.*]

* The Author of this little drama cannot let it appear in print unaccompanied by his warm thanks to all the performers engaged in its representation. Seldom has a piece so unpretending received so complete an illustration. The chief responsibility, however, rested with Mr. Charles Dillon; and those readers who have not seen him as Reuben Holt will hardly imagine the lifelike power and pathos with which he informs the very simple materials here presented to him.

THE BRITISH INSTITUTION, 1858.

We complained last year of the lack of great names in the catalogue of this exhibition: this year the lack is even more apparent. No Maclise, no Leslie, no Mulready, no Cope, not a single genuine Pre-Raffaellite picture, and only two, not important, works by Sir Edwin Landseer, Nos. 4 and 28. In the first, "Extract from my Journal whilst at Abbotsford," Maida, the famous deer-hound, and a little puppy are squatting on the floor, and by them lies the envelope of a letter directed to Sir Walter Scott, which the catalogue states to have contained a proof-sheet of one of the novels. We need not say how admirably the dogs are painted; what grim rusty grayness there is about Maida; and how doggedly impertinent the puppy looks. The canine character is certainly perfectly rendered. "The Twa Dogs," No. 28, to which Burns's well-known lines are appended, is an admirable illustration of the text. The gentlemanly dog—"they ca'd him Cæsar"—has all the marks of his education about him; not only in "his locket, letter'd, braw brass collar," but in the gravity and clear-eyed dignity of his face, which is wonderfully represented. The other dog, that "gash and faithful tyke," is evidently for rougher service; and if not so much to be admired, is perhaps more to be liked; there is not the slightest doubt that

"His honest, sonsie, baws'nt face
Ay gat him friends in ilka place."

This is one of the pictures the sight of which rewards any trouble, as this painter's works invariably do, in one sense or other. If we could say as much for Mr. Frank Stone's, "A Yarn," No. 1,—an old fisherman relating a marine legend to a youngster,—it would give us great pleasure; but really, when observing the careless unsound execution and slovenly drawing therein, we cannot do so. The old man's face is ferocious and sullen, appearing much more likely to frighten the boy than provoke the girlish simper which stands upon his countenance. Similar faults are observable in Mr. F. Goodall's picture, No. 70, an intended illustration of that well-imagined incident respecting the relief of Lucknow, where the Highland nurse is supposed to have heard the slogan of the Macgregor (?), or rather Sir C. Campbell coming to the relief of the place. The nurse, who is somewhat juvenile for her office, has clambered in front of a gun, and with great energy proclaims the news; while behind her stalks a gaunt India hero, supernaturally tall and grim. The other figures are in the same taste; and the execution of the whole work very inferior indeed,—not melodramatic only, but coarse and vulgar.

The subject-pictures, which are probably the most striking here, are those by Mr. L. Haghe, who appears as an oil-painter. No. 56, "Peter Boel arranging his Model," shows the famous Flemish flower-painter seated at a table, and with outstretched hand bringing into contrast some flowers from which to study. There is a broad vigour and brightness about this work which render it most striking; the brilliant light and shade, thorough keeping, and singularly characteristic colour, are remarkable; by which last phrase we mean that the distinctive appearance even of a Flemish picture is given here as appropriate to a Flemish subject,—a somewhat novel thought of the painter's, worthy of an observer's notice. "The Visit to the Studio," No. 83, by the same artist, has the like qualities in an inferior degree. A picture-buyer and his daughter have called on a Flemish painter, whose work stands before them on the easel: the lady is seated in front, evidently not satiated with observation; her father, behind, receives some explanation from the painter in reference to the work. All these figures are highly characteristic; the burly dignity of the painter, the elder gentleman's look of quiet connoisseurship and satisfaction, are equally well told with the girl's attentive study. If both these works were more elaborated, so as not to become rather coarse on close examination, as they do, there would indeed be little to be desired in them.

"Far away," No. 144,—a young woman looking out of a window, musing, we presume, on an absent lover,—is by P. H. Calderon, whose "Broken Vows" at the Royal Academy last year attracted much attention. This work is hardly equal to that, the artist seeming to have abandoned his solid style of painting, which was the marked merit of that work. There is considerable feeling in the face, however,—so much so, that we regret to see certain chromatic vagaries in the background which are not very pardonable. No. 124, by F. Wyburd, "Immortelles," a young girl making a wreath of those flowers, has, in spite of some *petite* drawing in the face, much feeling and character as well as novel and pretty colouring. No. 167, by J. Gilbert,—the well-known incident of Rubens' lesson to Teniers, showing the former working on an early picture by the latter,—is as large and vigorous as the painter's works always are, but is even more careless in execution than usual; Rubens' arm is surely much too small. No. 436, by F. Walmesley, "Consulting the Coffee-cup," a girl practising divination, although hung very high, has vigorous painting, character, prettiness, and good expression. In an equally bad position is No. 454, "The False Mirror," by F. Sterling, a little girl looking at herself in a bright tin can; though rather murky in colour, it is clever and effective. Mr. T. P. Hall's "Cavaliers and Puritans" is hardly a fulfilment of previous promise. It shows a scene in a hostelry, where a crowd of persons are eating and arguing, flirting and fighting, and contains an immense variety of incident, but so disposed that one group seems to be not at all aware of the presence of its neighbour: this want of connection produces an effect as if the characters on a crowded stage were each engaged in a different "aside." So great is his improvement in execution since the last picture, that we hope the artist, who almost approaches Frith at present, may soon find an original and perhaps nobler path.

Mr. Noel Paton exhibits a large allegorical piece, "The Triumphs of Vanity;" a beautiful *ignis fatuus* of a half-naked woman, crowned starlike with light, floats before a crowd of people, whose eager struggles in pursuit are given with great energy. The execution is extremely solid, its fault being an over-abundance of cold colour. We can only regret that so much skill and labour has not found a human subject for exercise. Wingfield's "Come into the Garden, Maud," a young lady in a blue dress, will be a sorrow to the heart of the Laureate that his heroine should have grown so old and plain-looking. It is very solidly painted, a most notable improvement in the artist; which praise may also be given to "A Study on the Coast," a young lady about to bathe.

There is a class of pictures which can be placed under no other head than that of false sentiment. For example, Mr. Brooke's "The Sister's Grave;" a young woman, in black with purple trimmings, and just brimful of tears, is seated on one grave contemplating another, on which a rose is shedding its leaves,—an idea taken from Mr. O'Neil's "The Wanderer's Return," a very superior picture. We call this false sentiment, not because the subject is not sad, but from the affected and doll-like manner of telling it. Mr. E. Hughes has a work even more condemnable in this respect, "The Return of Sir H. Lee to Woodstock;" the incident where the bluff old knight requests his fair daughter to drink some beer. By some misreading of the text, Sir Harry is seen in the last stage of senility, the daughter a puny girl, and the flagon a monstrous pitcher. The subject lacks interest, which the treatment does not supply. Mr. Buckner's large-eyed and impossible boys might come in this class if they showed even the attempt at honest execution evinced by all the latter pictures. Far from silly, and far from affected, but still a strange misreading of the text, is Mr. Maw Egley's "Lady of Shalott,"—the point where "she went three paces through the room." Tennyson's heroine was a grand erring human soul, and should be shown in a grand and noble body, very different from the *petite* young lady, her hair *à la Eugénie*, and gorgeously robed to the foot, who stands prettily smiling out of the window upon a little Sir Lancelot, seen by us in the mirror. All the acces-

sories, the room, and lady's dress, are elaborately and carefully painted, which makes us the more regret that so grand a subject has not suggested a grander design.

Mr. J. Archer's "Rosalind and Celia" is solidly painted, has much feeling for colour, a good design, and sound drawing. The expressions are admirable; and but for a portrait-like suggestiveness in the features, the whole work would be perfect. The subject is where the sighing Rosalind has not a word "to throw at a dog." A picture not without humour is "Cross-Purposes," T. M. Joy. We see the backs of a lady and an old and a young lover: the former intends to slip into her hand a note, which, however, is being placed in that of the latter; while the lady's own hand, also note-laden, vainly solicits attention of the younger admirer. The forced conversation of all parties while this goes on is well expressed. "The Inconvenience of a Bachelor's Life," by A. Lumley, shows an elderly cottager attempting to thread a needle previous to repairing his stockings. The old fellow's expression is very good, as he struggles with the fickle thread. There is a good deal of humour, though little novelty, in Mr. Ritchie's "Winter-Day in St. James's Park:" a string of sliders fall over each other in the foreground, a timid "swell" tries his maiden skates, two gentlemen glide triumphantly, one saluting the other, a girl relieves a shivering child, &c., &c. But for a distant resemblance of the Horse Guards at the back, this scene should have been placed in Paris, so French are all the people. Lacking all the humour, and not so well painted, is "A Summer-Day in Hyde Park," by the same artist.

There are several capital pictures here in the class of domestic humour, Mr. J. Collinson's "Short Change" being the best. An irate old woman, with outstretched and rigid hand, demands some missing coppers of a lubberly boy, whose earnest protestations are no sign of innocence, as he indignantly displays his pockets. "A sad Memorial of a Tale of Woe," by P. R. Morris, has much the same qualities. Mr. J. Clark, whose picture, "The Sick Child," we engraved last year, has one scarcely equal to it in execution, but full of character; it is called "Grandam's Hope:" an uproarious-looking boy is feeding his fancies with military exploits, while the trusting old woman sits patiently by. The design is admirable. "Hook my Frock," by W. Hemsley, a boy trying to give "a figure" to a stout-waisted little girl, whose robust proportions defy his efforts; the expressions and character are extremely good. "Knuckle Down," by W. H. Knight, some boys playing at marbles, has much good commonplace character.

Of animal subjects, Sydney Cooper exhibits "A Pond by the Meadows," a group of cattle, painted in his usual manner, but with rather more solidity of execution than hitherto. "The Setter," by J. Earl, a dog's head, is painted with almost the skill of Ansdell. Ansdell himself has a large picture, a pendant to "Ploughing," at the Royal Academy last year, entitled, "The Road to Seville." A great-wheeled Spanish ox-cart is dragged sturdily by two huge beasts, while the stalwart driver lays his long lance-like goad upon the brow of one to guide the vehicle from a rough place in the ill-made road. Some peasants are in the cart, overhung by the wide-meshed nets used to retain the load of chopped straw. Other Spaniards with asses follow. There is some splendid skin—or rather hide—painting in this, and the whole picture is even more than usually fine in treatment.

The most remarkable landscape is by J. W. Oakes, No. 375, "Vale of the Dee." We took occasion to praise this artist's picture here last year ("Caerhŷn, Low-water"), and can but say that this one fully supports his fame. A broad rough green valley, through which goes the beautiful river, —the last spanned by several bridges, by use of which the great principle of repetition of line is pronounced upon with great success: far up, until the distances become misty, we see the broken country, forming altogether one of the most charming and learned landscapes we remember to have seen. The extreme distance errs in flatness, but the near fore-

ground has some exquisitely true painting of detail. David Roberts, R.A., sends two small pictures, "Tyre" and "Sidon." These do not satisfy us so well as the painter's works generally do, even accepting his ordinary manner of conventional treatment, almost monochromatic. Several landscapes of the Boddington school need no comment. A word of admiration must be spared for J. Peel's "Loch Lomond," as an admirably truthful rendering of nature.

For truth and simplicity of execution, the visitor will do well to see (as best he may) a little picture by H. Bowler, hung at the top of the room,—a view from "Box Hill, Surrey," No. 256, seemingly studied with care and knowledge. Mr. Raven's, No. 395, "Glimpse of the Marshes of Essex,"—some rough land, carefully painted, and a good effect obtained by introduction of a windmill against the sky,—no new thing in itself, but well told. A large picture, which attracts much merited attention, is by H. Dawson, "The Houses of Parliament," a view taken from the south side of the river, near Hungerford Bridge. This is painted with much care and power; it lacks, however, colour, which even a London effect might afford: we certainly have seen purer skies in the neighbourhood. The sun-effect is rendered with great boldness, as far as the sky itself is concerned; but there is a failure of depth and breadth in the rest of the picture. Mr. F. Mogford's "Hauling-in Nets—Evening," a picture somewhat resembling Linton's in style, but nevertheless very effective and admirable. Linton himself exhibits two pictures, "An Ancient Roman Tomb," the red Roman bricks of which stand out against the classic sky powerfully; and the water at foot of the building, solemn in dark-green tones, is well suggestive of the true antique feeling. "A Roman River-scene," by the same, has the same merits. We may commend Mr. E. W. Cooke's "Dutch Fishing-boats," and "Dutch Shore—a still Day," as possessing his usual characteristics, which, if rather mannered in style, are far truer than Vandervelde's similar subjects. "Evening on the Lagoon, Venice," No. 14, by this artist, shows an unusual effect in painting; the still evening sets, and great heaped purple bars of cloud lie athwart the clear greenish-gold sky. The buildings take a purple tone from above, rendering the whole broad, solemn, and impressive.

"The Peacock at Home," by Mr. G. Lance, shows a peacock stalking amongst a mass of garish flowers,—a not inappropriate association. The bird and his tail are triumphant in splendour of execution; the feathers fairly sparkle and glow. One of the most exquisite flower-pieces we have seen is by W. H. Ward,—*"Flowers, Fruit, and Bird's Nest,"* No. 411. This is deep-toned as an enamel, elaborate as a miniature, soft as a work in oil, and truthful and rich, as all such subjects should be.

L. L.

PROGRESS OF SCIENCE.

MM. WÖHLER and St. Claire Deville, taking advantage of the powerful decomposing agency of aluminium, have been following out their researches on boron, with the result of removing an anomaly hitherto not a little peculiar. The greater number of simple bodies—at any rate those which have been most completely studied—manifest themselves as gases or liquids; or, if solid, in the crystalline state, with or without metallic brilliancy: boron alone, placed between silicium and carbon, both of which crystallise in great perfection, departs from this rule. The researches of MM. Wöhler and St. Claire Deville, commenced by each separately at about the same time, have resulted in making boron appear, like silicium and carbon, in the form of crystals. To make the analogy between the three substances still closer, boron is shown to be capable of assuming three distinct varieties of physical condition, to which the designations *amorphous*, *graphitic*, and *crystalline* may be conveniently applied. Amorphous boron was first isolated by MM. Guy Lussac and Thénard, by causing potassium to react upon boric acid. At a later period Berzelius succeeded in isolating it by a

similar process to that employed by him for the development of silicium, namely, by the reaction of potassium or sodium upon fluoborate of potassium. A much simpler method is adopted by MM. Wöhler and St. Claire Deville. Ten parts of fused and roughly powdered boracic acid are mixed with six parts of sodium in fragments, and then projected into a cast-iron crucible, previously heated to redness. The mass is now covered with four or five parts of common salt, and the crucible is immediately closed with a cast-iron cover. The greatest care must be taken to prevent the admixture of any silicious substance with the charge, otherwise silicium would be developed, and combine with the boron obstinately. The common salt merely serves the purpose of a flux. The reaction may be known to have terminated by the occurrence of a slight crepitation. The whole mass being agitated with an iron rod, is now poured into a deep jar holding water strongly acidulated with hydrochloric acid, and nearly all the liberated boron rapidly falls to the bottom. It is then collected upon a filter, washed first with dilute hydrochloric acid, afterwards with pure water. When the boron has been washed enough, it begins to pass through the filter; but that which has passed, if acidulated by hydrochloric acid, and allowed to stand, ultimately deposits, and may be collected. The powder must be dried on a tile at the ordinary temperature, the slightest elevation of heat giving rise to incandescence; it even becomes incandescent in pure hydrogen, changing to an isomorphous variety. The graphitic variety of boron is prepared by placing aluminium in a dish within a porcelain tube heated to redness, through which is transmitted a mixture of chloride of boron and oxide of carbon, resulting from the reaction of chlorine upon a mixture of boric acid and carbon, when a great quantity of chloride of aluminium results, and boruret of aluminium remains in the dish; the latter substance, acted upon by hydrochloric acid or soda, or successively by the two, liberates the boron in a graphitic form. Boruret of aluminium may also be formed by fusing together fluoborate of potash and sodium; then adding equal equivalents of chloride of potassium and chloride of sodium as a flux. There are yet other methods of generating graphitic boron, for a description of which we must refer the inquirer to the *Annales de Chimie* for January. More interesting than either of the preceding is boron in its crystalline or diamond-like variety, which bears the same sort of relation to amorphous boron that diamond bears to ordinary charcoal. It is prepared in the following manner: a crucible of charcoal, charged with a mixture of aluminium and fused boracic acid, is placed within a black-lead crucible of good quality, and the whole put in a strong wind-furnace powerful enough to melt nickel. The temperature is maintained at its greatest pitch for about five hours, the scoræ being removed from time to time. The crucible being then allowed to cool, and broken, crystals of boron are displayed, which must be purified from adherent matters by processes too long to describe here, but which will be found in the French journal just adverted to. We have said thus much about boron, considering it to be one of the most interesting chemical discoveries—if not *the most interesting*—of the present time. The hardness and brilliancy of the crystalline variety are only second to the same qualities in the diamond. Crystallised boron can be even used to polish diamonds,—as a diamond-polisher of Amsterdam has proved. Unfortunately it is difficult to obtain fine specimens, otherwise the discoverers confidently affirm they would assuredly be used for the purposes of jewellery.

Will photographic treatment ever succeed in depicting objects in their proper colours? We remember when even those most learned in photographic art did not hesitate to deny that such a result was possible; yet facts there are which almost shake one's faith in that opinion. M. Edmond Becquerel, a gentleman to whom photography is largely indebted, called attention, at a meeting of the French Photographic Society on the 18th of last month, to the treatment, by means of which he has produced colours by the direct

action of light, being a continuation of his former researches, made known in 1848. It will be remembered that on that occasion he indicated how he had succeeded in developing colours by direct action upon a photographic surface; but finding them evanescent under the action of diffused light, he for a time relinquished his experiments. The present experiments of M. Becquerel, although they leave the grand problem practically unsolved, point, as would seem, to its realisation at some future period.

The lamented death of M. Thénard left a vacancy in the chemical section of the Academy of Sciences, which was filled, at the *séance* of the 14th ult., by M. Fremy. The other competitors were MM. Berthelot, Wurtz, and H. St. Claire Deville. The suffrages stood as follows: M. Fremy, 45 votes; M. Berthelot, 7; M. Wurtz, 6; M. H. St. Claire Deville, 1. A foreigner may be excused for expressing his surprise that the latter gentleman was allowed to stand so low upon the list. M. Fremy, the successful competitor, is the son of a *pharmacien*, and has been himself throughout life attached to the pharmaceutical branch of chemistry.

M. Marcel de Serres communicates some interesting facts relative to the presence of mercury in the geological formations in and near Montpellier. This is no new discovery, however, for it was indicated so long ago as 1760, by the Abbé Sauvages, MM. Amoreux, Gouan, and Gensanne. At a later period, M. Poitevin specially mentioned that quicksilver was discoverable in the Rue Carbonerie, Rue de l'Université, Grand Rue, and the Halle aux Poissons. Unlike the experience in other localities, the quicksilver found here is totally unaccompanied by sulphuret of the metal (cinnabar), but is associated with calomel. Its geology offers much that is peculiar, the strata in which it is found being quaternary; the very same where, in the terrain of Montpellier, under the foundations of the Palais de Justice, M. Paul Gervais discovered a new species of ape. Considerable disruption of strata, however, occurs in and near Montpellier; whence it probably happens that some of the mercury-bearing rocks may have got mechanically mixed with the overlying terrain, or portions of quicksilver may have become raised by volatilisation. On any other supposition, it would be difficult to account for the presence of the metal so exceptionally.

Few of the minor cares of philosophers are exceeded by the difficulty which astronomers experience in giving names to the new planets which year after year reveal their whereabouts to the increasing power of telescopes. With regard to the two planets, discovered respectively on the 15th of September and the 4th of October last, M. Luther, of the Prussian Observatory at Bilke, communicates to M. Elie de Beaumont that the former, made apparent by M. Luther himself, has received the name of *Aglaia*, given by the members of the philosophic faculty of the Society of Bonn; whilst the latter, discovered by Mr. James Ferguson, October 4, and seen for the first time by M. Luther on the 19th of the same month, has received the name of *Virginia*. At the close of M. Luther's announcement, M. Elie de Beaumont, who had been invited to name the first of the two planets discovered on the nights of the 19th and 20th September, proposed to admit the name of *Doris*, suggested by M. Babinet. He also repeated his desire that the two planets, *Doris* and *Pales*, discovered by M. Goldschmidt on the same night, should receive the name of the *Twins*.

The recent earthquake-waves which wrought such devastation in Italy have not left certain other parts of Europe unaffected. M. Boué, in a communication to M. Elie de Beaumont, states: "We experienced here in December, more especially in Illyria and Carinthia (Agram Klagenfurt, Rosegg, Lienzen Admont, Dec. 24), the counterpart of the Neapolitan shocks. Their normal direction (north and south) followed, as usual in this neighbourhood, the chains and layers of the south-east and north-west; but on arriving at the Alps, the oscillations changed their direction to east and west. Accompanying the earthquake's shocks were also violent magnetic perturbations."

SHYLOCK REFUSING THRICE THE AMOUNT OF HIS BOND.

BY C. H. LEAR.

WHEN Antonio, the merchant of Venice, in the dominant insolence of his wealth so grievously insulted miserable and spiteful Shylock, rating him on the Rialto, he little thought that the forfeiture of that strange bond would bring him, in his friend's default, to this pass. Let us call things by their right names, abhorring cant, and style that friend of his, the amiable "Lord Bassanio," an adventurous gambler and a fortune-hunter, who set upon the die, after his own goods had gone, the life and fortune of his friend against the stake of Portia's heart and fortune. Suppose that venture had failed, and he, choosing the wrong casket, had come back to Venice from Belmont, his ship of luck bearing a sail as tattered as one of Antonio's argosies: would the "violet-hooded doctor" then have gone on that marvellous quest, laden with such ingenious sophistry of law? would that young Daniel have come to judgment? We have always thought hardly of the Lord Bassanio for that he, succeeding in his suit, stayed in happiness with Portia, and would have stayed, but that Antonio's letter broke like a thunder-clap upon him, announcing ruin and the forfeit bond.

Thus we give substance to Shakspeare's characters, judging of them as men who have acted and erred. It has been the great privilege of his power to create them before us, to make us live amongst them, almost converse with them, and ourselves discuss their deeds. Who has not hung breathless upon the young doctor's words, as though he stood in spirit among the rustling doublets and long gowns of that Venetian court of justice, hundreds of years passed on into bygone time? Who has not been moved with Antonio's message to the unknown Portia?

"Tell her the process of Antonio's end;
Say how I loved you, speak me fair in death;
And, when the tale is told, bid her be judge
Whether Bassanio had not once a love.
Repent not you that you shall lose your friend,
And he repents not that he pays your debt."

Truly it was a noble heart that could thus make his own dissolution an honour to the man for whom he died, conveying to her the highest recommendation for her love,—that he who won her so by chance could merit such deep devotion from a friend, and therefore claim such high affection from a wife.

She, too, who in quaint disguise came forth to prove her faith and will, could not but have heard those words with joy as presage of a happy life. "Shylock," said she, "there's thrice thy money offered thee;" and he, while the net of vengeance drew closer round him, replied:

"An oath, an oath, I have an oath in heaven:
Shall I lay perjury upon my soul?
No, not for Venice."

Thrice the redemption has been offered him with entreaty, and thrice it has been refused contumeliously. Suddenly are the tables turned by that "wise young doctor." Just when the base usurer draws knife, and sets about to adjust his scales, comes the stern prohibition of blood-shedding. Well may he demand, "Is that the law?" Caught in his own trap he stands, glad to escape at last with forfeiture of house and goods unto his disobedient daughter.

The painter of the picture we engrave vanished from the world of art some years since, leaving an impression of immense talents strangely left imperfect, and dramatic ability such as very few possess. There was a vivacity and spirit in the few works seen by the public that should, with another fortune, have placed him amongst the highest in the ranks of art. Those who remember the pictures of "Antonio signing the Bond," "The unexpected Pause," &c., will justify this expression of opinion. The present painting was exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1846.

L. L.

A FEW PAGES OF "THE TRADITIONARY RECORDS OF THE CHATEAU DE GERMOND."

ADAPTED BY C. ABEILLEVILLE FROM A MANUSCRIPT BY ROMAGNESI.

"In vain would you conceal from me, my dear Léonore, the profound despondency which betrays itself in all your actions. The gaiety once so natural in you is gone. This tranquil life wearies you; I see it does. Ah, Léonore, the delight of passing our days in each other's society only has, I fear, already faded in your eyes!"

Léonore returned no answer to her cousin's speech; but Lisette,—a pretty dark-eyed *suivante*, half companion, half lady's-maid,—who sat at a respectful distance from her young mistresses, engaged upon some work, said, "Had your friends told us, mademoiselle, that we should never see any of them here, I think even you would have hesitated to bury us alive in this old chateau."

"The country should be sacred to silence and solitude," said Mademoiselle de Germond coldly; "and as for visitors, Lisette, you know that it was to escape the fatiguing intercourse with the world and its worthless votaries that my cousin and I retired to this quiet old mansion, with the intention of ending our days calmly and undisturbed within its walls."

"To end their days!" mentally exclaimed Lisette; "life has scarcely commenced with either of them! Now, I should say, mademoiselle," ventured she aloud, "that an old country-house must be of all places the most delightful for seeing one's friends; for when they come they generally remain some time. Of course, no one invites those they do not care for, but a few chosen friends—"

"Chosen friends, Lisette! Do you know the danger attendant upon the society of chosen friends in a country-house? An air of freedom is sure to establish itself, an intimacy very pernicious to the dignified repose that should ever reign in our hearts. Love grows with alarming rapidity in an old chateau of this description, where every incident, however trifling in itself, takes a romantic colouring."

"At all events, mademoiselle, you *might* find some one worthy the honour of your love; or Mademoiselle Léonore perhaps—"

"No man is worthy either my cousin's or my love," said Mademoiselle de Germond with emphasis. "Men are never worthy woman's love; it is woman's weakness alone which leads them to imagine that men merit their affection. Do I not say truly, my dear cousin? Léonore! you do not answer me."

"Because I cannot agree with you, Lucinda," said Léonore, raising her eyes to her cousin's face. "The heart rejects such conclusions," added she, again bending over her embroidery.

"The heart!" repeated Mademoiselle de Germond; "but the heart should be guided by common sense, by the understanding."

"The mind may be influenced by reasoning, the heart never," said Léonore.

"Léonore, you are in love!" exclaimed Mademoiselle de Germond, glancing at the colour which the conversation had raised to her cousin's face. "And I shall, I suppose, some day have the misfortune to see you married?—the victim of tyranny, bad-temper, caprice, jealousy, neglect; in fact, of every evil that develops itself in the lover from the moment he becomes the husband: the prey of regret, despair, unhappiness,—in fact, of all the sorrows which overwhelm a wife from the minute she becomes one."

"You overdraw the picture, Lucinda; indeed you do," said Léonore energetically. "What happiness might one not enjoy in a well-assorted union? Picture to yourself, dear Lucinda, passing your life with one by whom you would be beloved, respected, unceasingly cared for—"

"Adored, worshipped!" put in Lisette, carried away by her younger mistress's picture and her own private senti-



SPECIMENS OF THE ENGLISH SCHOOL: NO. XIX.

PAINTED BY C. H. LEAR.

SHYLOCK REFUSING THRICE THE AMOUNT OF HIS BOND.

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ments upon the subject. "And of course, mademoiselle, he would be young, handsome, brave, clever, generous, noble, honoured, and envied by all—"

"Could you remain indifferent to such a one, Lucinda?" said Léonore enthusiastically. "O, no! Your sole care would be that of pleasing him—"

"And of loving him!" said Lisette theatrically.

"Life with one whom you could honour, by whom you would be respected, and of whom you would be proud to call yourself wife, would indeed be bliss."

"Ah, well!" sighed Lisette, "even a ruffled married life would be better than not to be married at all."

"Léonore," said Lucinda, who had been gazing with indignation upon her cousin and maid alternately, "in your turn you overdraw the picture. Your ideas of marriage and of men are purely chimerical,—ideas which, should you marry, you will soon find disappear in real sorrows."

"The path of life has its sorrows, whichever be the one we choose to follow," said Léonore.

"I do not doubt but that we shall one day see some handsome cavalier at mademoiselle's feet," said Lisette.

"Silence, girl!" commanded Mademoiselle de Germond.

"Surely the idea is not so *very* repugnant?" said Léonore, fairly laughing aloud at her cousin's look of disgust.

"Not to you, Léonore; to me it is. What have I done to merit so cruel a suspicion?—I, whose actions are invariably consistent with my opinions!—I, who would die rather than give any one cause to believe me guilty of the weakness I abhor! Think well of what I say, Léonore: as long as you remain unmarried we will continue to share my property in common as we have hitherto done; but from the day of your marriage you will have nothing further to hope from my friendship." And Mademoiselle de Germond swept from the room.

"Mademoiselle de Germond behaves more like an aunt than a cousin," exclaimed Lisette indignantly, throwing down her work, and going towards her younger mistress.

"Hush, Lisette!" said Léonore sadly. "I must not be ungrateful; for it is to her I owe all,—my education, my past enjoyment, and my present affluence. What would have become of me, her poor orphan cousin, had it not been for her generosity and affection?"

"It is certainly abominable to know that you must not fall in love, but it would be dreadful if you had already done so; as it is, the tempest is still far off."

"It is much nearer than you imagine, my good Lisette," said Mademoiselle Derval.

"*Ciel! est-il possible?*" exclaimed Lisette in tones of sympathy and curiosity blended. "O, mademoiselle, who can it be?"

"You have heard me mention his name, Lisette—Colonel de Surgy," said Léonore.

"O, mademoiselle, how delightful! And he is young—handsome?"

"Yes, he is indeed handsome."

"But do tell me, Mademoiselle Léonore, where and how you first saw him."

"It was at a party that my cousin was prevented joining by indisposition last winter. We have frequently met in society since."

"And is it possible, mademoiselle, that your cousin has never discovered—"

"O, you know, Lisette, that nothing would induce her to look any man in the face," said Léonore with an involuntary smile; "so that we have not found much difficulty in concealing from her the interest we feel in each other."

"Then I am no longer astonished that Counsellor Mondor's admiration of her has failed to attract her notice."

"Who? Monsieur Mondor? How ridiculous!" exclaimed Léonore.

"O yes, mademoiselle; poor man, his head is almost turned. You have not remarked it, because your thoughts have been continually elsewhere."

"True, Lisette; alas. But I fear I am confiding some-

what incautiously in your discretion, Lisette," suddenly observed Mademoiselle Derval.

"You do not doubt your poor foster-sister, Mademoiselle Léonore?" said Lisette reproachfully.

"I did not mean to wound your feelings, my good Lisette," said Mademoiselle Derval to her warm-hearted attendant; and then, as if to make up for her momentary reserve, she relapsed into her former confidence. "I am very unhappy. Colonel de Surgy has been for some months past in Germany; and when he returns to Paris, which should be about this time, I fear he will be in despair at not finding me there."

Their conversation was here interrupted by the sudden entrance of Mademoiselle de Germond.

"Léonore, a carriage has just entered the park-gates. Whose can it be? Go and see, Lisette. I have asked no one to come," said Lucinda.

"Nor I," said Léonore.

"As I live, it is the counsellor and his sister!" cried Lisette in a tone of delight as she re-entered the room.

"Araminta is welcome, but *not* her brother," said Lucinda.

"How gay our worthy counsellor is becoming!" said Lisette. "He looks quite military with his plume, his sword, and—"

"How!" interrupted Mademoiselle de Germond. "A sword, feather?—and he a civilian!"

"O, mademoiselle, he is one of that kind of people who are *amphibious*," returned Lisette. "In Paris he is a civilian, in the country what he pleases; and it evidently pleases him to-day to be a military man."

"Do go and receive them, Léonore," said Lucinda, "for I really will not."

"Mademoiselle," began Lisette as Léonore left the room, "excuse my taking upon myself to point out such a thing to your notice, but—I think you ought to know—that—Monsieur Mondor—loves you."

"What!" exclaimed Mademoiselle de Germond.

"Monsieur Mondor loves you. And if mademoiselle will condescend to see for herself, she will find that my surmises are correct," said Lisette, hastily quitting the room to avoid the consequences of her officious statement.

"What insolence! What idea has the girl dared to take into her head?" exclaimed Mademoiselle de Germond aloud. "It is not true; he would not presume to—"

Further soliloquy was abruptly stopped by the entry of the counsellor, who, catching his sword either in his feet or the door, narrowly escaped falling headlong into the room.

"Mademoiselle," he began, gathering himself up to bend forward in a low bow, "I implore a thousand pardons—but—my extreme haste—to assure you of—my devotion—my respect—I—"

"I am exceedingly annoyed at your intrusion into this my cousin's and my private sitting-room, monsieur," interrupted Lucinda unceremoniously.

But Monsieur Mondor took no heed of the coolness of his reception. "I must not lose so good an opportunity as this is for declaring myself," thought he. "Courage, Damon! a handsome young wife with a large fortune! And this is the first time I have been able to catch her alone! Good heavens, how embarrassed I feel!—How delightful the view is from this window!" he exclaimed aloud, suddenly struck with a keen perception of the beauty of the scenery; "the eye rejoices to wander over it."

"The view is beautiful, certainly," said Lucinda coldly.

"No scene was ever more enchanting, no residence more enviable; there is but one thing wanting to make it, and its presiding goddess's happiness, perfect."

"If, by 'presiding goddess,' you mean me, monsieur," said Lucinda, "the only obstacle to my perfect happiness at the present moment is the annoyance of your society."

"No, no. I tell you it is not perfect,—it cannot be,—there is something wanting to complete it," persisted the counsellor, drawing nearer to Lucinda, and attempting to take her hand, which was snatched away with a look of un-

equivocal disgust. "And shall I tell you, Lucinda—beautiful Lucinda,—what it is? It is the society of some beloved one to share with you its delights. Yes, adored Lucinda; and if the most devoted, the most adoring of men merits the honour of possessing your hand and heart, I am assuredly that man."

"This is too much," almost gasped Lucinda; "a declaration of love to me—*me!* Leave the room and the house this moment, Monsieur Mondor, and never dare to present yourself here again!"

"But what is there in the confession of my love to displease you, exquisite Lucinda?"

"It is absurd, ridiculous, impertinent! An offer to *me!* I flattered myself I was beyond the reach of such nonsense!"

"But you are young, rich, and handsome; why should you waste all these charms in this seclusion, when they would so well adorn the world?"

"Pray do not concern yourself about it."

"But, unfortunately for my peace of mind, it concerns me too much," said the counsellor with a loud sigh. "Ah, lovely Lucinda," continued he, suddenly throwing himself upon his knees, "hear me, condescend to vouchsafe me some hope, or I will remain here for ever."

"Good heavens! what shall I do?" mentally exclaimed Mademoiselle de Germond. "I would not for the world have any one witness this absurd scene! I cannot leave him here; and if I do not at once and for ever put an end to his absurdity, I shall live in continual dread of a repetition of it. He will never hear reason; I will try what ridicule will do.—Rise, Monsieur Mondor," said she, seating herself near the table, and taking up her work; "I am tempted to reproach myself for the anger your avowal at first occasioned me."

"Ha, ha! I thought it would come to this, sooner or later," soliloquised the counsellor, rising.

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed Lucinda. "Now that my anger has passed, I can laugh at the absurdity of the thing! If you could have seen yourself just now, upon your knees, you would laugh as I do now at the recollection. Ha, ha, ha! Monsieur Mondor, the grave counsellor, upon his knees, uttering a declaration of love to me! Why, I should pass for your daughter instead of your wife. Ha, ha, ha!"

"Sapristi!" muttered the counsellor, stamping with vexation. "I tell you, madame, that—"

"O, I am *madame* already in his imagination," interrupted Lucinda, with renewed laughter.

"Sacr-r-re!" uttered Damon, with another stamp. "I tell you, madame—"

Lucinda was prevented hearing what the counsellor had further to say by the entrance of Léonore with Mademoiselle Mondor.

"How delighted I am to again behold you, Lucinda!" exclaimed Araminta. "Your departure from Paris threw me into a state of the most profound regret; and I have acceded with pleasure to Damon's entreaties, who, since you left, has not ceased to implore me to visit you here."

"Your visit would be far more welcome, Araminta, did I owe it entirely to yourself," said Lucinda coldly.

"Araminta," said Damon, coming forward, "I have been most cruelly treated by Mademoiselle de Germond!"

"Your brother could not be satisfied without proclaiming his folly," said Lucinda indignantly. "Compassion for his absurdity would have kept me silent upon the subject; but since he *has* mentioned it, I may as well tell you at once, Araminta, never, as you value my friendship, to bring him here again. It is useless for me to tell him that I do not desire his presence; for he either cannot or will not understand."

"You hear what Mademoiselle de Germond says, Damon," said Araminta, who, though she favoured her brother's wish of uniting himself with the rich and beautiful heiress, did not care to endanger her own intimacy with Lucinda.

"But what am I doing that is so distasteful?"

"Come, Araminta, let us take a walk in the park," said Lucinda impatiently.

"Yes, yes, certainly," said the counsellor, darting forward. "Mademoiselle de Germond, allow me to offer you my—"

"You will allow me to decline, monsieur; I wish to converse with your sister."

"No doubt I have to thank some rival for your rigour towards me; but I will find him out," said the counsellor in a threatening tone.

Without deigning a reply, Lucinda left the room, followed by Araminta.

"It seems, then, that I am to have the honour of offering my arm to you, Mademoiselle Derval," said Monsieur Mondor.

"Excuse me, I am already fatigued with my morning's ramble," said Léonore, with as little ceremony towards the unlucky counsellor as Lucinda herself could have bestowed.

"I will take a stroll alone, then," said he, "and meditate upon the best course to follow for softening your invulnerable cousin's heart. If you, mademoiselle, would condescend to instruct me in the means most likely to succeed—"

"I know of no method likely to succeed," said Léonore, with undisguised impatience.

"I have tried pertinacity, and that has failed. I know not—Yes, I have it! I must rouse her jealousy. Yes, *that* will do."

"By what means do you flatter yourself you *could* rouse her jealousy?" said Léonore.

"With your assistance, fair Léonore; if you will kindly consent."

"Really, you are too obliging, monsieur. I must beg you to think of some other *ruse*, in which my assistance will not be required."

"Well, then, I suppose I must trust entirely to my own powers," sighed Damon; "and as the idea of rousing her jealousy is at an end, and pertinacity has not succeeded, I will try what indifference will do."

"An excellent idea!" exclaimed Leonore, anxious to be rid of him.

"*She* has turned to the right, *I* will turn to the left; and should we meet, I will affect not to see her," said the counsellor triumphantly. "Now then for action," said he, vanishing through the glass-doors.

"Love could not more effectually avenge himself of my cousin's contempt than by offering himself to her in so absurd a form," soliloquised Léonore, with an involuntary smile; and then taking up a book, she placed herself at a table near the window, and began to read.

Mademoiselle Derval had read on for some few minutes, when a hasty step was heard, and a young man in military attire springing into the room, exclaimed, "Léonore, my beloved Léonore!"

"Clitandre!" almost shrieked Léonore, starting up, and clasping her hands together. "Heavens! how came you here?"

"Nay, dear Léonore, why look so alarmed? I was on my way to Paris (need I say why?), and have travelled with such speed, and—buried in my own delightful anticipations—so thoughtless of my horse's strength, that just as I arrived at the village I became aware that the poor animal could no longer proceed, and of the absolute necessity of remaining here some hours to rest. How I cursed the circumstance which detained me chafing in the miserable inn, little imagining that it must have been my good destiny which conducted me thither! Hearing the name of De Germond mentioned, and thinking it might be some relation of my comrade Claude de Germond, I sent my valet to make inquiry. Impatient at the knave's protracted absence, I followed, and found him at the entrance of the avenue in discussion with a young girl, a servant apparently, who was refusing to give him the slightest information concerning the family, and insisting upon his instant departure. I immediately addressed myself to the girl, telling her who I was; and no sooner had she heard my name, than with an

exclamation she asked me if I knew Mademoiselle Léonore Derval. Upon my affirmative, and eager inquiry as to whether she knew aught of you, she silently pointed to these windows; and I at once, following her indication, found myself here. And now, dear Léonore, tell me how it is I find you here, whom I believed to be in Paris?"

"I cannot answer you now, Clitandre," said Léonore, who had listened breathlessly to her lover's narrative. "You must fly, fly immediately; for should my cousin see you here I should be lost."

"Are you, then, with Mademoiselle Lucinda de Germond, the cousin who so utterly despises *man-kind*?" demanded the young colonel with a smile.

"Yes, yes. Now go, dear Clitandre, I entreat of you. Happier times may come perhaps, when—No, no, they will never come for me," exclaimed Léonore, with sudden despair; "Lucinda has brought me here to live and die with her, and with a threat, that should I marry she will cast me off for ever."

"Then, my beloved Léonore, why will you not marry without her sanction? We can live without her bounty, Léonore!"

"Never, Clitandre, will I act so ungrateful a part towards one to whom I owe so much; never will I marry without her consent."

"Then let us confess all, and—"

"No, no; that would at once ruin our hopes. Go, Clitandre, go," urged Léonore, with renewed terror. "Should Lucinda find you here, Heaven only knows what suspicions might fill her mind; she might accuse me of having—of being the cause—of being accessory to your presence; she would not believe it to be accidental. Go; time may perhaps—"

"Léonore, you cannot persist in sending me from you without the slightest hope?" pleaded the young soldier.

"Monsieur le colonel," said Lisette, running in through the window, "you can remain here in safety until I tell you to go. I will be on the watch; and the moment I see them approaching, I will run to tell you."

"That is the little girl who sent me here," said the colonel, as Lisette disappeared, leaving the young officer to make the best of his time in urging upon Léonore again and again his proposal for their immediate marriage, without Mademoiselle de Germond's consent, should she persist in withholding it, to be met again and again by Léonore's refusal.

"Come along, Monsieur Frontin; no listening to your master, if you please," said Lisette to the colonel's valet, who had followed her up the avenue, and who now stood just outside the window. "You must assist me in keeping watch that no one approaches the chateau without my knowledge."

Frontin had a great mind to be offended at the aspersion cast upon him; but a glance at Lisette's brilliant eyes, and an imperious gesture from her, decided him not only to follow her, but not to be offended.

"Well," said Lisette, at the end of five minutes, during which time not a word had been spoken, but which had been passed by Frontin in admiring scrutiny of her pretty face, "have you nothing to say—nothing to talk about?"

"O, the conversation is sure to turn upon the one great subject—love," said Frontin; "and I love you."

"Indeed!" said Lisette; "you have fallen in love in a great hurry, then."

"And do you suppose," said Frontin sentimentally, "that such eyes as yours leave one time to fall in love leisurely?"

"Dear me, what grand language!" exclaimed Lisette, half amused and half flattered.

"Lisette, when do you mean to allow me the first salute?"

"How dare you speak of such a thing, and before you have done any thing to merit it?" said Lisette, complacently drawing herself up, and passing the long pink ribbons of her

coquettish little cap through her fingers. "You will find that I know how to give boxes upon the ear directly," added she, as Frontin drew nearer with the manifest intention of taking the kiss.

"Such blows," replied Frontin, "never disgrace the face of a military man; the cuffs we get in love are as honourable as those we get in war. I don't in the least object to exposing myself to such delightful brutality."

"To hear you talk so glibly of military men and war, any one would suppose that you belonged to the honourable service yourself," said Lisette sarcastically.

"And so I do, since I serve the colonel."

"A mighty perilous grade to hold, truly," returned Lisette, throwing back her head. "But your stupid talk is making me forget my mistress's interests. You and I together ought to be able to find some expedient for serving Mademoiselle Derval and Monsieur de Surgy."

"To be sure," replied Frontin, drawing nearer Lisette, and taking advantage of her pre-occupation to raise one of the before-mentioned pink ribbons in a very gallant manner to his lips; "but to enable me to be of any use, you must let me a little into the circumstances of the case."

"Well, you must know that Mademoiselle Léonore is entirely dependent on her rich cousin Mademoiselle de Germond, who despises—detests all men."

"That is because she knows nothing about them, Lisette."

"Possibly; but she will never marry herself, nor let her cousin, if she can help it; and the worst part of it all is, that Mademoiselle Derval will never marry without her cousin's consent, and her cousin will never give it."

"But why has Mademoiselle de Germond such a dislike to marriage?" demanded Frontin.

"I am sure I cannot tell; but I firmly believe she would rather die than be supposed to be in love herself, or that any one was in love with her, for fear it should be thought that she had encouraged such a thing."

"Ah! it strikes me, mademoiselle, that my master might make something out of that. Suppose—"

"Hush!" suddenly exclaimed Lisette, as footsteps were heard approaching. "Good heavens!" she whispered, after advancing a few steps to look, "it is that stupid counsellor! Fly, Frontin!" and without another word she ran up the avenue and into the cousins' sitting-room, closely followed by Frontin. "Monsieur, you have not a moment to lose," said Lisette breathlessly. "Monsieur Mondor is already advancing by the avenue, so that you cannot go out that way; you must cross the hall, and leave by the entrance; I will go and see that none of the servants are in the way."

She opened the door, and disappeared; but the next minute rushed back into the room perfectly white with alarm.

"Mademoiselle de Germond is coming that way. O, this is all my fault!" exclaimed Lisette, in an agony of self-reproach as the conviction crossed her mind that in talking to Frontin she had entirely forgotten to watch. "What is to be done?"

Léonore stood with her hands clasped in speechless terror; whilst the colonel, throwing one arm round her, drew his sword with some vague notion of carrying her off by the avenue, after having run the counsellor through.

"You must hide," said Lisette, darting towards a small door leading to Lucinda's private study. "Here, monsieur le colonel," as she opened it, "you can conceal yourself behind the curtains—any where! Come, Frontin, quick! you must hide here too."

Shutting the door upon them, she seated herself near her young mistress, going on with her work as unconcerned as though nothing had happened, or was in danger of happening. Mademoiselle Derval took up a book with an equal assumption of unconcern, and pretended to read, although her hand trembled so that it could scarcely hold the volume.

"My dear Lucinda, how delightful it is to converse with

you!" exclaimed the counsellor's sister rapturously to Mademoiselle de Germond, as they entered the room together. "I cannot leave you to-day at all events; you *must* give me shelter for one night."

"For as many as you please, my dear Araminta," returned Lucinda. "I so seldom find any one to coincide with me in my views, your society will be a source of great pleasure to me; and one of these days I will show you a work I am writing upon the 'Sorrows of Conjugal Unions!'"

"One of these days! I cannot wait one minute. I insist upon seeing it now," playfully urged the counsellor's sister.

"It is not yet finished," objected Lucinda.

"What does that signify? If I can but see—"

"I assure you, Araminta, that at present it is all in confusion."

"O, I shall be able to make it out. Is it in your study?" demanded Araminta, going towards the door; a movement which caused Léonore to start from her chair.

Just at that moment the counsellor wandered into the room.

"O, what *do* you want, Damon?" demanded his sister impatiently.

"I merely wish to know, mademoiselle," said he, addressing himself to Lucinda, "whether you have remarked my indifference—towards you?"

"No, indeed."

"It is excessive, mademoiselle."

"I am glad to hear it, monsieur."

"It is your own fault; *you* reduced me to this state of feeling, and now it would be in vain for you to try to persuade me to alter it."

"You need be under no alarm. I beg you to believe that I have no intention of making the attempt."

"No; I repeat, that it would be too late now, mademoiselle. I would see you reduced to the last state of despair, and still remain inflexible," pursued the counsellor. "You see what it is, mademoiselle; you refused me with a scorn which has roused mine."

"It took some time to rouse," said Lucinda provokingly.

"I am going back to Paris immediately, mademoiselle."

"You are perfectly welcome to go as soon as you think fit," added Lucinda, fairly out of patience.

"I do believe she is piqued," muttered the counsellor. "Adieu, mademoiselle," added he aloud; "I am going immediately."

"How can you be so absurd, Damon?" said Araminta angrily. "Come, dear Lucinda,—pay no more attention to him,—and let me see this work upon the 'Sorrows of Conjugal Unions,'—at once, for I am positively dying to read it."

"Wait at least, Araminta, until I have arranged the manuscript. I will do it this evening, and then to-morrow, if you will, you shall read it."

"No, *no!*" persisted Araminta; "I mean to begin it at once." And without giving Lucinda time to say another word, she hastily opened the study-door, and disappeared into the room. Léonore sat the picture of mute alarm: it was fortunate for her that her cousin's attention was at that moment claimed by Damon.

"Adieu, mademoiselle," he began; "I hope you will forgive my leaving your charming society."

"I thought you were already gone, monsieur," returned Lucinda ungraciously.

"Listen, mademoiselle. If you wish it, I will endeavour to shake off this unfortunate feeling of indifference towards you, which—"

"Gracious heavens! where am I?" shrieked Araminta, rushing out of the study.

"What is it, Araminta?" exclaimed Lucinda.

"Two men!" vociferated the scandalised lady. "Ah, madame, it is thus, then, that behind so specious a veil you conceal such a character!" continued she mockingly. "I am no longer surprised, truly, at your anxiety to prevent my entering. Ha, ha, ha!"

"What do you mean, madame?" demanded Lucinda sternly.

"What *do* I mean! What *do* you mean rather? I long to be back again in Paris, to tell it to every one I know," added she.

"Will you please to explain yourself?" reiterated Lucinda. "*Ciel!*"

This last exclamation was caused by the sudden appearance of the colonel, who, throwing himself on his knees before Mademoiselle de Germond, poured forth a passionate rhapsody of how long and devotedly he had loved her. "Lucinda, adored Lucinda! never will I rise until you smile upon my hopes," he continued. "Surely my deep devotion, my adoration, merits some return? You will not ruthlessly make a wreck of my happiness?"

"Ah, ah! I was not mistaken, then. This is the rival on whose account my offer was met with such contumely," said the counsellor.

"Monsieur!" exclaimed Clitandre, starting to his feet, and looking contemptuously at the counsellor, "I am ready to give you satisfaction."

"O, there is no satisfaction required, thank you," said Damon, receding as Clitandre advanced towards him. "I hope you do not think I should be so poor-spirited, so paltry, so wanting in pride, as to persevere in my suit to a lady who does not care for me," said he, with an absurd attempt at a smile of disdain.

"How came you here, monsieur?" Lucinda at length found strength enough to demand. "And why have you presumed to introduce yourself into that room?"

"O, I am not to be so easily duped, madame," interrupted Araminta. "Do not think to persuade *me* that you were ignorant of his presence. No, no; your anxiety to prevent my entering is proof sufficient."

"Heavens! what a fearful position to be placed in!" murmured Lucinda. "Rise, monsieur, I command you," said she to Clitandre, who had again thrown himself upon his knees beside her.

"Never!" fervently ejaculated the colonel, "until you consent to listen to my prayer."

"Our presence is no doubt awkward, to say the least," said Araminta sneeringly. "Come, Damon, we will relieve them of the restraint our society of course imposes."

"Adieu, fair one," said Damon, preparing to follow his sister from the room.

Lucinda stood the image of agitation and distress; her face covered with an expression of the most painful confusion, and—wounded to the last degree by the taunts and accusations of Araminta—the tears actually stood in her eyes. This was too much for Léonore; she rushed forward just as Araminta and her brother were leaving the room.

"Araminta, stay! This must not be! Clitandre, cease this deception; my cousin *shall* not, ought not, to suffer on my account. Monsieur de Surgy is here—for my sake only. Lucinda, forgive the stratagem Clitandre has had recourse to for averting from me your displeasure. We have long known and loved each other."

"Mademoiselle!" exclaimed the colonel, rising, "I entreat you—"

"Silence!" interposed Lucinda. "Léonore, I forgive you, dear girl; I forgive you both," said she, throwing her arms round her cousin, and affectionately embracing her. "Léonore, never, never, can I repay this devotion to me," she hastily whispered.

"Lucinda, my esteemed, my more-than-ever-prized friend," began Araminta, "I implore your forgiveness for my unjust suspicions. I see it all now. But surely I may be forgiven; for well might I be amazed at the idea of your having fallen into such an absurdity, such pitiable folly, as love."

"I forgive you your suspicions, Araminta," said Lucinda coldly, "for appearances favoured them; but I cannot forgive the *friend* who could so unfeelingly, so instantaneously turn

and overwhelm me with taunts and sarcasms. Return to Paris, Araminta—return *immediately*; and as you were so delighted with the idea of having some news to entertain all your friends with, I beg of you to announce to them the approaching marriage of my cousin with Colonel de Surgy, which will take place to-morrow in the private chapel of the chateau."

"And now, *monsieur*," continued Mademoiselle de Germond, turning to the colonel as Araminta and her brother left the room, followed by Lisette,—“now that we are alone, tell me by what fatality I have been so unfortunate as to inspire you with sentiments of love?”

Léonore started from the chair into which she had thrown herself, perfectly astounded. It was evident that Lucinda believed her timely confession to have been a fiction to serve her; and this accounted for the whispered words of thanks. The colonel's presence of mind was admirable.

"*Hélas!* mademoiselle, can you ask me? Is it possible that you alone are ignorant of the power, the fascination, you exercise over so many hearts?" said Clitandre.

"Listen, *monsieur*," said Lucinda in a gentle and expository voice; "I shall never marry—*never*. It is therefore useless for you to bestow another thought upon me; but I entreat—I implore you to endeavour to transfer to my cousin the sentiments you profess to feel for me. In a short time—thanks to Mademoiselle Mondor—all that has occurred here within the last hour, and the announcement of your approaching marriage with my cousin, will be the talk of half Paris: surely you will not, by a refusal, increase the astonishment and discussion of the capital? And for you, dear Léonore, complete the obligation you have already laid me under by endeavouring to look favourably upon the husband I offer you, and by doing your utmost to induce him to forget me. It will not be so very difficult, surely," said Lucinda with a smile; "for I know you have not the same antipathy to all love-nonsense that I have. And as my fortune is far too large for me alone," hastily pursued Mademoiselle de Germond, "I will settle half of it upon you. A messenger shall at once depart for Paris to bring back with him a notary, who shall make all the settlements, and draw up the marriage contract. Monsieur de Surgy, you will remain here as my visitor until after the marriage ceremony." And placing Léonore's hand in his, Lucinda hastily retreated from the room.

Léonore sprang forward to follow; but Clitandre detained her.

"What would you do, Léonore?" demanded he, gently drawing her back into the room.

"Undeceive her. O, Clitandre, this is more than I can endure—she, so generous, so good! Clitandre, I will undeceive her!"

"And I shall not allow you to do so," said the colonel with a wilful smile. "Consider, dear girl, the shock the discovery would be to her."

"I believe you are right, Clitandre," said Léonore thoughtfully.

The records become somewhat confused after the above events. A circumstantial account is given of the marriage of Mademoiselle Léonore Derval with Colonel Clitandre de Surgy; but the name of Lucinda de Germond entirely disappears, and is replaced by that of Lucinda de Surgy. Perhaps some gleam of light may be gained from the fact, that after their wedding-tour, Monsieur and Madame Clitandre de Surgy returned to the chateau on a visit, bringing with them the colonel's brother, Count Cézanne de Surgy.

POLYGLOT READINGS IN PROVERBS.

PATIENCE IS A PLASTER FOR ALL SORES. It makes the smart of them less felt, and helps greatly towards their cure. "He who does not tire, tires adversity" (French), *Qui ne se*

lasse pas, laisse l'adversité. And "A stout heart wears out ill luck" (Span.),—*Buen corazon quebranta mala ventura*. "Patience, time, and money, overcome every thing" (Ital.),—*Pazienza, tempo, e denari vincon ogni cosa*.—In these proverbs patience is considered as a means of palliating the pressure of evil; other effects of it are seen in the following:—"He that weel bides, weel betides" (Scotch); that is, he that waits patiently comes off well at last; for "All comes right for him who can wait" (French),—*Tout vient à point à qui sait attendre*. "Sit down and dangle your legs, and you will see your revenge," or your reparation and satisfaction (Ital.),—*Siedi e sgambetta, e vedrai la tua vendetta*. "The world is his who has patience" (Ital.).

W. K. KELLY.

BRITISH INSECTS AND THEIR METAMORPHOSES.

V.—THE DEATH'S-HEAD MOTH.

By H. NOEL HUMPHREYS,

AUTHOR OF "INSECT CHANGES," "BRITISH BUTTERFLIES, AND THEIR TRANSFORMATIONS," ETC.

My attention has been recalled to this magnificent insect by the discovery, in my garden last September, of a remarkably fine larva of unusual size, even for this large species. It was turned up while digging potatoes, on the foliage of which, its favourite food, it had evidently feasted till full-grown, and then buried itself in the earth, to undergo its change to the chrysalis and eventual winged state. I immediately made a careful drawing of the caterpillar, from which the accompanying engraving is taken. The ground-colour is a bright apple-green, shading to yellow as it approaches the dark diagonal stripes; the three sections next the head and the one next the tail being of a bluer green than the rest of the body, and devoid of the small black tubercles that are sprinkled with symmetrical precision over the other divisions. The dark diagonal stripes have a streak of white behind them, and shade off to a pale-bluish tene in front. The spiracles, or breathing-pores, situated above each foot, are black, surrounded by a ring of white; while the singular caudal appendage, or tail, is of a dull orange. When in motion, this beautiful caterpillar exhibits its markings to great advantage; the alternate extension and compression of the ridges of each segment giving a beautiful play to the maculations, almost such as one observes in the skin of the tiger when he paces his den with the singular undulating motion peculiar to the feline race, and noticeable even in the domestic cat.

After making my drawing, I took the measures which I thought most likely to insure the successful metamorphosis of this remarkable creature to its winged state. I had heard that many attempts to rear a perfect moth from the caterpillar had failed; the insect almost invariably perishing in the pupa, or chrysalis, stage. Thinking that this might be caused by the earth in which it was placed becoming too dry, or at all events not retaining the same constantly equal state of moisture that would exist at the depth to which the caterpillar generally burrows, I took the following precautions. A large flower-pot being selected, I stopped up the hole with a cork, through which I passed a quill open at both ends as an escape-pipe for superfluous moisture. Having put in a layer of pieces of broken pots to secure drainage, the pot was nearly filled with light garden-mould, the insect being placed at about the mid-depth. A piece of strong canvas was then tied tightly over the top, and the pot plunged to its rim in a sheltered part of the garden. Shortly afterwards, I carefully removed a portion of the earth in the pot, and had the satisfaction of discovering near the bottom a well-formed chrysalis, about two inches and a half in length, which moved briskly on being touched. I covered it up quickly, hoping very shortly to be gratified by the sight of the perfect insect issuing from the earth; for this singular species emerges almost immediately, that is to say, within a few weeks, instead of remaining many months in



THE DEATH'S-HEAD MOTH.

its chrysalis state, like others of the Sphinx family, and nearly all our large native moths. Week after week went by, however, without any sign; at length, after three months and more had passed, I again uncovered the chrysalis, fully expecting to find it rigid and dead; but to my surprise, it was still alive, which leads me to suppose that the early broods of this insect may undergo their metamorphosis the same season, while a later brood may remain in the pupa state through the winter. I have not yet, therefore, given up the hope of obtaining a magnificent specimen.

The Death's-head Moth, the largest insect of its tribe, owes both its popular and scientific names to the singular resemblance of the markings on the thorax, or anterior part of the body, to a human skull, which also gave rise to the superstitions connected with its appearance; for this harmless insect has always been considered a creature of ill-omen. Linnaeus, who classed it with the Sphinx family, following out his fanciful scheme of specific denomination, named it *Sphinx Atropos*,—*Atropos* being, according to Hesiod, the one of the Fates whose special business it was, eventually, to cut the thread of life spun and directed by her sisters *Clotho* and *Lachesis*. More modern naturalists, finding it necessary to separate the species *Atropos* from the genus *Sphinx*, though retaining it in the Hawk-moth family, have preserved the specific name conferred by Linnaeus, and added a generic one of corresponding character,—*Acherontia*, or pertaining to Acheron, one of the streams imagined by the ancients to be passed on entering the infernal regions, the impending passage of which a visit from one of these insects was supposed to foretell. The modern scientific name stands therefore, *Acherontia Atropos*.

The singular manner in which the moth emerges from the earth has no doubt strengthened the superstitious notions connected with it, especially when a winged creature so peculiarly marked was dug up at considerable depths. Latreille states that it appeared in great numbers one season in some parts of Brittany during the time that an epidemic happened to be raging, and that its fatal character was

popularly believed to be entirely owing to the appearance of these dreaded insects.

A low wailing sound emitted by this moth, the mode of producing which has given rise to many hitherto futile discussions among naturalists, has been supposed to inspire terror in insects as well as men; as it is well known that, with this low wailing cry, it will fearlessly enter a beehive and rifle the cells of their honey, in seeming defiance of the paralysed bees. Sometimes, however, the robber is boldly attacked, and stung to death, in which case a singular display of instinct not unfrequently takes place. The moth having died with extended wings, it is found impossible to eject him by the opening of the hive; and the bees, apparently aware that the decay of so large a body within their dwelling would render it unhealthy, proceed at once to coat it with wax, and thus, as it were embalmed, the moth remains in its waxy serecloth perfectly innoxious for any length of time.

The engraving will give a tolerably accurate idea of the size, form, and general markings of this giant moth. The ground-colour of the anterior wings may be described as of a dull ochre, in some places deepening to brown, and in others becoming fainter, till it fades to a pale cream-colour. This ground tone is nearly covered by masses and irregular stripings of a bluish-black, the dark portions being sprinkled, or rather powdered, with minute specks of white. The hind wings are of a dullish tone of orange-yellow, with two well-marked bands of black. The abdomen is likewise orange, with transverse stripes of black, which, while giving the body something of a bee- or rather wasp-like appearance, recalls the idea of a tiger alluded to in the description of the caterpillar, and from a combination of these resemblances has arisen its secondary popular name, the Bee-tiger Hawk-moth.

The exotic species of *Acherontia*, distributed over nearly all parts of the globe, are inferior both in size and beauty to our native species, and none have the curious skull-like marking on the thorax so well defined.

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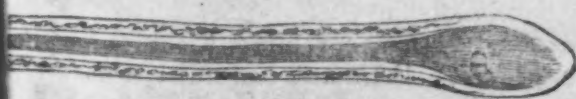
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